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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

How Can We Lift the Shroud to Protect Your Daughter or to Protect Your Boy?
Will You Write and Tell Us? *(See Page 3)*

OCTOBER
1917

Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada
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FIFTEEN
CENTS

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

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Light Six

Touring Sedan

(Springfield Type)

$2220

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The Full Round of Seasons in Luxurious Comfort

FOR THE winter? A closed car — by all means.

For the summer? An open car—most assuredly.

The Overland Light Six Sedan and Coupe are *both*—closed *and* open cars.

And they are smart appearing cars either closed or open—in no sense makeshifts, either way.

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Then there's the solid comfort all winter long of a perfectly enclosed car with all the protection of a limousine and the richness of closed car upholstery and interior finish.

Mounted on the economical Overland Light Six chassis, these are ideal every-purpose cars.

The motor—a six-cylinder power plant of the most modern type—is remarkable for its velvet-soft smoothness — a marked characteristic especially pleasing in closed cars.

You'll be delighted with the performance of the Overland Light Six Touring Sedan and Coupe.

And you'll be delighted with their luxuriousness.

The unusually comfortable seats of the Sedan are upholstered in a soft, rich gray, fine striped cloth. Sides and ceiling are lined to match and a thick gray carpet covers the floor.

At the rear window there is a rich gray silk roll-up curtain. A dome light in the ceiling softly but amply lights the interior at night whenever desired.

Enjoy the full round of the seasons in luxurious comfort.

See the Willys-Overland dealer about one of these cars to-day.

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Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons

Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ont.

The Ground Floor

We Introduce "M.M.M.",—

LET us introduce to you one of the newer members of our editorial staff,— Miss Mary M. Murphy, hailing from Ottawa.

When you come in to see us, here on "The Ground Floor," Miss Murphy will be the first one you'll want to see,—for as Managing Editor, she is the one around whom all of the good things gather for the next and succeeding issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Probably you know her already from several articles of hers that have appeared in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, or her writings over "M.M.M.", appearing widely throughout Canada in daily and Sunday papers,— correspondence from the Capital.

Anyway you are sure to like her for she is immensely likeable, she is unusually talented, she writes interestingly and,— yes, indeed, she is human as you will sense from reading the little articles in the adjoining column by one of her friends, Mr. D. M. Christian, of the Toronto Telegram, though recently of Ottawa on The Evening Journal.

You can count on "M.M.M." She'll do much for you as you help her and the rest of us, to build up to even better things this your own Canadian great home magazine for Canadian women.

Jean Blewett as a Helper,—

SPEAKING of "helping the rest of us," —that makes us think especially of "our own" Jean Blewett—the loveable, genial, Jean Blewett—one of our Associate Editors.

She has a great big heart of sympathy for every one. She is sure to be found helping in unexpected places—far beyond what you or the rest of us would be likely to think about.

She is so thoughtful in particular of anyone who may be needing help. (We know of one leading Toronto Presbyterian minister who censured her three years ago because "she would open up the church, the house of God," and, as he said, "Make it into a soup kitchen" to feed the poor who were in need.)

Of course she helps you through her writings!

We wish we could in all reality give you a glimpse of her kindly nature just as she really is.

Last week she was attending to an extra assignment when one of the other editors was ill. She was detained longer than she had anticipated and as she noticed the time slipping by she thought of the folks at home and she reached to use the 'phone. It must have been one of the children at home she spoke to for her face lighted up with such radiant sunshine as she enquired if all were well and gave assurance that she would be home just as soon as she had finished.

That radiance from her kindly face, with its transforming power, is so characteristic of Mrs. Blewett that we have often wondered if we could have our camera man catch it sometime at the 'phone and make a picture for a better decorative heading for her own page.

Wouldn't you like to hear her on the 'phone, month after month, and have her speak with you? You, of course, have her writings as a regular special feature in your own magazine. But then, with such a picture before you, you could just hear her talk and naturally enjoy her writings all the more.

MARY—"M.M.M."—MURPHY

An uncritical autobiographical review

(As imagined, or truthfully told, by her friend, D. M. Christian, of the "Toronto Telegram")

TO be frank about it, I do not claim any especial brilliance, I warn you honestly; nevertheless, truthfulness forces me to take issue with the poet who penned the line, "Fame is not a plant that grows on mortal soil."

Some few years ago—about twenty is near enough—I first saw the light of day in an old stone house within sound of the roaring Chaudieré —no wonder it roared! For several years thereafter my life was more or less uninteresting, even to myself. Then came the big fire and our home was destroyed, together with my father's interests. We then moved to another part of the Capital. Since I left, I may remark, the roar of the Chaudiere has lessened far—it may have been from relief, or the new Eddy to Power and love may have had something to do with it—anyway it doesn't matter.

From that onward, I went to school—to collegiate where I learned to write, then to college where I acquired a variety of useless information which qualified me to become an editress.

Like most others who aspire to literary glory, I spent some months dabbling in verse, thinking that undoubtedly my forte lay in that direction. The occasional cheques that drifted in confirmed that belief.

But my career was sadly blighted a year later when I entered the newspaper game in Ottawa—and made money by using my brains and loading the public in towns remote from Ottawa with forceful but comforting information about the capital.

From there I received an offer to edit this great family journal—so here I am.

Leading Women in Canada,—

THE most public-spirited people in Canada. Who are they?

No less than the Women of the Province of Alberta.

Of course "there's a reason." That reason we believe, is no less a person than Mrs. Nellie McClung,—be sure to read all about this matter in this October issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Be on the look out for what we shall have to say about the Women of Ontario next month—November issue.

And about Women of Nova Scotia in December!

By the way, if you have any suspicion as to who is the leading woman in the province of Nova Scotia to-day, it would be quite in order for you to write us a line in confidence and give us the information. In any case, think over this matter and see how close you come to our estimate, based on various sources of information as to who is the leading woman in Nova Scotia.

Toronto for Shopping,—

YOU may anticipate having more and more news in this your own magazine about what is going on and about what is being displayed in Toronto shops.

Who doesn't like to visit the big stores and see "what's what" in clothes and things?

Is there any reason why you shouldn't know what is going on here in Toronto?

And why shouldn't Toronto for Canada be very much as New York is for the United States? It will be some day! That is if we are all loyal to the point of recognizing this city for what it is and ought to be and we talk it up as we should.

Pride in our Ottawa,—

THIS suggests also that as Canadians we do not half appreciate our capital —the beautiful city of Ottawa!

As a people we are not very sentimental; we do not seem to think of our Ottawa as the United States people think of their Washington.

Perhaps it is due to the fact that we hear so little about our Capital city save what is reported to us about political schemes and schemers through the daily press.

We intend to give much more attention to things at Ottawa from now on.

We shall reflect the better, finer side of things at Ottawa as you should know them. We are sure you will welcome this feature and approve of greater Canadian national pride being taken in our fair capital city.

Pioneer Work in Publishing,—

DO you ever stop to think about the pioneers who opened up this broad fair country for us? Assuredly you know much of what handicaps they overcame.

In publishing—particularly in magazine publishing up to date in Canada—it has been largely pioneer business with handicaps attending that at times would seem to be well nigh impossible.

Up to four years ago magazine publishing in Canada was very primitive—just about 15 to 20 years behind what had been developed in that great country to the South of us.

But the business is coming ahead rapidly of late. Thanks to Canadian women, who need and want this magazine, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has been able to grow up rapidly to, and maintain a circulation in excess of 125,000 copies a month.

As soon as our new five-story building, 100 x 100 feet, is completed, late this year, on Spadina Avenue, we shall have the latest of color printing machinery installed to supplement present equipment, and then with automatic modern bindery equipment to replace the present old-time, inefficient, hand methods—the only service available in Toronto to date—we shall be in a position to cater to our readers with service nearer to what it can and must be.

If you are able to read between the lines and you know anything of the obstacles that had to be overcome in building this magazine for Canadian women, you will now be sending us a "telepathic" or wireless message—Oh, yes, we will receive it all right—or perhaps you will write us a letter and take part with us in building this magazine further on, up to the grander future of larger and yet better service which is before us to render to you and the other loyal women of Canada.

Install a Health-giving Heating System

MUCH depends on the heating system you install—the comfort of your home, the health of your family, the cheeriness of your winter life.

Ample warmth is easily attained. There are many heating systems which will keep your home comfortable in winter. Few however supply adequate ventilation. And we believe no heating system combines these two advantages quite so effectively as does the "Hecla" warm-air furnace.

And it is not an expensive installation.

The Hecla Ventilates Your Home with Fresh, Humid Air

It is no exaggeration to say that even in the depth of winter the air in a "Hecla"-heated home is as pleasant as the balmiest day in June. The "Hecla" draws in a current of pure, fresh air. After this air is warmed it passes cosy and healthful into every room in the house. It is a constant, ever-fresh current of pure air.

Do not suppose, as some have done, that warm-air heating means a dry atmosphere. In a "Hecla" furnace the air satifies its hunger for moisture as it is being warmed. Thus it is moisture-mellowed—health-giving because as humid as nature requires.

No Trace of Dust, No Taint of Gas From a "Hecla" Warm Air Furnace

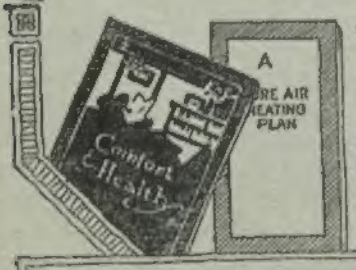
One other complaint, you will sometimes hear of warm-air heating. Once again this does not apply to the "Hecla." You may have heard it said that warm-air furnaces spread ash-dust and leak gas. You have never heard it said of a "Hecla" no matter how long it has been in use.

The patented fused joint used in the "Hecla" cannot spread. It is leak-proof for all time. The "Hecla" is as clean as a furnace could be—gas or fine ash-dust never escape.

HECLA Mellow Air Furnace

These FREE Booklets Describe The "Hecla" Advantages Fully

You owe it to yourself to examine the "Hecla's" advantages fully before you finally choose your heating system. You want cozy warmth coupled with fine ventilation. The "Hecla's" flexible heat in Spring and Fall, its freedom from the nuisance of gas and dust, its wonderful steel-ribbed fire pot, that saves one ton of coal in seven are all described fully in the booklet "Comfort and Health." This book is free. You should have it in your possession right away. When you write don't forget to ask also for the instructive booklet, "A Pure Air Heating Plan." This is a limited edition—you should write at once for your copy.



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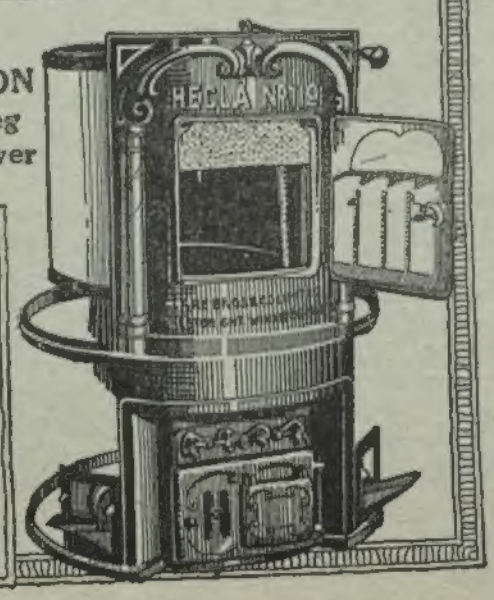

I am interested in the warm air principle of heating-ventilation. Please send me your booklet, "Comfort and Health," and "A Pure Air-Heating Plan." This of course, does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address .....

.....

CLARE BROS. & Co., Limited
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Laugh Time Tales

Funny Things That Happen People

Also Pressed

Little Girl: "Did the newspaper reporters notice your papa was at the great banquet last night?"

Little Boy: "Yes."

"Mamma said she couldn't find your papa's name in the list."

"No, but the list ends up with 'and others.' That means papa. They always mention him that way."

***

Too Costly

At one of the Boston Theatres recently there was shown on the screen a picture of a stock exchange. The brokers were hurrying about, pushing, waving their arms, gesticulating, and, to the uninitiated, acting like a lot of insane men. Two young ladies in the balcony watched them with breathless interest for some time, then one asked:

"Why in the world don't they sit down and rest once in a while?"

"My dear," was the enlightening answer, "don't you know that a seat in the stock-exchange costs thousands of dollars?"

***

Beauty and the Beast

She: "This fur rug is very beautiful, to what beast does it belong?"

He (candidly): "To me."

***

On the Fence

Recruiting officer: "One gran'father living? Is he on your father or your mother's side?"

Recruit: "Oh, 'e varies, sir; 'e sticks up for both on 'em—a sort of nootral."

***

Her Property

A woman mounted the step of a tram, carrying an umbrella like a reversed sabre. The conductor touched her lightly, saying:

"Excuse me, madam, but you are likely to put out the eye of the man behind you."

"He's my husband," she snapped, in a tone of full proprietorship.

***

Help!

"Do you think a warm climate would benefit me?" asked Mr. Giddy Bowwow, anxiously.

"Tut, tut, man!" snapped the doctor. "That's the very thing I'm trying to save you from."

***

The Namesake

"Waiter," called the irascible customer, "do you call this an oyster stew?"

"Yes sir," replied the sorely tried servant.

"Why, the oyster in this stew isn't big enough to flavour it."

"Oh, sir, he wasn't put in there for flavourin' purposes, sir; he's just put in ter christen it."

***

His Office

Eight-year-old Ted was giving an enthusiastic account of a new neighbourhood club and the list of officers.

"And what office do you hold?" was asked.

"Oh, I am the Member!" answered Ted, proudly.

***

Sleepers in Abundance

At a hospital camp in France there were fifty men down each side of a log tent on beds which were about four inches from the ground. Every one of them was fast asleep, when in came the orderly, who was an Irishman, and shouted for them to get up. No one stirred.

"Well," he said, "I think I'll lay a set of railway lines down here. I've got plenty of sleepers."

***

Locating the Trouble

When a butcher answered his telephone one day, the shrill voice of a little girl greeted his ears.

"Hello! Is that Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes," he answered kindly.

"Well, can you tell us where grandpa's liver is? We've got to put a hot flannel on it, and we can't find it."

***

No Directions

Little Edward's garden had just been completed that morning, each tiny row had had its seed-envelope fastened on a stick, picturing here a radish, there an onion, etc. but, alas! a heavy rain had already washed away the envelopes. Edward was in tears. When questioned, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, the little pictures have all been washed away! How will the little seed know what to grow up into?"

To Suit All Tastes

"Halt!" yelled the officer.

The recruit went on.

"Did you ever drive a donkey, No. 7?" asked the officer.

"Once, sir," was the reply.

"And what did you say when you wanted him to stop?"

"Whoa, sir."

"Squad, quick march. Halt! No. 7, whoa," rasped out the irate officer.

***

Boiling

Old Tabby had settled herself leisurely and luxuriously in front of the great parlour stove. Little Alice, who was visiting her aunt that day, regarded her with absorbed interest for a few moments. There was no cat in Alice's home, and when Tabby began to purr loudly in her contentment the little miss ran ot the door and called out, loudly:

"Oh, Aunt Edna! Aunt Edna! Come here, quick! The cat's begun to boil!"

***

The Second Time

Upon looking under his berth in the morning, a passenger on an east-bouud train found one black shoe and one tan shoe. He called the porter's attention to the error. The porter scratched his woolly head in bewilderment.

"Well, an' don't dat beat all!" he exclaimed. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat dat mistake's happened!"

***

According to Rule

The pretty young girl who presided over the soda-fountain in the drug-store was accustomed to serving patrons who did not know their own minds, and her habit of thought was difficult to change.

"Glass of plain soda," said a man of generous proportions, as he entered rather hurriedly.

"You have vanilla or you have chocolate, or—

"I want plain soda, without syrup," interrupted the customer, testily.

"Yes," tranquilly inquired the young woman, "but w'at kind syrup you want .im mitout—mitout vanilla or mitout chocolate?"

***

Preserved and Preserver

Aviator (to workman who has rescued him from the sea): "Ah, my preserver, my good preserver!"

Workman (dejectedly): "Stow it, gov'nor. Don't chaff a fellow just because he works in a jam factory."

***

A Choice of Evils

Passenger: "What makes the train run so slowly?"

Irate Conductor: "If you don't like it you can get off and walk."

Passenger: "I would, only I am not expected until train time."

***

Satisfied

Returning home from a scientific meeting one night, a college professor, who was noted for his concentration of thought, was still pondering deeply on the subject that had been under discussion. Upon entering his room he heard a noise that appeared to come from under the bed.

"Is there any one there?" he asked, absently.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, knowing his peculiarities.

"That's strange," murmured the professor. "I was almost sure I heard some one under the bed."

***

A Howling Success

Last winter a gentleman was advertised to sing at a charity concert presided over by a local city councillor—a self-made man. The first song was "The Owl" (Stephen Adams). On rising to announce it, the chairman was interrupted and informed that the singer had not arrived, a fact of which he duly notified the audience.

A little later, however, the missing baritone made his appearance, and was observed by the worthy chairman, who called him without delay. But the singer had hurried, and had not recovered his breath, so, with apologies, another artist was requisitioned.

At length the baritone was ready. Mr. Councillor rose with evident pleasure, and innocently discomfited the long-awaited singer by announcing with marked confidence:

"Mr. 'Ampton will now favour us with the longed for "Howl."

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MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Dominion Express Money Order, or Cheque to which exchange has been added.

CAUTION — CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We shall change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Canada's Great Home Magazine

Chas. C. Nixon, Superintending Editor — *Mary M. Murphy, Managing Editor*
Jean Blewett, Companion Editor — *Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor*
Ernest H. Lawson, Circulation Manager

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How Can We Lift the Shroud?

IN Toronto, early in August, a little group of earnest, enlightened men and women arranged a meeting to consider certain vital facts relative to social matters not generally discussed in open public and most infrequently touched on by the public press.

The newspapers were invited to have representatives present.

A number of prominent newspaper men attended.

Many of our readers probably wondered just what had inspired the editorials which followed—for instance these from "The Globe" on Wednesday and Thursday, August 7th and 8th, presumably written by the Rev. J. A. Macdonald, so well-known as one of Canada's leading orators, as editor of the Globe, and previously as editor of The Westminster and a noted Presbyterian divine.

She Might Have Been Your Daughter

SHE married in her early twenties. The dew of heaven was on her brow. The light of heaven was in her eyes. In her heart the love throbbed big and glad, that makes for all the world the Eden of innocence and beauty and truth. As she walked down the aisle of the church, going out on that strange new journey of life, so queenly was she, so winsome, so undefiled, had she been your daughter your heart would have swelled with holy pride, and hope for her in her new home would have been high and confident and strong.

But when the home door closed her good angels must have wept, for in the darkness an enshrouded pestilence walked, whose coming cast no shadow and whose footsteps made no sound upon the stairs.

Never again was she to know happiness, or purity, or health. Children came to the home, one, two three, each with its own entail of sorrow, and bearing, seen or unseen, the brand more inescapable, more inevitable, more mysteriously persistent than any brand of Cain. And through years of torture, in every joint of agony, and along every nerve of pain, she herself in her own body and soul paid the wages of his sin that was not her sin. The innocent suffered for the guilty. The harvest of horror and unspeakable anguish was reaped long years after, by hands that did not sow the accursed seed.

Yes! she might have been your daughter.

Her name is Legion. You will find her in every hospital in Canada, in every Home for Incurables; and her ill-fated children, whom even her divinest love could not save from the penalty of their father's unspoken heedless sin against the inexorable Law of Nature, they jabber in the wards of the feeble-minded, and are in that endless procession which, through all the centuries, have crowded the asylums for the insane.

Of course it is the Old Story. It is old as human sin. It is monotonous as the endless procession of human life. It is majestic and merciless as the organic law of human society. No man liveth to himself, or dies to himself alone. The law of transgression runs "unto the third or fourth generation of them that hate;" but the law of chastity and purity and obedience works redemptively "unto thousands of them that love."

But it is Law. For weal or for woe it is Law. The soul that sinneth it shall die. That eternal law is no respecter of persons. And by the organic law of the social order we are all bound up together, for blessing and for cursing, in family circles, in community groups, in national commonwealths. And you can't afford—all you who pass by—you can't afford to be unconcerned when, in a world like this, the arrow that flieth by day may fetch a wide circuit round by your home, and when the pestilence that walketh in darkness may touch with tragedy the apple of your eye.

She might have been your daughter—that innocent victim of our enshrouded social sin. The sin is still here in a thousand forms and guises. The pestilence walks every night in the social world where he lives who may one day be the partner of your daughter's home. Is it nothing to you that he be warned and that she be saved?

Play with forked lightning if you will, but to him that plays fast and loose with this eternal law of human society all experience says "Thou Fool!"

Lift the Shroud

YESTERDAY in Toronto officers representing Medical Health and officers representing Military Service met a group of men and women representing the citizenship of Canada, and laid before them the scientific and the social facts relating to venereal diseases, their prevalence and their peril. In the name of science, in the interests of society, and, for the sake of Canadian national life, they demanded that all the agencies dedicated to the service of the Nation and of the Church work together to combat a social evil deadlier than smallpox, more destructive than war, and smiting without respect all grades of society, all ages, and both sexes.

Someone said the other day that, two generations ago, the Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for Insane spoke plainly, openly, sternly, of what he called "an enshrouded moral pestilence." In polite society the shroud is still on the face of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness." That pestilence still walks every night, as the military officers declared yesterday, under the electric lights of Yonge street and of Queen street. And every day, in the wards of every hospital, civilian and military, "the destruction that wasteth at noonday" traces the steps of those pestilent feet, and the diseases that follow in their train have branded not only the guilty but the innocent, and doomed unborn children to-life that is worse than death.

Shrouded, indeed! It has been shrouded far too long. That shroud of ignorance and of reticence and of fear must be lifted. And if the necessities of the war, if the urgent call for recruits, if the demands for physical fitness and efficiency in war service make necessary drastic legislation and the ruthless application of such laws, then let that shroud be torn away. Let it be plainly stated that every city in Canada in times of peace has been honeycombed with diseases bred through lives of prostitution. Let it be known that in times of war, in the stern times of the past three years, every large military camp has been infested by men and women whose business it has been to make gain through systematic ministering to lusts of the flesh which, for civilian and for military, produce diseases and end in death. And let us not foolishly, vainly, criminally deny the fact, announced yesterday, that, out of one military district, fifteen hundred military men in one year have been in the base hospital under treatment for venereal diseases which, if uncured, would make it impossible that they should ever see military service in France, or ever be fit for social life in Canada. And that alarming situation, in spite of the best that alert military officers could do and that medical warnings could secure.

A stupendous problem is before us in Canada. Its magnitude cannot be exaggerated. We shall be fools, and shall pay the penalty of fools, if we shut our eyes to what our medical experts and military leaders warn and advise. The people must know. The shroud must be lifted. And the laws must be made effective to fit the crime. Recruits must be saved from destruction in Canada. And Canadian life must be protected against the return of disease from the front. Not otherwise can this nation be saved.

TO anyone, not in on the real information, such writing is maddening.

As one young woman remarked, "*Well, why don't they lift the shroud?*"

And one journalist present answered that they don't know how to lift the shroud without giving offense to a lot of right-meaning people who prefer, ostrich-like, to hide from the truth—to have it suppressed even as "The Fiddlers" has been suppressed.

The question before every editor, on this so-called delicate subject, is "How can I lift the shroud so that knowledge of the facts may enter the home where children are—if perchance they should happen to read—and yet that any mother, any father, or any dear old Auntie, or perchance a bachelor uncle, may not take umbrage and feel that the journal is unsafe to leave in the house, lying about for anyone to read."

THERE, you have the reason!

Now, have you an idea on how we can lift the shroud? Will you send it to us—in confidence if you like?

SOMEONE, somewhere probably has the right idea. We are not sure that we have it—so come, let us hear from you!

"There is safety in a multitude of counsellors," and from what our readers send, we look forward to being led straight to our appointed duty.

Tell us what you think ought to be done.

Tell us how can we lift the shroud—how should we lift the shroud for the safeguarding of our readers in more than 125,000 homes, uniformly distributed everywhere throughout Canada where there are English-speaking people—lift it without giving offense, without doing harm and that good may result.

A Skin You Love to Touch
Painted by Neysa McMein, 1917
The Andrew Jergens Co.

Given away — This beautiful picture for framing

Get it today from your druggist or at your toilet counter

THIS picture in exquisite colors and four times as large as shown here! Actual size 15 x 19 in. Reproduced on a fine quality antique paper by a special process which brings out exactly the beautiful colorings of the original.

Painted by Neysa McMein, the popular artist, whose lovely women you see every month on the covers of your favorite magazines. This painting is her conception of "A skin you love to touch." Contains no printing or advertising of any kind. Get one while they last.

How to get it

Go to your dealer's today; buy a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and he will give you without additional charge one of these beautiful pictures. Be sure to ask for it before the supply is gone. Offer is good only until October 5th.

The daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will bring to *your* skin the charm of "A skin you love to touch." There is a Woodbury treatment just suited to the needs of your skin. A booklet giving them all comes with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake and your picture today and begin at once to get the benefit of your Woodbury treatment. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks.

If your dealer cannot supply you send us 25c and we will send the picture and the soap direct. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2610 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.**

How to frame the picture

A frame, either plain or carved, of olive green with gilded edges, is most pleasing for this painting. Such a frame can be secured at any picture store.

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

MADE IN CANADA

The Finer Way

By E. F. Benson. Author of "Dodo," etc., etc.

ELINOR Gascoigne had done what everybody with one exception had for the last couple of months been urging her to do, and had to-day accepted the devotion of Lord Evesham which she felt sure was as profound as it was patient, and now she was sitting in her room in the rather noisy flat which she had occupied for the last five years finding out by very honest catechism of herself what her verdict on herself was.

There was everything, or almost everything, to be said for the decision which had cost her so much heart-searching: indeed there was so much to be said for it that it really seemed to her that she need not have been so long in making up her mind. She liked him personally quite without reservation, and without reservation was her respect and admiration for his character. He had long been a friend, their friendship indeed dated from before the death of her first husband Walter Gascoigne, and when two months ago he had asked her to marry him, on his return from his Governorship at Bombay, she knew well to how safe an anchorage in any possible storm that life might hold, he was inviting her. He was fifteen years her senior, but a woman of thirty-five, so her mother had been diligent in pointing out to her, was not, in Nature's secret census, at all younger than a healthy and well-preserved man of fifty.

ELINOR wondered, when Mrs. Vanbrugh and she had been having what Mrs. Vanbrugh called 'such a good talk' (which meant that her mother had practically never been silent) whether she had ever understood her at all. Sometimes she seemed to be a visionary child, sometimes, a Christian martyr, sometimes a mere calculating materialist. In some of their 'good talks,' she appeared to combine all three, unless like some quick-change artist, she assumed one role after the other, with bewildering rapidity. One such 'good talk' had occurred only yesterday.

"Never would I urge you, my darling," her mother had said "to accept a man you did not truly love. You are quite happy in your dear little flat" (she had to raise her voice over this, since an underground train made the whole room quake and rattle) "and you, like myself, would be the last person in the world to do anything which your highest instincts did not prompt you to."

The underground train had passed, and Mrs. Vanbrugh could allow her voice to sink again to its ordinary gentle querulous tone.

"Darling, I should hate the idea that you let the thought of me, or your children enter into your decision," she said. "As you know, I ask for nothing more during the few years that probably remain to me, than to be able to live quite simply and frugally, as I have always lived, and leave to you and your boys the little I have managed to save. Dear Willie! If we club together we shall be able to send him to school next September, and no doubt means will be found to let Jack go too, when he is old enough. You must not let the thought of any provision for them or me influence your decision."

NOW here was one of the puzzles about Elinor's mother. While she spoke, Elinor felt no doubt that she meant precisely what she said, but she meant so many other things as well. She proceeded to say some of them.

"Of course, it's the romance of Lord Evesham's life," she went on. "Dear Arthur—darling, I am practising calling him Arthur in case you settle to marry him, and I am getting quite used to it—dear Arthur has never fallen in love before. He told me so himself: I could have kissed him when he said that. You are the great and only romance of his life, and I wonder if you realize what a privilege and honour that is. I assure you that if I was not trying to think of him as Arthur, I should be thinking of him as Sir Galahad. It would be a dreadful responsibility for you to think that you had denied him his one chance of happiness. All his riches and his pictures and his career mean nothing to him compared to you."

Elinor gave a little bubble of laughter. When she laughed her eyes laughed first, her mouth afterwards. She had rather a boyish face; you would have thought—except for Mrs. Vanbrugh's remark on the subject—that a woman of thirty-five was far more akin to a boy of twenty than to a man of fifty.

"Oh, I'm not in competition with his pictures and his wealth," she said.

"Darling, how you misunderstand me! I said, or I meant, that he has everything in the world that a man could want, and that you with one word could give him more than them all. Sometimes, dear, I think you are a wee bit selfish. You are apt to withhold happiness from others, sooner than sacrifice yourself."

"Sacrifice myself?" asked Elinor.

"You misunderstand me again," said Mrs. Vanbrugh, "if you think I mean that your marriage would be anything but the fulfilment of all that is best and noblest in you. But you cling to your little poky independence a wee bit, in your poky little flat."

"Dear little flat you said just now," remarked Elinor.

"Yes, darling, it is a dear little flat but poky. You will not let me explain myself. We women have to live for others. You have to live for your children, and give them a sound education, and a good chance of a start in life. And though I should be the last to speak of myself, you do owe perhaps a little to me. You owe it to me to let me see you happy and prosperous when such a chance comes in your way. Mothers live for their children. At least I know I always did. And then you should remember what dear Walter's last words to you were. You have been a long time already carrying out his wishes. He hoped you would marry again, poor boy. How much more would he hope it now, if he could see your boys and his getting such big fellows, and all without a father's care."

ELINOR with her tender loving conscience felt herself to be a brutally selfish person when her mother had taken herself and her sage advice away, and had hopped nimbly into a bus at the corner of the shabby little road. On all sides there seemed to be folk, near and dear to her who thrust her in one direction, where two adoring arms were held wide to welcome her. Was she, after all, being selfish in her hesitation? Was she expecting at the mature age of thirty-five that nameless ineffable quality of yearning that she had known twelve years ago, when Walter and she had found each other? Was she demanding of life and of love more than they could give her, at this period? And was she, finally, denying to love, the love of her mother, of her children, of her lover what it was her privilege to give them? She was poor, and quite candidly she told herself that for herself she did not mind that. But she minded not being able to give her children what money would enable her to give. All winter

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)

Mr. E. F. Benson—"'Nuff Said"

IF MR. E. F. BENSON were not one of the greatest writers of the day, we would proceed to tell you all about him. But you already know him, and his illustrious brothers, Mr. A. C. and the late Robert Hugh; his father too, the late Archbishop of Canterbury. The younger trio have been outstanding figures in the literary world for the past quarter of a century.

Do you remember when you read Mr. E. F. Benson's "Dodo"? You waited anxiously for his next—did you not? And you were pleased with "The Rubicon", "The Vintage" "The Angel of Pain." Then came "Oakleyites" in the first year of the war.

His short stories have been as compelling as his novels. We offer you "The Finer Way," without comment. It will speak for itself.

When you have read it, congratulations to us upon acquiring it will be in order. With true humility, we will accept them gladly—in fact, we are waiting for them—

THE EDITORS

Just baubles; just silly things," said he. "May I put them round your neck" ? As he fastened it for her she felt his lips on her neck where the pearl clasp came. . . . . She gave a little shudder quite involuntary.

The Magpie's Nest

By Isabel Paterson

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX

Editors' Note.—Hope Fielding found the world a great big place in which she tried to live out her own ideals and to work out her own destiny. As each instalment of this story appears we find that she is doing both—but not exactly in the way she had planned.

The final chapters become more and more fascinating. The Editor sat up until the chill, gray dawn to finish the story. We know that you will do the same with this and the concluding instalment which will appear next month.

The Editors.

THE STORY OF THE STORY

Dreamy, and living much in the dreams she fashioned from the old romances she read, Hope Fielding lived in a world unreal, but real to her. She was ambitious and needed money to pay her way through the Normal School. She went to the city and engaged as housemaid in a hotel. Jim Sanderson—a boarder— pursued her for months, and finding her alone one day, made himself so objectionable that she knocked him down with the butt of a revolver. Then she went home.

Hope taught school and found life flat and unprofitable; Hope and Mary Dark took rooms together, and presently Hope became engaged to Tony, but the engagement was not announced.

Tony became jealous, without knowing exactly why; and Mary, who saw trouble coming, would have warned Hope, had it been any use.

Edgerton's daughter, Emily, comes home from New York and so captivates Tony that he goes to Hope and asks to be released from their engagement.

"Hope sprang to her feet—"The train," she cried. "We forgot it.! It's gone" "Then marry me tonight," Ned said.

"GOOD-BYE," she said, without turning. She heard the door close. She could not move, to go after him, where her heart went and recapture her happiness, and her trust.

Mary found her, lying on the couch with the room darkened and a towel bound about her forehead and eyes, quite two hours later. She was sick with weeping, her face swollen and marred with tears, but still.

"It's all over, Mary, and the dead are counted," she said, sitting up as the light came on. "P-please don't tell me how beautiful I look." There was a catch in her voice, which was husky and toneless.

"You and Tony?" said Mary, shocked beyond words by the very thing she had always expected.

"Y-yes," said Hope. "I'll tell you—some time. Let's talk about something else. Something funny." And Mary did.

But that night Mary heard her sobbing in her sleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARY knew Edgerton had something on his mind; he watched her furtively over his shoulder, and pawed the papers on his desk in an aimless manner utterly foreign to him. But when he finally unburdened himself, she was utterly surprised.

"I don't know much about women," he began, "At least," his brow contracting as with pain, "my wife says I don't." There was a hidden meaning in that reference, for Edgerton's heart was sore and his pride raw from his wife's ungentle ministrations. Her parting words to him had been inexpressibly cruel.

"Oh, well, who does know anything about women?" said Mary cheerfully. "They're exactly like men—all different."

"Are they?" He did not seem certain in his mind. "It's my girl I'm thinking of. You know, I want her to be happy. I want her to have everything she wants, if it's good for her."

"What does she want?" asked Mary briskly, but touched by his turning to her in his perplexity.

"She's got a fancy for that young man—Yorke," returned Edgerton. Mary positively gasped.

"Do you mean that he has—proposed to her?"

"Well, in a way. Emily and I have always been chums, you know. She just hinted that he had hinted that she was the only girl in the world—oh, she just had to tell some one, you see, and I was the only one handy." He dissembled his pride, that she had brought her unfolding little heart to him, her father. "She always does tell me, when any young sprig begins making up. She's had a dozen. But she says she *likes* this one."

"But what do you want me to do?" asked Mary, absently tearing up an advertising layout she had worked over all morning.

"Tell me if he's good enough," said Edgerton. "You know him, and I'd back your judgment. I don't know anything about him, and I haven't time to find out, if I want to act."

"He's not good enough," said Mary viciously.

Edgerton looked up sharply.

"Why not?"

"Because," she spoke carefully, her dark eyes narrowing like a cat's, "he's jilted another girl within the week. And he hasn't a cent in the world. Neither has she. Put two and two together."

"All right," said Edgerton. "Thank you, awfully, Mary—I beg your pardon, I mean, Miss Dark. I've heard you called by your first name so often. I wonder if you couldn't see Emily, and maybe show her the same thing? She thinks you're so clever, you know; and it takes a girl to talk to another girl."

"I'll try," said Mary, rather doubtfully, and telephoned Emily for an appointment. Emily insisted on lunching her, so it promised well. Edgerton fell to pondering again, and as the result of an hour's cogitation, scribbled a note, handed it to Mary hastily, and reached for his hat. At the door he turned.

"Who was the other girl?" he asked.

"Oh, now! That wouldn't be fair," said Mary, and he nodded assent, and went out. The note was for Hope.

If Mary had thought twice, she might not have given Hope her news with the note. But she thought a desperate case required desperate remedies, and the girl was sick. Her eyes were ringed with black, her face looked pinched and ghostly, and she walked unseeing, like a somnambulist.

She twisted the note around her fingers while she listened, and seemed at first to make no sense of what Mary said. Then her head went up stiffly, with a gesture of a sort of direful pride.

"Are they engaged, then?" she only asked, at last.

"No," said Mary, telling nothing of her own part in the matter. "Her father will not have it; and I know he will prevent it. I am certain of that."

Hope stood up, her hand pressed to her side. "Mary," she said piteously, "was he like that all the time—all the time? Was I really such a fool? Why didn't I see it?"

Mary knew she must be calm. "Schopenhauer explains that much better than I can," she said lightly. "And we're all fools, all the time. Poor Tony is what he is; he can't help it. Circumstances cornered him, that's all. But he has all the qualities that attract; I believe I could love him myself, with my eyes wide open, if everything conspired against me. If you were ten years older, you'd have managed circumstances, and been happy. Tony needs a woman of the world, not a dear little goose like you."

"What should I have done?" Hope asked again. "What did I do? He didn't believe Jim Sanderson, he only wanted an excuse."

"Well, child, don't we always believe our own excuses?" said Mary sensibly.

Then Hope found Edgerton's note in her hand, and began to laugh. "Was Tony thinking of him?" she asked thoughtfully.

"Oh, probably," said Mary. "Don't bother about it any more now. Will you come and see Emily to-morrow with me?"

"Oh, yes," said Hope. "I'll play the game now. That's what I should have done before, isn't it?" Then her self-control gave way, and she wept again. And then she laughed, and wrote an answer to Edgerton. Mary went to bed exhausted from sheer sympathy, but Hope sat up half the night reading.

Edgerton only came to the corner with the motor, but Hope heard the muffled down engine as he stopped, and ran to meet him with a sensation of escape. Mary was away for the evening, but Mrs. Hamilton, according to custom, was at home.

When Edgerton slowed down, miles away, they seemed adrift in space, detached fromthe living world.

"Why are you driving?" asked Hope. "Where is Allen? I tried to find him on the telephone to-day—"

"Did you?" said Edgerton, in a tone of dry humour. "I thought so. That's why I sent him away. You'll never see him again, little girl. Unless you order me to bring him back to you. Can't I fill his place?"

"Oh, just as well," she said lightly. "You did know we used to steal your old car, then?"

"I did," said Edgerton. "And it's a brand new car."

"Were you jealous of him?" She asked it idly.

"Horribly," said Edgerton. Astounded, she detected the note of truth in his voice. He had been jealous, too! And he had done what one should do: he had calmly removed the cause. She admired him, in a queerly impersonal way. He commanded circumstances. Once she had thought Tony capable of that!

"Oh, never mind," she said. "I just wanted some one to worry. Con, I must do something. I'm going away. This town is full of emptiness."

"I'm going away too," he remarked. "Want to come along?" Now he was patently jesting, and she sent his head spinning with her answer.

"Yes. Please take me."

"My God," he said, forgetting the wheel a moment. "Don't say things like that, dear."

"Oh, well," she sighed, "of course you don't need me. You have everything, or can get it."

"You mean I'm rich," he returned.

"When I die I'd like to have all my money brought to me, in paper, piled up—and I'll set a match to it. Half my life's gone into the making of it. I don't see why any one else should have it."

"Then," she said slowly, "after all, you're really no cleverer than I. You didn't get anything out of it all, either. And I was envying you!"

"No," he said, "I didn't—What are you talking about? You'vegot it all yet."

"Mine," she said, "was another kind of soap-bubble."

"You mean—?" His mind was not quick, but it had a sure reach. Slowly, now he pieced together many little things. "Were you the girl? The girl Tony Yorke threw over?" He had not meant to put it quite so brutally.

She grew hot, and visibly shrank into her cocoon-like wrappings, but the necessity for honesty overcame her also.

"How did you guess? Yes, it was I."

Edgerton muttered something indistinguishable and angry. "Why?" he asked heavily.

"Oh, why not?" she retorted, and tried to turn it into a sorry joke. "Weren't you frightened yourself, a minute ago?"

"I?" He reached around and drew her chin up clumsily. Her cheek was wet to touch. "You didn't mean it! It wouldn't be fair—and it isn't fair of you. Would you?"

"Oh, yes, I would," she said calmly, but remembrance sent her mind off at a tangent. "No, there's your wife, of course; it would be silly."

"My wife!" He laughed. "You needn't worry about her; she never wants to see me again, and I mean to oblige her. If that's all— Oh, don't say any more. I give in; you know you can twist me around your finger; but don't; not to-night. I'd go through hell for you. You didn't mean it, did you?"

"I did," she reiterated wildly, for they were both bewildered and lost in the Land of Last Things, and could not stop telling the truth. She tried to qualify and explain, but his mood had caught fire now.

"THE headlight's gone out," he said. "Wait till I light it." He left her side and stepped down, fumbling for a match.

"Oh, look!" she cried urgently. A little tongue of flame darted out from the roadside, flickered and raced in the old grass, spreading like oil on smooth water. Edgerton stood staring. "Idiot!" said Hope, springing over the back of the seat into the tonneau and seizing an armful of robes. "Beat it out!" The robes alighted neatly over Edgerton's head; Hope went after them, and salvaged one without ceremony. Edgerton collected himself and another rug. The flames ran and fluttered in a little wind; they fought them in an obscure, hot glare, working breathlessly and wordlessly. For an awful five minutes they feared to see the whole countryside aflame. At the end of half an hour they leaned wearily against the rotund tire of the front wheel and took breath. The fire was out, and they felt they could have done no more.

"Light another match," said Hope. "I want to see if I have any hair left. My gloves saved my hands." The match spurted up; they looked into each other's smeared and smoke-blackened faces, and simultaneously showed two rows of startlingly white teeth in uncontrollable mirth. "You won't want to run away with me now," Hope gasped. "Do you always celebrate an elopement by setting the prairie afire? Oh, oh!" She clutched his arm weakly.

"Well, we started something, didn't we?" he said. "Come; I've got some things to attend to in town." He swung her up again, and kissed her cheek, but seemed fearful of encroaching further on her favour. He would take her gifts, but they must be gifts. "I say, how did you get out of the tonneau? The door is shut."

"Guess," she said. "Now show me how fast you can drive. No, let me!" She hardly stopped laughing all the way back, and risked his neck a dozen times.

In his own rooms, Edgerton did not wait to remove the soot and grime from his face, but went straight to the telephone. Long distance answered sleepily, but acted with dispatch. If she had listened, later, she might have been interested. And she might, if business bored her. It was her business to call Edmonton, and she did.

"I'm leaving to-morrow. Organize a new company on that Kenatchee Falls deal. Say, come and see me to-morrow morning at eight. I'll explain in detail. Hell, no, don't get Shane; his crowd is out of it, business is business." He was not conscious of any satire. "To-morrow at eight. Good-night."

So Tony's house of cards came down, blown by his own breath. And the irony of it was that he would never know the truth of how it happened.

MARY went back to the sitting room and dropped limply into a chair, with a mental jerk at her clogged and distrait mind. She had been very busy all day; she had congratulated herself on being rid of a great deal of pressing business, and had come home to rest, to relapse temporarily into nothingness. Edgerton had taken himself off to the West, that was one relief. He had left death and destruction behind him, in a sense; Mary had seen him calmly tear down all the hopes of the men who had built on the Kenatchee Falls transaction, and had gathered from his manner that he felt a certain satisfaction in it. His demeanor had not invited comment, but they had just once exchanged a glance that said enough. And Mary had shrugged her shoulders, and gone to work on the new company organization.

Emily also had gone, Eastward. Mary made a wry mouth at recollection of that luncheon party, deferred a day, where Hope had actually appeared, with a spot of color on each cheek and a devil in her eye. She had not spoken much, but there was something oddly different about her; she was abnormally self-possessed, ate nothing, and watched Emily with a look of impish humor, as if possessed of a strictly private jest. She was witty, too, with a kind of mad and topsy-turvy humor. She left early. And then Mary, in the half hour remaining had done what she had to do. It was well done, indeed. (CON. ON PAGE 54)

A Word With the Mother

That Savors of Sympathy and Wisdom and Lacks Uncalled-for Advice

By JEAN BLEWETT

"WHAT," we asked of a number of our readers, at various times within the past couple of months, "are some of the features you like best in Everywoman's World?"

We were deluged with replies. Our modesty forbids us to enumerate them. But one point is too good to overlook—every single one voted heartily for Jean Blewett.

Mrs. Jean Blewett's department—her "Own Page of Happiness" as we have rightly called it—has appealed to all. Her wholesome philosophy has touched a responsive chord in the heart of every reader. We consider that not an extravagant statement.

We don't believe that one can have "too much of a good thing" when that good thing happens to be Mrs. Blewett.

So we offer you an additional feature by her, this month, in our Mother's Department—a feature that will be welcomed equally by fathers, to whom we open our hearts, and whom we invite into our midst.—THE EDITORS.

MOTHERING

"MOTHERING is a mighty task, entailing a heavy spiritual, physical and mental strain," said a lecturer in the Model Baby's department of the Exhibition. It sounded grand, but I am old fashioned enough to believe—and to take solid satisfaction in believing—that mothering is a natural function which does not necessarily break a woman's health, dim her spiritual vision, dull her intellect or spoil her good time.

To the contrary rather, strain there may be in bringing up a family, especially a small family. You see the "one child family" calls for perpetual entertaining. It needs amusement, diversion, new interests. The hardest day's work you can undertake is the looking after an only child who already realizes that all things are his if he but holds forth long enough and loud enough. I remember how we laughed over the forceful answer given by a gentle old lady when we said; 'anent one of these predatory youngsters who happened to have been left in her care! "Much more of him would have you in the hospital." "Oh, no, in the jail for assault."

When the children are like stair-steps there is call for labor a-plenty, but you are practically free of the task of entertaining, aye, and of "minding." The big ones look after the little ones, fetch and carry for them, play games with them. It is a great conserving of the woman's energy this co-operative growing time of her progeny. Also it is a good working-out of domestic economy problems.

Five year old Helen's out-grown frocks come down to Amber who is three and a half. Billy's boots and trousers descend to the twins, and so on and so forth. Nothing is wasted. Thrift, does not have to be practiced in big families, it just naturally belongs there. Economy with them does not mean a sudden fit of niggardliness following a spendthrift season, but a day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year wholesome happy freedom from extravagance.

We enquired of the model mother of our particular set when we met her at the Parkdale Armories doing her bit in the canning of fruit, vegetables, chicken, etc. Now she had the intrepidity to present her proud husband with a new baby (seeing she already had a house full) at this time when the high cost of living made the boldest hold his breath for a time. "We've only ten," she laughed, "and up till now we've managed to feed and clothe them. The only drawback to our happiness is having to take our outings in sections, the 'flivver' positively refusing to carry us in a body." She did not appear to be suffering from stress or strain while mothering her ten. She was the prettiest matron present (which means something when a whole lot of women's Institutes are taking part) and the youngest for her years.

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MOTHER'S BAIRNS

THE fat baby and her older sister were having the usual dispute as to which of them should enjoy the golden privilege of enacting the role of maternal parent, and we drew near to listen, and adjust matters if need be. Their arguments were lovely. "You be the father this time," urged sister blandly, "and you'll wear goggles when you run the car."

Fat baby's round head shook obstinately "It's my turn to be mother" she insisted, and began putting some half dozen dolls to bed. Fat baby was only seven but she knew her own mind.

"Being the mother's not much fun," cried wily sister." Don't you remember how Aunt Alice had her eyes swelled and nose red crying after cousin Jim when he went off to fight the Germans? You heard her yourself tell Mamma: "I don't know who would want children. When they're little they make your arms ache and when they're grown up they make your heart ache." So perfectly did she mimic poor Aunt Alice, who was always in a flutter over her own chick, nobody could help smiling.

The fat baby remained unmoved. She draped a sash by way of a nightgown on one of the china twins, and, failing to find anything for the other, laced its boots up tightly and tucked it in the crib. Black Dinah was installed as nurse, lying flat on her broad back crowding her charges terribly.

Jack and Jill being rubber, and of the kind which scorns any position but a standing one, were given a sunny spot and many murmured admonitions as to their behavior. "Your heart'll ache when they've grown up" repeated artful sister with a sigh. War meant nothing to the fat baby, heartache meant even less, yet the argument, backed by sisterly zeal, pierced through her innocence and callousness and it touched her understanding; "don't have to cry my nose red," she crowed with an adorable air of importance, "cause my babies stay babies forever n'ever, anever."

***

OVER-ZEALOUS MOTHERS

"WHAT'S a specialist?" asked nine-year-old Douglas looking up from his home work. We explained to the best of our ability, and felt not a little proud of our clearness. It warms a parent's heart to be able to satisfy a child's thirst for knowledge, teach him some fact to remember, some truth to carry with him.

But you never can tell. Our complacency received a rude shock not more than an hour later.

"Now, just to show how well you understand give in your own words a definition of a specialist," we said.

"A person who knows all about one thing, and nothin' at all about anything else," was the startling summary he flung at us.

No one can afford to be that kind of a specialist, yet it is what women become when they allow their children to absorb them body and soul. We all know the over-zealous mother who neglects everything else—the husband she loves, the accomplishments her parents worked hard to bestow upon her, her personal appearance, her intellect by seldom reading a book, the social side of her nature by never finding time for either old friend or new. This type of specialist is never a success. Her husband desires her company, but she excuses herself—she must give her attention to the nursery. You could tell her, of course, that this same "attention" will create selfishness in children, but she would not believe it, she slaves for her offspring all her life—and her offspring takes it as a matter of course.

"Mary makes a wonderful mother," boasted Mary's maternal parent to Mary's husband. "She ought to" he returned moodily, "it's all she does make."

It is exactly in line with the boy's definition; "A person who knows all about one thing, and nothin' at all about anything else." But you exclaim "Does'nt Holt or some other authority declare that a mother should know all about children?" To be sure, but let her know a few things beside.

In mothering as in other important work the same "all round" woman has the advantage of her sister with one idea every time.

Jean Blewett

Her Firstborn

By JEAN BLEWETT

O GLAD sun creeping through the casement wide
A million blossoms have you kissed since morn!
But none so fair as this one at my side—
Touch sóft the bit of love, the babe new born.
Towards all the world my love and pity flow,
With high resolves and tenderest sympathy,
This happy heart of mine is all aglow
Since he doth nestle here. God's warmth is he!

THE ALPINE PATH

The Story of My Career

By L. M. MONTGOMERY
Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of the Islands," etc.

(FIFTH INSTALMENT)

THE notable incident of the liniment cake happened when I was teaching school in Bideford and boarding at the Methodist parsonage there. Its charming mistress flavoured a layer cake with anodyne liniment one day. Never shall I forget the taste of that cake and the fun we had over it, for the mistake was not discovered until tea-time. A strange minister was there to tea that night. He ate every crumb of his piece of cake. What he thought of it we never discovered. Possibly he imagined it was simply some new-fangled flavouring.

Many people have told me that they regretted *Matthews'* death in "Green Gables." I regret it myself. If I had the book to write over again I would spare *Matthew* for several years. But when I wrote it I thought he must die, that there might be a necessity for self-sacrifice on *Anne's* part, so poor *Matthew* joined the long procession of ghosts that haunt my literary past.

Well, my book was finally written. The next thing was to find a publisher. I typewrote it myself, on my old second-hand typewriter that never made the capitals plain and wouldn't print "w" at all, and I sent it to a new American firm that had recently come to the front with several "best sellers." I thought I might stand a better chance with a new firm than with an old established one that had already a preferred list of writers. But the new firm very promptly sent it back. Next I sent it to one of the "old, established firms," and the old established firm sent it back. Then I sent it, in turn, to three "betwixt-and-between firms, and they all sent it back. Four of them returned it with a cold, printed note of rejection; one of them "damned with faint praise." They wrote that "Our readers report that they find some merit in your story, but not enough to warrant its acceptance."

That finished me. I put *Anne* away in an old hat-box in the clothes room, resolving that some day when I had time I would take her and reduce her to the original seven chapters of her first incarnation. In that case I was tolerably sure of getting thirty-five dollars for her at least, and perhaps even forty.

The manuscript lay in the hatbox until I came across it one winter day while rummaging. I began turning over the leaves, reading a bit here and there. It didn't seem so very bad. "I'll try once more," I thought. The result was that a couple of months later an entry appeared in my journal to the effect that my book had been accepted. After some natural jubilation I wrote: "The book may or may not succeed. I wrote it for love, not money, but very often such books are the most successful, just as everything in the world that is born of true love has life in it, as nothing constructed for mercenary ends can ever have.

"Well, I've written my book! The dream dreamed years ago at that old brown desk in school has come true at last after years of toil and struggle. And the realization is sweet, almost as sweet as the dream."

When I wrote of the book succeeding or not succeeding, I had in mind only a very moderate success indeed, compared to that which it did attain. I never dreamed that it would appeal to young and old. I thought girls in their teens might like to read it, that was the only audience I hoped to reach. But men and women who are grandparents have written to tell me how they loved *Anne*, and boys at college have done the same. The very day on which these words are written has come a letter to me from an English lad of nineteen, totally unknown to me, who writes that he is leaving for "the front" and wants to tell me "before he goes" how much my books and especially *Anne* have meant to him. It is in such letters that a writer finds meet reward for all sacrifice and labor.

Well, *Anne* was accepted; but I had to wait yet another year before the book was published. Then on June 20th, 1908, I wrote in my journal:

"To-day has been, as *Anne* herself would say, 'an epoch in my life.' My book came to-day. 'spleet-new' from the publishers. I candidly confess that it was to me a proud and wonderful and thrilling moment. There, in my hand, lay the material realization of all the dreams

Stuart

and hopes and ambitions and struggles of my whole conscious existence—my first book. Not a great book, but mine, mine, mine, something which I had created."

— M. Montgomery

I have received hundreds of letters from all over the world about *Anne*. Some odd dozen of them were addressed, not to me, but to "Miss Anne Shirley, Green Gables, Avonlea, Prince Edward Island." They were written by little girls who had such a touching faith in the real flesh and blood existence of *Anne* that I always hated to destroy it. Some of my letters were decidedly amusing. One began impressingly, "My dear long-lost uncle," and the writer went on to claim me as *Uncle Lionel*, who seemed to have disappeared years ago. She wound up by entreating me to write to my "affectionate niece" and explain the reason of my long silence. Several people wrote me that their lives would make very interesting stories, and if I would write them and give them half the proceeds they would give me "the facts!" I answered only one of these letters, that of a young man who had enclosed stamps for a reply. In order to let him down as gently as possible, I told him that I was not in any need of material, as I had books already planned out which would require at least ten years to write. He wrote back that he had a great deal of patience and would cheerfully wait until ten years had expired; then he would write again. So, if my own invention gives out, I can always fall back on what that young man assured me was "a thrilling life-history!"

"Green Gables" has

Chester

been translated into Swedish and Dutch. My copy of the Swedish edition always gives me the inestimable boon of a laugh. The cover design is a full length figure of Anne, wearing a sunbonnet, carrying the famous carpet-bag, and with hair that is literally of an intense scarlet!

With the publication of "Green Gables" my struggle was over. I have published six novels since then. "Anne of Avonlea" came out in 1909, followed in 1910 by "Kilmeny of the Orchard." This latter story was really written several years before "Green Gables," and ran as a serial in an American magazine, under another title. Therefore some sage reviewers amused me not a little by saying that the book showed "the insidious influence of popularity and success" in its style and plot!

"The Story Girl" was written in 1910 and published in 1911. It was the last book I wrote in my old home by the gable window where I had spent so many happy hours of creation. It is my own favourite among my books, the one that gave me the greatest pleasure to write, the one whose characters and landscape seem to me most real. All the children in the book are purely imaginary. The old "King Orchard" was a compound of our old orchard in Cavendish and the orchard at Park Corner. *Peg Bowen* was suggested by a half-witted, gypsy-like personage who roamed at large for many years over the Island and was the terror of my childhood. We children were always being threatened that if we were not good Peg would catch us. The threat did not make us good, it only made us miserable.

Poor Peg was really very harmless, when she was not teased or annoyed. If she were, she could be vicious and revengeful enough. In winter she lived in a little hut in the woods, but as soon as the spring came the lure of the open road proved too much for her, and she started on a tramp which lasted until the return of winter snows. She was known over most of the Island. She went bareheaded and barefooted, smoked a pipe, and told extraordinary tales of her adventures in various places. Occasionally she would come to church, stalking unconcernedly up the aisle to a prominent seat. She never put on hat or shoes on such occasions, but when she wanted to be especially grand she powdered face, arms and legs with *flour*!

As I have already said, the story of *Nancy* and *Betty Sherman* was founded on fact. The story of the captain of the *Fanny* is also literally true. The heroine is still living, or was a few years ago, and still retains much of the beauty which won the Captain's heart. The "*Blue Chest of Rachel Ward*" was another "ower-true tale." *Rachel Ward* was Eliza Montgomery, a cousin of my father's, who died in Toronto a few years ago. The blue chest was in the kitchen of Uncle John Campbell's house at Park Corner from 1849 until her death. We children heard its story many a time and speculated and dreamed over its contents, as we sat on it to study our lessons or eat our bed-time snacks.

The House of Uncle John Campbell at Park Corner, where I was Married

IN the winter of 1911, Grandmother Macneill died at the age of eighty-seven, and the old home was broken up. I stayed at Park Corner until July; and on July 5th was married. Two days later my husband and I sailed from Montreal on the *Megantic* for a trip through the British Isles, another "dream come true," for I had always wished to visit the old land of my forefathers. A few extracts from the journal of my trip, may be of interest.:

"GLASGOW, July 20, 1912.

"Thursday afternoon we left for an excursion to Oban, Staffa, and Iona. We went by rail to Oban and the scenery was very beautiful, especially along Loch Awe, with its ruined castle. Beautiful, yes! And yet neither there nor elsewhere in England or Scotland, did I behold a scene more beautiful than can be seen any evening at home, standing on the "old church hill" and looking afar over New London Harbour. But then—we have no ruined castles there, nor the centuries of romance they stand for!

"Oban is a picturesque little town, a fringe of houses built along the shore of a land-locked harbour, with wooded mountains rising steeply behind them. Next morning we took the boat to Iona. It was a typical, Scottish day, bright and sunny one hour, showery or misty the next. For a few hours I enjoyed the sail very much. The wild, rugged scenery of cape and bay and island and bleak mountain—the whole of course, peppered with ruined, ivy-hung castles —was an ever changing panorama of interest, peopled with the shades of the past.

"Then, too, we had a Cook's party of French tourists on board. They jabbered incessantly. There was one nice old fellow in particular, with a pleasant, bronzed face and twinkling black eyes, who seemed to be the expounder-in-chief of the party. They got into repeated discussions, and when the arguments reached a certain pitch of intensity, he would spring to his feet, confront the party, wave his arms, umbrella, and guide book wildly in the air, and lay down the law in a most authoritative tone and fashion.

"As the forenoon wore away I began to lose interest in everything. Ruined castle, towering mountain, white torrent, ghosts, and French tourists lost their charm. In the morning I had been much

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

Nine years ago this fall, Lucy Maude Montgomery of Prince Edward Island published her first and most popular novel "Anne of Green Gables." Mark Twain declared "Anne" to be "the sweetest creation of child life yet written."

Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, as she is now, has written for the readers of "Everywoman's World" this fascinating story of her own life, which is so full of interest to those who love the author of "Anne." This month she gives to us some of the thrills of a first visit to the historic places in England and Scotland.—THE EDITORS.

WITH THE GIRLS AT COLLEGE

There are Joys and Thrills in the College Girl's Life that Compensate for Hard Study

By HELEN EDWARDS

MY first night at College! Will I ever forget it—that awful, sinking feeling with which I viewed the empty room with its bare walls and bare floor, bare dresser and table, and little single beds bare of everything but a mattress! It took a lot of courage to keep from rushing off to the station to catch the first train homeward bound.

The morning of the second day was in some ways worse than the evening of the first day. To be wakened from a sound slumber by a merciless bell and look around at that bare, untidy room; to see my satin slippers hob-nobbing with my gym bloomers under the radiator, and my new Fall hat on the floor where the wind had blown it during the night, and to realize that there was no hope of escaping all that might happen in the next few days was enough to dampen the spirits of the most ardent "Freshie."

If my room-mate had only arrived it would not have been so bad. But when I shut my eyes to get away from the picture of my unspeakable room I could only be faced with a mental picture of what my room-mate might be. She was expected, so the matron told me the night before, at eight o'clock that morning.

There was nothing for it but to get up, dress, and go down to breakfast.

After breakfast everybody felt better—that is to say, nearly everybody for there were still a few who could not keep the corners of their mouths turned up

OH, THOSE TIME-TABLES!

THEN came the arranging of programs and time tables. I was glad I had settled in my own mind just what subjects I wanted to take when I saw what a time the girl just in front of me was having. She evidently had simply "come to college" with the vaguest possible notion of what she wanted to do when she got here. She hadn't the slightest idea whether she wanted to take her piano lessons from the musical director or one of the assistants; and she couldn't decide whether to give up Domestic Science or elocution when she found she could not make both fit into her time-table.

I was glad, too, that I had made my plans "subject to change," because I got a lot of sidelights on various subjects while I was standing in that long line and I did change quite a number of details and had added some more subjects when it finally came my turn to confer with the "powers that be."

The first lecture on history was a revelation. Instead of displaying the old dry-bones of dates and names and places the lecturer talked about the relation of past and present to immigration, to war, to peace and to the extension of the franchise, and all in such an interesting sort of way that we nearly lost our privileges because we made such a hub-bub discussing what *we* thought about the way the world is run.

I didn't know anything about the St. John's Ambulance Course till the day after I had my time table all fixed. I saw some girls running around with triangular bandages of factory cotton and little roll bandages of different sizes. I wondered what they could be doing. When I collected my nerve I asked one girl what they were. "Why don't you know?" she said, "surely you are going to take the St. John's Ambulance Course!" She told me how we could learn First Aid and Simple Nursing and at the end of the year try an examination, with a medical doctor, to qualify for overseas service. She said that several girls had been selected last year to go with the Voluntary Aid Detachment.

That sounded pretty good to me. I found out that it wasn't too late to join and I made a raid on the secretary and had my name put down.

I had not thought of studying interior decoration or anything like that until my room-mate, who, by the way, was not the dreadful person I had had visions of before she arrived—asked me my ideas on color schemes for a bedroom. I had some rather hazy ideas but they didn't agree at all with what she had learned that day in the first lecture on interior decoration. We argued for about half an hour and I finally had to give in because I couldn't back my argument up by saying "Miss B. says so."

"GET IN" ON THE FUN

IF you don't "get in" in the first few days with the girls who play tennis and basket-ball you'll find it awfully hard to get in later. This is what my cousin told me before I came to college and I am glad she did, for many girls are left out now because they didn't "get in" at first.

Just to-day I tried to "pry loose" my room mate who has got the habit of sitting on our window seat and watching the girls play tennis rather than going out and playing. She came, too, when I got her worked up by telling her just how good it feels to have the air rush past my face. When I make a hard stroke—Oh, it's *great* to be alive!

We had a jolly tug-of-war on Field Day—Freshies versus Old Girls. How we did tug! And we freshies tugged our side to glory. We have been proud of ourselves ever since.

"We had a jolly tug-of-war on Field Day—Freshies versus Old Girls. How we did tug!"

SPENDING "NIGHT-OFF"

EVERY college residence for girls has one particular night of the week which is "free"—that is to say, a night with no study hour. The first "night-off" is usually quite a problem for the old girls. They want to plan something that will result in a good mixing-up of new and old girls and it is such a problem to plan something that everybody will enjoy. In a co-educational school it is not so difficult to arrange for this first "night-off." If dancing is allowed a little informal dance is the very best way to make both girls and boys spend a jolly evening. Even a promenade is not too bad a way in which to spend the evening if the committee in charge has any tact in seeing who shall meet whom.

We solved the problem by announcing a "Children's Party" and requesting that half the girls come dressed as boys. It is amazing what charming sailor boys came in middy blouses and pyjamas and what dear little Buster Browns were evolved by the use of gym. bloomers and Norfolk coats. Some of the girls had come prepared for such "dress-up" occasions and had brought from home one of brother's suits. The little girls looked equally charming in shortened dresses, Mary Jane shoes, and hair in curls. It is lots of fun to play children's games when ever one is dressed up for the occasion and a half hour of dancing followed by lemonade and doughnuts, taffy on the stick, and other "eats" dear to the school girl heart, make a very jolly evening.

The next Friday night we had a "peanut hunt" through all the girls' rooms. It is the very best way for every one to "discover" everyone else and where she rooms. After the hunt was over we all went to the gym and sat around a jolly open fire to finish what peanuts still remained in an eatable condition.

THRILLS OF INITIATION

TALK about thrills and horrors! I'll never be afraid of ghosts again after going through our initiation. The bulletin board that day carried a huge placard with a true-to-life representation of His Satanic Majesty, calculated to make the freshiest "freshie" shiver in her shoes. It also bore ominous words telling us our doom was at hand.

We met in the lower regions garbed as we had been commanded according to the various sins we had committed in the flesh. Ghosts with clanking chains and long pointed spears escorted us in slow procession through the labyrinth of the cellars then up to the gym where on a raised platform sat a majestic figure with little red and black duplicates of himself on his right and on his left and a huge crackling fire in the fireplace at the rear.

What tortures we went through! But it was all such fun. I do think we freshies enjoyed it more than the initiators did.

I stopped in the act of pushing a little onion across the floor with my nose to watch a black girl next me who was diving in a dish of flour for a penny and had just brought it out in triumph, with her teeth. I was sorry I stopped for I was immediately seized by two white-robed ghosts and made to roller-skate on dumb-bells and afterward walk over sticky fly-paper.

We nearly raised the roof with all the noise we made and everyone was almost too weak from laughing to eat the ice cream cones which were passed at the last to cool our parched tongues.

I am beginning to plan already what we will do when we initiate the freshies next year. I can not decide whether a circus with each freshie representing some animal, would be better than an Insane Asylum. I do think the very "freshest" freshie would be subdued after an evening spent in the sawdust ring of a circus especially if she had to represent a seal and propel herself with her hands. But then, I do not expect to do all the planning myself. Perhaps the girls would rather have a suffrage meeting or a Mock Trial, or a Hospital.

ALL KINDS OF INTERESTS

WE feel that we really belong here now that we have been initiated. The girls have settled down to work—some more and some less. But even though there is work to do there is always plenty of fun mixed with it.

We are out of doors as much as we can be, out of school hours. When it rains we either put on slickers and go for a walk or play indoor baseball or basket ball in the gym.

There is the swimming pool, too. I have learned how to dive since I came and I think I could "life-save" a drowning person if she didn't struggle too much.

Hallowe'en is coming! I am working every spare minute on a marvellous crepe paper costume. It is only going to cost about thirty-five cents so it takes a lot of planning. We are going to be masked during the first part of the evening.

Of course we will use the occasion to make money for Red Cross. We have advertised it well all over the town. We will have a flower booth and some gipsy fortune tellers. But we are NOT going to have a home-made cooking booth or a candy booth because we think that "in these days of food conservation it is very questionable taste" (quoting our Domestic Science teacher). We will end with a little dance.

My room mate is making the most adorable costume. It is a Pierrette in pumpkin yellow and black. She is dark and looks stunning in it. There is a tall pointed cap, black around the bottom and pumpkin yellow right up to the point, which is topped with a big black pom-pom. The little bodice is of pumpkin yellow with black facings, and the skirt is made up of narrow gores alternating yellow and black with each gore pointed at the bottom.

I am not telling what my costume is like—that is a dark secret. I lock the door when I am working at it—But here's hoping!

Christmas will be here before we know it! And after Christmas the time will fairly fly, bringing June and examinations, and the ultimate farewells to all the girls. These are rather depressing. Only the green of the far-off hills keeps up our spirits, and then, too, probably the anticipation of return helps out. I'm glad I'll be back next year.

For the 500 Others

NOTE.—There are at least 500 girls who cannot (or do not) go to college to every one who goes. We believe that many of these 500 girls, and their mothers, fathers and brothers, would like to have a better insight into some of the joys and some of the knowledge to be had at a good college for girls. So we have planned this series of articles for your benefit especially. The second article will appear in the November EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Write us if you like this one and if you wish the series continued throughout the nine months of the college year.—THE EDITORS.

We Nominate as Leading Woman in Alberta—Nellie McClung

She is the Most Outstanding Figure the Canadian West Has Produced

MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG is, without doubt, the most representative woman in the Canadian West, hence, in the New Dominion. For the West is the product of the Twentieth Century, and the Twentieth Century is Canada's.

From the country of the cow-puncher of scarce a decade and a half ago, it has come to be to-day a thriving settled land, teeming with cattle, undulating with the rippling waves of the great wheat sea, and playing its part in the great fight for democracy, just as surely, as poignantly, as are the Twentieth Century Canadians fighting the fight which will perpetuate this age, not only as Canada's but as Democracy's.

Out of the vastness comes Mrs. McClung. Out of it—and part of it!

Born in Ontario, you say!

True—lucky Ontario.

But she has imbibed the spirit of the West, especially of Alberta, and it has lifted her far above mediocrity. And yet, she is but typical of Alberta women. They stand alone as the most progressive, the most public-spirited aggregation of people in Canada to-day. They are thinkers—but chiefly doers. They have produced the first woman M.P. in the Dominion—Mrs. McKinney.

"Bravo," we say, "Alberta women!"

YOU know Nellie McClung. Every woman in Canada knows her, admires her, loves her. And the better you know her the more you love to hear her, the more you appreciate a little retrospect.

Everywhere Mrs. McClung has gone—and where has she NOT been in Canada—she has taken with her the message of the prairies and has forced us to glance back down the vistas of the years to the time when, as a child, she first rambled there, a very minute part of their vastness.

But to retrace our steps even farther into her life history—she was born at Chatsworth, Ontario, in 1873. Wholesouled, fearless, genuine, little Nellie was not destined to remain long in the East. In 1880 her family moved West, going by train until they reached the Red River, which they crossed in a row boat. Her experiences following this move are responsible for the wholesomeness of the thoughts she afterwards wove into such books as "Sowing Seeds in Danny," and "The Second Chance." They exhale the breath of the Western winters, and bask in the sunshine of its springs.

NELLIE cared not for schools. Little good it would have been for her to do so, since there were none in the district! She "expanded" for three happy years.

Speaking reminiscently of this she said:

"Once I played with a nice fat, greasy little fellow called Indian Tommy, whose mother fought intermittently with a lady friend of hers for three days on the river bank. I attended all the sessions, and all would have been well, only, in the excess of my delight over Indian Tommy's victory, I came home hilarious. After that, I stayed in my own yard. Indian Tommy looked in through the gate, and brought me beads and gum—almost as good as new—and we were very miserable."

Soon, however, a school was opened near by and it was with great timidity that the little one presented herself before the school master. Things were not as she had expected, for he, Mr. Frank Schultz, understood her, and she progressed marvellously well under his instructions. It is to him that she gives credit for the fame that now attends her. Unselfish and humble, you may say, but therein lies Mrs. McClung.

When she finished being taught she started to teach. This she did at Manitou and other points, and this she continues to do to this very day, on the public platforms, advocating Equal Franchise, Temperance, and other pet theories; through her books, and never more strongly than through her example.

For Mrs. McClung is a devoted wife and mother.

In 1896 she married Robert Wesley McClung. Four sons and one daughter are her special pride. She has stated laughingly, that one would be surprised at the interest that is taken in her husband's socks. Her mails invariably contain letters advising her to stay at home and mend them. "And yet," she says, "you know they are never left unmended."

Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Edmonton, Alberta (Copyright Photo by Jessop

MRS. McCLUNG'S literary talent displayed itself when she was very young. It then generally took the form of epitaphs on dead dogs and kittens. One of her early masterpieces ran:

"Here lies dear little Silvie Moggie,
"Silvie died—oh, far too young.
"From a bite from Philip Sutcliffe,
"Philip bit her on the tongue."

Now the brutal Philip (who was her dog), had really shaken the kitten, "Silvie Moggie" to death. But why sacrifice music for facts?

When the family moved from Winnipeg to Edmonton to live, Mrs. McClung was welcomed by the Women's Organizations there, especially by the Alberta Equal Franchise League, and by the W.C.T.U. The delegation, which she headed, appealing for Equal Franchise, will long be remembered as the largest that ever assembled on the floor of the Alberta Legislature.

Mrs. McClung's interest in school questions became more pronounced when her children came to the age when they must face the world. Her advice to women, that it is their duty to see what kind of world it is, for which they are preparing their children, and what sort of contribution those children will be to the world, gives evidence of the consideration she has given social questions.

THE non-partisan attitude of the woman voter is a subject causing much discussion to-day, pro and con. Many leading women have fearlessly expressed themselves in favor of this attitude for women. The Saskatoon Equal Franchise League sent out a questionaire on the subject.

Mrs. McClung's replies came as usual with a vim. To the question, "Do you think that women should identify themselves with party politics?" she answered:

"I do not think that women should identify themselves with political parties, for the reason that if they do, they will work against instead of with each other, and the good which the woman should do would be offset by that done by some other woman. Dividing the women into two hostile camps will leave the situation very much as we found it, with all its old bitterness, squabbling, misrepresentations, and waste of energy.

"I am not in favor of a woman's party as such for I see no future for such a movement, but if women will remain independent in thought and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33)

A Few of Her Epigrams

I NEVER cared for the pedestal idea of woman. It is so hard to come down and cut wood.

We must jar ourselves loose from the old ideas and the old beliefs. One of these ideas is that women are protected. We are protected theoretically—like Belgium.

It is pathetically true that the world takes you at the estimation that you place upon yourself. Women have never placed a high enough value on their place in life.

This is a time of sacrifice. Do something more before the cancerous tentacles of the liquor traffic reach to the heart of this young nation.

As a business proposition, the liquor traffic is a decided and unqualified frost.

We hate the Kaiser, not because he is fighting us, but because he is making war on non-combatants. I hate the liquor traffic for exactly the same reason. I'd be ashamed to say I am neutral in such a war.

Man's most brilliant witticism is that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

We can't do much with moral sentiment. There is sentiment to burn on almost any subject.

We are told that women must not invade the sacred world of politics. Politics are too corrupt.

You cannot blame the women. If a man says that politics are too corrupt, he admits one of two things—either that he is a party to it, or that he is unable to prevent it.

Women would have to get up early and sit up late to make a worse political mess than there is now.

In their attitude to woman suffrage the most apathetic are the comfortably married women. It is a sort of fatty degeneration of the heart. This attitude of cow-like contentment is at the bottom of the trouble.

Love and justice are at the bottom of the suffrage movement.

The young men are growing up. And the old men sometimes get converted, and if they don't change, well, they die!

Resignation is a cheap, indolent human virtue.

Canada is a gift from God, a gilt-edged, leather-bound book.

Whispering Wings

A Charming Tale of Hope and Love

By LILIAN DUCEY

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL OLIS

HE took the three flights to their little Harlem apartment two steps at a time. But it wasn't the athletic effort that made Peter short-breathed as much as the excitement caused by a long cherished desire which suddenly promised fulfilment.

As he fitted the key in the lock and swung through the doorway, he wanted to hoot and shout also. And he thought he couldn't wait an instant longer to tumble it all out for his bride of a month to exclaim over,—or just to love him with her eyes, as she often did. How he gloried in that look! He would have moved Heaven and Earth, ripped the stars from the firmament, snatched at the moon and tossed it at her pretty feet (if such deeds were possible) just to see her blue eyes deepen with that warm light which burned for him alone.

And Grace wasn't at home!

IT was a profound disappointment, although he knew he was early—early by a full hour. She was probably doing a last piece of marketing; she did wonders with the twenty-five dollars a week which he earned. But she wouldn't have to plot and plan much longer how to make a dollar do the work of two. Not that they weren't having the most wonderful time in the world hunting bargains and deciding on the most advantageous method of securing them—

In anticipation of her delight when he told her that with the next week he would begin to drop *fifty* dollars into her lap on Saturday nights he did an elephantine pas seul in the middle of the tiny living room. But catching a glimpse of himself in the mantle mirror and realising his exuberance was exceeding the bounds of fitness when indulged in without an audience, he dropped into a chair with theatrically assumed dignity.

NOW the chair that Peter had chosen to receive his six foot, one hundred and sixty pounds of happiness happened to be the chair that stood before Grace's desk—that dear little desk, as daintily fashioned as she. Peter would never write at it on account of his size, and he always regarded it with awe, as he did many of the things which were so intimately hers. For it had so happened that when he had married Grace all he had to do was to "hang up his hat" as the saying goes. This little nest had been hers, and her mother's before that mother died.

He fingered the note paper, slanting largely in the minute pigeon holes. He pressed the pen that lay there to his lips. It made him feel good just to touch the things that she touched. He even drew out the drawer in daring recognition of his rights, the rights their love had given him. And that was how he happened on a little leather book.

WHEN Peter took up the little book it was with reverent fingers. In that same way he was wont to touch a pair of her slippers, or the toilet accessories of ivory that adorned her dresser.

When he began to read he smiled to himself. And over the first page his inward comments were something like this: "Funny little girl— Little angel!—God played her a trick when he gave her to me. But I love her—and I don't care! I may not be worthy of her, but for that matter neither is any other man. So I'll just keep her, hold her against all odds. And I'll rake the earth to give her what she wants. There's nothing I can't do with her to work for. I've ousted Hemmingway. A year at his job and I'll beat out Tompkins too." But when he became thoroughly interested he made no inarticulate comments.

And this is what he read:

"DEAR, dear mother mine! I'm down here and you're *up there*. But still I mean to write to you. Why not? Indeed I'm even hoping some angel necromancy will touch my written words with light and flash them on to you, and that you'll whisper back—a whisper that will wrap me round with sweet content even though my earthly ears remain too crude to catch it.

"Mother dear, it's only whimsy fancy born of sheer

JUST as you love the glory of an Autumn morn, the beauty of the tinted leaves, you will be happy in reading this wholesome little story by Lilian Ducey. She, herself, needs no introduction to you. She has reflected her charming personality through many a little tale of hope and love and human happiness.

"Whispering Wings" is no exception. It is exhilarating, refreshing. It soothes like the cool freshness of sweet-scented flowers after a summer shower. We pass the fragrance on, to you. We know you will welcome it.

—The Editors.

lonesomeness, I guess, and the heavy ache that comes to a girl who travels the maze of a big city without a single tie of blood to give her a feeling of belonging, that has driven me to doing this. Yet why, when two have been as near and dear as we, should time or space or the Great Beyond divide us?

"And so I keep saying to myself: you are not gone, you have just passed away. And though I may not touch your hand, I know in some ineffable way that you are near; if I cannot look into your eyes I feel your spiritual ones can pierce the veil that lies between our worlds. And more than this—far more. Mother, I have a feeling now that you can look into my very soul and read each thought, and impulse. Really we are nearer because of this than we have ever been in life. Half truths and reservations—Oh yes, I have often failed in frankness!—can never screen me any more. You'll see my naked soul.

"MOTHER, there's more to that last observation than just the grave, cold statement. My soul will have to flower forth and beautify itself, I see. I'll have to prune and snip and clear away many a thought and word and deed. For in the garden of your heart I may have seemed—I'm sure I did!—quite the nicest girl you knew; but now you'll *know*, Ah me! Ah me! My many meannesses, my vanities, my frivolous desires.

"Mother, I am living exactly as you planned for me that last, long day while I watched the gray of death creep slowly over your features and the brightness fade from your eyes. Our four little rooms are immaculate, and the woman who cleans them for me also attends to my laundry. But oh, how I miss your dainty though substantial meals! And oh, those many little services, a button here, a darn there, the ribbon in my underwear! Ah, why can't angel mothers lend such helping hands? Yes, I miss you, miss you, miss you! Great waves of yearning for your bodily presence wash over me every now and then. I can't withstand them. Mother, I want you!—but not only for your helping hands. Mother, I need you! Mother dear—

"LAST Sunday's climax savored, dear, of dirge and dew. I did not mean to end it so. I began so bravely, so sensitive of your nearness, and then suddenly I found myself adrift alone on a sea of lonesomeness out of which no human paddling would take me, and from which I could not even glimpse the truth that there were other shores where angel mothers dwell. I need not tell you, bridging the ineffable has moments when the obvious overshadows it completely.

"And yet, consciously and unconsciously I have felt you during all this busy week,—in the crowd and crush of subway mobs, an invincible armor that secured against defilement; in the sunshine which streamed through the office windows, a warming cheering influence; then at home, in our little home—ah! but here at times, when gloaming meets the night and the shadows creep, to sit imagining you hear a step you'll never hear again and a voice, a voice that is now only the far, faint lingering of an echo.

"Mother dear, the tears are streaming down my cheeks again. My throat aches with them. And in my breast an ache too, where my heart lies.

"But you said I was not to grieve—well I try to obey. You said also that even the death of the best-beloved becomes, after a time, only an item in the years. I do not even refute that; otherwise how could people live and smile, search for pleasure, dream of happiness, await the onslaught of the years? Yet the void your going has made no invisible angel can invade—and fill. A step, the cadence of a mother voice—no whispering angel wings can quite replace them.

"MOTHER of mine, to-day I packed away your little sewing basket, the many colored silks, the patches. In it was the unfinished doilie that was to adorn our dining table. And I could not help it, but the threaded needle there in place ready for the next stitch, seemed so symbolical of limiting human power, the majesty of death over life. For an instant I said to myself: What is the use?— How futile all things seemed, hopes and fears and aspirations. Why go on? Why not stop—just there, never move, never sleep, never eat? And then I knew. In some vague way it glimmered forth to me: the mighty scheme of things; each living, breathing bit of flesh and blood an atom in Creation's plan, each soul not yet disembodied, a vital spark touched with the witchery of life, one link of an endless chain stretching from the beginning of time on through generation after generation to the last trumpet call of Judgment Day.

"And so I did not pack away that doilie with the basket, for the needle to rust in the linen and the colors to fade in obscurity. No; I realised I must finish the work you began; I must do my part. And when my time comes, God grant I may have added a link to that chain, hands of my hands, flesh of my flesh, to take up the unfinished tasks I too will leave behind.

"ANOTHER Sunday, mother dear! And they are the only days when the hurrying hours are winged to a lesser speed, making it possible for me to turn to this little leather bound book.

"I'm here at my desk—this inviting desk with just room enough for your elbow—this dear, little desk! But then it isn't any more inviting than the rest of the house. Isn't this a *dear* little home, mother?—these four windows looking down upon an unpretentious city street? Elegance is not its slogan, but cheer and charm and deliciousness. It steals into your eyes and makes your heart glad. We made bricks without much straw, but the result is nevertheless entrancing.

"TO-DAY my heart is brimful, full of many things. Seated here I am bathed in the glorious spring sunshine. Even city surroundings cannot make me insensible to the season. All of which makes me remember how you always gloried in the less arrogant moods of the years—as you used to call spring and autumn.

"Mother, I feel very close to you just now, as if I might be resting in your arms, the breeze in my hair your breath. The very rays of the sun the quality of warm, human hands— the hands one loves. Are you in it, dear?—part of it? Are you hovering about me whispering sweets that I cannot comprehend, but which make my soul feel buoyant?

"I feel that's so. And feeling so, it compensates in a measure for the personal need of you. But I often wonder whether I will ever have any one else to really love me as you did—not to take your place, for that could never be, but to be part of my life. Perhaps—

"Oh, what nonsense am I drifting into writing!

"Mother dear, one thing is certain: All my life I shall endeavor to live as you would have me live, lending a helping hand where need of one prevails, doing right as I see it and as I think you would see it; then too, I will always crush each instinctive meanness fast as it is born and never, never, be part or party to an act that could cause spiritual (CONTINUED ON PAGE 41)

"When Peter took up the little book it was with reverent fingers, as he was wont to touch a pair of her slippers, or the toilet accessories of ivory that adorned her dresser. When he began to read he smiled to himself."

What Loving Hands Are Doing

The Spirit of Women who are Working for Our Heroes Overseas Through the Women's Institutes—Illustrated by a Talk with Mrs. Kitchen of the St. George Branch

By LAURA E. NIXON

Editor's Note.—Of course you have a Mrs. Kitchen, or some one like her, leading in the good work in your community. If not, you will undoubtedly want to look around and get such a person busy taking the leading part.

The St. George Institute, and its work, as portrayed in the following personal interview, is but representative of similar work going on in hundreds and hundreds of other small centres, everywhere throughout Canada.

A SLIGHT little lady in black, with white hair, a kindly gleam in her eye, and a world of energy rose from a low chair beside the shaded lamp and came forward to meet us. We had passed up the gravel drive redolent with the scent of orange blossoms and the little figure that welcomed us seemed a component part of such a setting.

"Mrs. Kitchen?" we asked.

Yes, she was Mrs. Kitchen, and she let her busy fingers rest for an instant from the knitting of a trench cap.

"Knitting, knitting," we remarked—"always knitting?" We had heard naturally, of Mrs. Kitchen long before we determined to call on her.

"Do you know," she replied, "I do believe I could knit in my sleep. The boys must have their caps, you know, so I'm looking ahead to the winter. Last year, one of the boys wrote that he was sure his hair would have froze" if we had not sent him a trench cap."

Mrs. Kitchen is typical of many a Canadian patriot. She lives at St. George, Ontario—we hadn't told you that before. She is the dominant force in its local Women's Institute, and, consequently, in the Red Cross work of the village. She is as whole-souled as she is active, and there is a kindly spirit, a sort of warmth about her that endears her to you the moment you meet her. And when she begins to tell you of the work of the Women's Institutes, especially that at St. George, she makes you forget that your train is due at 8.50, in fact that time has any significance.

WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM

"TELL us all about the work you women of the Institute here are doing," we urged. "We heard you tell something of it at a canning demonstration recently and it gripped us so, we are just dying to hear more. We want to know, for instance, where you get the money to do all the buying you are doing, and where you do the buying to the best advantage, and—oh, everything."

Over her countenance a smile spread that developed into a chuckle. We knew she would rather talk about this work for "her boys" at the front than anything else in the world. She has no boys of her very own, but her mother heart is great enough to take in every boy who has gone to the front from that community. Indeed, her love for them is all-embracing.

She adjusted the trench cap to a new angle and began.

"First, there is the financing of the work—an all important point, I can assure you.

"Up to last March we raised the money in any way we could. We just had to have a hundred dollars every month and we managed to dig it out from somewhere, though it was hard digging.

"We tried a Red Cross Tea Room for a while and sold home-made baking as well as ice cream. But it was hard work and it all fell on a few of us and the rent for the rooms made a big hole in the money we took in.

"We did get quite a lot of knitting done for we had a sock started for every table and everybody who came in knitted while waiting to be served, even the waitresses helping when they had time. Then in the winter we had the usual round of bazaars and sales and managed to get along not too badly.

"Our lucky turn came in March. The men of the village decided to do Patriotic League work. They aimed to raise $10,000.00 by subscription. They said we could have half if we would promise not to raise money by any other means, and they would pay us at the rate of $150.00 a month. You can guess how we jumped at the offer!

"Will you believe it! Over $11,000.00 was raised by our little village and the community around."

PARCELS FOR THE BOYS

"WE had a good time all spring with our $150.00 a month. We bought flannelette galore, wool for socks, materials for comfort bags and small kit bags and all sorts of things to go in them.

"By August the Winter began to loom up ahead. We knew we must lay in a good stock of supplies. It took nerve to request an extra $500.00, but we asked for it and we got it too.

"Every month a parcel goes to every boy who has enlisted from our community. Many of our soldiers are English, Irish and Scotch boys who were working on farms around here when they enlisted. But we treat them just the same as the boys who ran around our town when they wore rompers. The same rations govern all—three pounds each month to those who are in England and four pounds to the boys in France.

"We try to make the boxes different each month. There is always a pair of socks in each and the other articles may be candles, shoe laces, handkerchiefs, the condensed coffee that is made in St. George and which tastes particularly good to the boys because it was made in 'Our Town,' peanut butter, maple butter, note paper, home-made jelly—anything and everything that loving hearts can think of and loving hands can pack that the boys might like.

"For two years now we have packed about sixty boxes each month. Last month there were fifty-six. At Christmas time we send an 'extra-special' box carrying a delicious home-made fruit cake to each boy as well as a pair of socks and many other things.

"But that isn't all we have done. Well, I guess not! For two years besides the boxes to 'Our Boys' we have sent from two to five cartons every month to the Red Cross Headquarters—hospital shirts, convalescent robes, socks and bandages go every month. To the Field Comforts we send comfort bags and small kit-bags containing soap, tooth brush safety razor, shaving soap, brushes, etc."

"Where do you buy all your supplies?" we asked as milady stops for breath. We went through a hasty calculation. To make 140 pyjama suits each month takes a lot of flannelette and 100 pairs of socks each month calls for a good lot of wool. One needs to buy wisely to make the money go as far as possible and get the very best materials that can be purchased.

"We buy our materials from the wholesale houses from samples that our local merchant shows us. Sometimes we get them from one wholesale house and sometimes from another—just wherever I can get the best results for the least money. Sometimes our stock of flannelette runs out before anyone realizes that it is so low and a raid is made on the three merchants of the town. We take every last yard of flannelette from their shelves to appease the hungry scissors of the 'cutters-out.'

WHAT TWENTY-FIVE CAN DO

"YOU will think it must keep a great many workers busy to send all this stock of supplies out every month, but let me tell you that twenty five women do it in the little spare time they have. That is, the bulk of the work is done by twenty-five, although there are about twenty others who are knitting a little and help once in a while in other ways.

"These twenty-five faithful ones meet every month and cut out the pyjamas and the convalescent robes. You should just see how we piece and piece to make the material go as far as possible. Often we cut up 1,100 yards of flannelette in one afternoon and do some other work as well.

The material for the convalescent robes makes the money disappear. It is heavy grey material costing sixty cents a yard. The buttons and domes cost a lot too, even though we buy them in large quantities. The tape, also, is a formidable article when it comes in huge bundles of a thousand yards each.

"Now here's a convalescent robe I just finished to-night," continued Mrs. Kitchen, as she displayed the garment. "Doesn't it look nice? But it was a heavy old thing to work on and there's such a lot of sewing on it There is some satisfaction, though, when one is finished. Perhaps a cord would look a little nicer around the waist than this belt of the same material, but it would cost more money and the belt with its big white button does just as good service. A tie to finish it off at the neck might please a sick man, but if he wants it he'll just have to supply it himself, for I think this collar looks pretty good without one.

PACKING DAY FUN

"PACKING day is the most fun of all. We used to rent two rooms in the early days, and kept all the supplies, boxes, etc., there, and when packing day came just went there and packed. We needed the money so badly for other things that we decided it was a crime to let it go for rent so now we keep the supplies in the homes on this street and go to the assembly room across the street there to do the packing.

"First we pack the individual boxes for the boys. The women sit along the sides of the long tables, the boxes are passed along and each one puts in the article that she has in charge. They work quickly and they talk just as fast!

WAR TALK TABOOED

"THERE is, however, one subject about which they do not talk—the war. No gloomy forebodings are allowed. No doleful tale of deaths or shocking injuries of this one or that one in the firing line? No repeating of heart-breaking stories seen in the morning papers!

"There are plenty of happy things to talk about.

"Some societies do not allow any talking on packing day. But the St. George ladies can work just as well and even faster when they are talking and it's lots more fun. In the midst of all this babble and laughter, I have only to say 'Just a minute, ladies,' and you can hear a pin drop, while I make some announcement or explain some little detail relative to the work.

"Just as soon as I see a little group getting behind because of too much talking I say 'No more talking over there until you catch up,' and they go to work 'double-quick.'

"Our corrugated pasteboard cartons to go to Red Cross Headquarters we get from the Hydro Electric Company in the city. Two or three of the good men of the village come in and cord them after we have them packed and the Express Company carries them free of charge!

"LICKING" STAMPS AND LABELS

"OF course the boxes for the Boys do not go free of charge. They have to have postage stamps and declarations on (CONTINUED ON PAGE 40)

Helping One Another Through The Women's Institutes

A MESSAGE FROM NELLIE McCLUNG

THE Woman's Institute enjoys an unique position, in that it is composed of city women and country women, women of all creeds, beliefs, attainments, and ambitions who are banded together, not to promote any particular belief, or object other than mutual helpfulness. Mutual helpfulness is the exact meaning of national service. When we help our country we help each other, and we help ourselves. The basic principle of national service is co-operation, submitting our own will and wishes to the general good, and that carries with it the idea of sacrifice.

All this goes hard with people who have been trained as we have been. We have been boastful of our independence; our own wishes have been our guide in the matters of conduct, in the days of peace. But now, when we must go forward in our full strength to meet the enemy at our gates, it becomes necessary for us to resolve ourselves into as powerful a machine as possible.

WHY GERMANY PERSISTS

IN a perfect machine each part must work in unison. When one part begins to display "ways of its own," there is serious trouble. That is why Germany has been able to stand off the world for three years—because the German nation has resolved itself into one great machine.

What they have been compelled to do by their powerful military autocracy we can be persuaded to do. Our love of country should be more of a compelling force than fear of authority.

It simplifies matters for those of us who are anxious to serve our country, if we think of the soldier's sacrifice as the basis of comparison, and keep that thought in mind, when trying to decide what we should do. That will leave still a wide margin between us and actual hardship,—and will help us not to feel sorry for ourselves. The soldier gives up all, even to his life, —to serve his country, and engages in work which is hard, dangerous and distasteful. So, if we keep this in mind, it may help us to overcome our natural aversion to discomfort.

DISTRIBUTE ENERGIES

EACH person has a certain amount of energy, capable of being actually measured, and it seems reasonable to say that if it is spent in one way, it cannot be in another. Therefore, the time has come when we must each take an inventory of what energy we have, and see if we can re-distribute it in a way that will be of greater benefit to our country:—Energy spent in worry, self pity, unkind remarks, and gossiping is lost to the country. Energy spent in lying awake nights because of unkind and uncharitable remarks is lost to our common cause. Inexpert workers waste a great deal of energy.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)

They Have Left the Beaten Path

And are Blazing New Trails for Other Energetic Women to Follow

By MADGE MacBETH

MISS SMITH

An Invitation to You

CANADA is alive with women who make it a better place in which to live.

That's why it is Canada. Every community has at least one woman of whom other women are intensely proud, a woman who is doing something big for her part of the country. You know about the one in your section, but do you know about the one in mine? No! Do you know why we do not demonstrate sufficient enthusiasm for the people worth while; we try to throttle admiration and encouragement under a blase exterior and we try to take every good thing for granted. Let's change all that. Let's be boosters— Tell me about the women you know; send me their photographs and 500 words, and I will not only tell you about some other women but will send you a $2.00 bill as well, if your material is used.

Tell me about women who have succeeded IN SPITE OF —, tell me about *Women Who Paid for Their Holidays While Having Them;* about ones who scrimped and saved out of a small allowance that John or Mary might go to College.

Help me to introduce our Worth While People, one to another and we'll have the most "bang-up" Canadian party you ever imagined.

Yours faithfully,

MADGE MACBETH.

MISS FYLES

HOW many residents of Toronto the Good know that a native of their city is one of the best known women evangelists touring the United States today? How many of them remember Annie Agnes Smith who as a very small, frail and timid child longed to be a man and a preacher? One day when, on her way to a lowly mission in a somewhat unpleasant neighbourhood, she came upon several big boys shooting craps on Sunday morning. Something inside her stronger than fear, revolted at the sight, and prompted her to cry out impulsively, "You ought to be at Sunday School." Amazed, they jumped up and surrounded her, hurling a chorus of enquiry at her. She broke from the group and began to run. The boys gave chase. Madder and wilder did the race become, until Annie Agnes flung herself into the Sunday School shrieking with terror. Close to her heels came the rowdies, who were determined to stay. When the superintendent tried to put them into what he thought would be a suitable class, they were emphatic in their decision to be taught by no one but "de kid" Today several of them are fine men whom she is proud to call her friends. From teaching to leading meetings and finally preaching, was not so far a cry. She has been four times across the continent and at present she is touring with one of the most celebrated evangelists of the day. Her part is, of course, the women's work.

MRS. WYLIE

MISS FAITH FYLES holds quite a unique position for a woman. She is assistant Dominion Botanist of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. She is a native of Quebec and a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Fyles, entomologist. After taking her B.A. at McGill, this lover of the out-of-doors taught botany for several years and it was from Bishop Strachan's School, in Toronto, that she went to Ottawa, as Assistant Seed Analyst for the Department of Agriculture. Two years later, Miss Fyles was appointed to her present position where her work consists in naming numerous plants, answering correspondence relating to inquiries on all sorts of botanical subjects, research work and the like. Amongst other things, the Botanist is making a study of Ergot of Wild Rice. Why not put such a woman on a Committee to deal with the use of cereals in war time? She knows the value of herbs and plants from the standpoint of their nutritive properties quite a good deal better than many of the people who are telling us what to eat.

MISS TREAT

WAR dogs!—you immediately picture a splendid Belgian animal, trained to goon the battlefield to succour wounded soldiers, or a dog harnessed to a mitrailleuse and making with it straight for the trenches. But these are Canadian War Dogs, bred and sold by Mrs. Wilson Wylie, whose success may be partly proven by glacing at a photo of some of her prizes, taken at Ottawa, Toronto, New York and Chicago. Mrs. Wylie embarked some time before the outbreak of the war on a very unusual business venture—that of breeding Pomeranian dogs. There was a great demand for dogs, little pet dogs, after the outbreak of the war. So, instead of going to the wall, as she feared, Mrs. Wylie has had more orders than she could fill. It is not difficult to imagine how lonely must be a home, especially a childless home, when the husband leaves to go to the front. What is difficult to imagine, however, is the fact that a small dog can fill his place! "How I missed John until I bought Zu-Zu!" Or, "I can't afford a baby in war times, I have a Pom. is the attitude many women take. And a Pom costs anything from three to eleven hundred and fifty dollars! There are French, Belgian, Polish and Russian babies who may be bought for far less than eleven hundred and fifty dollars and who would be rather more of a credit in the long run than a Pom and think of the home product—dozens of beautiful healthy Canadian babies which may be adopted for nothing! Who dares set the fashion for buying babies?

MISS McROBERT

CANADIAN stenographers, please copy! For we take it for granted that any of you would like to be called "The Dean of Court Reporters," and that you would like to earn a mere matter of $2,100.00 for reporting a case, and your regular salary to equal that of a United States Congressman. Well, go to it, women! You can do it if Mrs. Emilie Treat of Missouri did it. She blazed the trail for you and helps with this philosophy of court reporting. "To say that any shorthand writer can put down accurately whatever is said without a fair understanding of the subject matter, is nonsense," said Mrs. Treat. "The reporter must read the newspapers, keep posted on current events and have a general knowledge of the law. I believe that the courts will, in the days to come, offer a good field for women." Mrs. Treat began her career as official court reporter in 1802, since which date she has not been idle a day. She has been in the very thick of it, with big people and big issues—taking at one time, unaided, a large and complicated bond case in which over two million dollars were involved. When asked what she remembered clearest about a very important murder trial, she answered with a twinkle, "A remark made by our Circuit Judge. Many women had brought their babies into the court room, and the babies unawed by the solemnity, would squeal at what appeared to them to be the proper intervals. A lawyer testily complained that the infants were making so much noise he could not hear the witnesses. The good natured judge answered, 'Then we must make the witnesses testify louder than the babies!'"

THE old order of things changeth—which is quite right, as it means progress, civilization, advancement. But who would have thought it possible, fifty years ago, for a young woman, a graduate of Toronto University where she was known as a poet-musician, to hold the position of Superintendent of the Woman's Department of the Ontario Government Bureau of Employment? Even the name sounds terrifying! Not, however, to Miss Ethel McRobert. She plays a clever game of chess with men and women who want work, placing them in suitable positions which run the gamut from those held by the day-labourer to ones requiring the highest skill and training. The Bureau in London, is one of four in the Province by which it will be understood that a great many people pass through her hands. A humorous story comes from another Bureau of this type and relates how three Russians applied for work. They could neither read nor write, and the Superintendent could not make out what their names were. In sending in a memo for their railway tickets to a nearby place where they were to do construction work, the men were simply listed as "Three Russians." The Department would not accept this sort of labelling and a youth was sent to get some kind of name from the Superintendent. "I don't know what to tell you," replied that harried individual. "No one could understand what they said when giving their names. . . . Ah, I have it! Call one of them Anton Jump-off, another Basil Hop-off, and the third, Dmitri Pop-off." The Department was satisfied.

Shall We Be Put on Coal Rations?

THE FUEL PROBLEM EXPLAINED

A Crisis is Not Altogether Impossible—Strict Fuel Economy Essential as a Preventative Measure

By MRS. E. H. REYNOLDS

WHEN numbers of busy pedestrians congregate on a city street, when a crowd forms hurriedly, one naturally expects a melee, the display of war trophies or something equally as entertaining. But a hurried mass formation recently that proved a disappointment from the standpoint of entertainment was that in front of a coal dealer's window. The centre of attraction was a Government poster, with the headlines—"Notice to All Consumers of Coal."

The thermometer at that time had not even a bowing acquaintance with 32° above, yet that bulletin seemed to cause an involuntary shiver, as the possibility of a cold winter on cold rations was thereby visualized. It aroused interest—everything that affects one's comfort does. More—it aroused mild consternation.

"Just what IS the fuel situation?" was the question implied in every glance.

Well—what is it?

What is the normal supply of coal? How have war conditions affected it?

SIR GEORGE FOSTER'S STATEMENT

WHEN questioned on the subject Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, made a comprehensive statement as to the whole coal situation. Last year 13, 800,000 tons of bituminous coal was produced in Canada. This was not sufficient for the needs of Canada. From the United States 13,000,000 tons of bituminous coal was imported. Canada exported 1,800,000 tons.

For anthracite, Sir George said, Canada is dependent upon the United States. Last year 4,500,000 tons was imported. The total importation of both bituminous and anthracite was, therefore, about 17,500,000 tons.

The anthracite stocks were lowered last year, and probably an extra million tons will have to be imported to make up that deficiency. Canada will, therefore, be dependent upon the United States for about 18,000,000 tons.

WHERE IT ALL GOES

TO the man on the street, and to the woman in the home statistics are but vague. They offer no solution of the immediate needs and are generally regarded as the refuge of politicians and the despair of the private citizen.

"Why all this fuss then?" they ask. "If they have more coal than last year, wherefore all the talk, the consternation?"

There's the rub.

The question of supply and demand again plays its part. There is to-day, a vastly increased demand for coal for war purposes.

The situation in the United States necessarily affects Canada. There, the normal output of anthracite is 68,000,000 tons, and of bituminous 509,000,000 tons. The stock supplies at the beginning of the year were not very large, but there has been an increase since April in production, and the quantities now are considerably in excess of what were mined last year

The steel industries alone call for an extra 40,000,000 tons. The railways have to do the haulage and they require thirty per cent. more than last year. It is not probable that the demand for coal in the United States will be decreased.

The question of coal supply is intimately connected with the transportation question. There is a shortage of railway transport for coal purposes, and vessels which formerly transported coal by water, have secured more lucrative freight, while some have been transferred to war purposes.

In most of the mines in the United States there are no storage facilities, and it is the practice of the miners to stop work when there is a good supply above ground not taken away.

WHAT IS BEING DONE

OUR Canadian Fuel Controller has been trying to overcome this difficulty by an effort to co-ordinate dealers, jobbers and the transportation system with a view to quick distribution of the coal when it arrives at the border.

In the United States President Wilson has taken a firm stand in a fight to obtain cheaper anthracite coal for the consuming public. He fixed the price of anthracite coal at the mouths of the mines and the conditions under which jobbers will be permitted to operate. This, it is expected, will lower the price of coal in the United States.

But, with all that Fuel Controllers and coal administrators can do the situation looks serious and "those who know" in Canada feel that there should be a saving in fuel, and particularly in coal, just as there is an effort on the part of all right thinking people to affect a saving in food.

A few forehanded householders in Toronto laid in a supply of coal in May for this winter. They paid nine dollars a ton for it and feel very comfortable now when they think that, come what may, they will be warm this winter. But for most of us the problem of our winter's supply of fuel is yet unsolved and we want to know how we can make a little go a long way.

IS YOUR CHIMNEY RIGHT?

"I BURNED twelve tons of coal two years ago in this house and that didn't keep us warm," said my neighbor. "I was beginning to think that my furnace was no good. I even told some of my friends, who were buying new furnaces, not to get this make because it was not satisfactory. An acquaintance of mine, who was in the furnace business, and who handled this particular make of furnace, protested.

"Why, you're hurting my business," he complained.

He asked if he might come over some day and look around. Of course I gave him permission. The minute he had looked the place over he said, 'Your furnace is all right, but you'll never have any satisfaction until you build a new chimney. That chimney is not in the right place.'

"Very unwillingly I parted with the money for a new chimney. It proved to be money well spent, for last winter I burned four tons less coal and kept the house comfortably warm, which I had never been able to do before, regardless of how much coal I burned."

Another man on our street, after hearing of this incident, decided that he should have a new chimney. His wife suggested that instead of tearing down the old one they have a man investigate the chimney and clean it out if necessary. If that failed to improve conditions they could then have a new chimney built. The workmen swept the chimney and removed a brick that had fallen in. Since then the furnace has heated the house perfectly.

From a home in one of the Maritime Provinces comes this story. "Our furnace had been used for fifteen years and was in far from good condition. The damper in the smoke pipe was rusted and would not work right and the whole system was rather antiquated. There was not enough cold air for the number of hot air registers. Each winter we burned more coal than we did the preceding winter and yet the house was never warm. Two years ago we had the old furnace thrown on the scrap heap and bought the most up-to-date one on the market. We saved two and one half tons of coal that first winter and at that rate it will not take long to pay for the new furnace with the price of coal saved."

ARE YOU YOUR OWN STOKER?

"WE used to hire a man to run our furnace," proclaims another housekeeper. "At first he followed the line of least resistance and did not use any more coal than conveniently to keep the fire going. It takes effort to lift coal to the height of the furnace door. We complained, and complained most emphatically on the coldest days. At length he learned that he must regulate the dampers just so and furnish coal at a certain rate to avoid complaints, such regulation being adapted to the coldest weather. He then automatically made about the same adjustments every day, warm or cold. Naturally, most of the time, too much heat was delivered. We did not mind that, however, because we could always open a window and reduce the temperature.

"One day, on going into the cellar, I was horrified to see how the coal was disappearing. It dawned on me then that we were practically throwing coal out of the window when we opened the window to cool off the house. Of course fresh air is a good thing and we always open the windows every morning and air the whole house, and the bedroom windows are always wide open at night. But to make a practice of opening the windows to *cool* the house is, to say the least, a most extravagant habit.

"I decided to be my own stoker, at least for a time. I first made a careful study of the basic principles of combustion and found that to get the best heat from a definite amount of coal a definite amount of air was necessary. I regulated my drafts carefully and watched for results. With a little experience I was soon able to run the furnace and be comfortable on a smaller amount of coal than we had used, even on the warmest days before.

HOW IT IS DONE

"I FOUND that, instead of opening the *air-door* in the smoke pipe to regulate the draft and reduce the heat given off, I could conserve heat by adjusting the *damper* in the smoke pipe and the ash-pit opening.

"I found, too, that it is rarely necessary to operate the furnace under full draft. The opening in most furnace doors is larger than necessary. I found that the opening should vary with the thickness of the fuel bed; the heavier the fire the more air needed for it and the stronger the draft to force the air through.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

NOTICE TO ALL CONSUMERS OF COAL

THE Government of Ontario, at the request of the Dominion Fuel Controller, draws Public attention to the fuel situation in the Province.

War conditions have affected the normal supply of coal, and rendered imperative that every consumer practise the utmost thrift.

Co-operation may be effected by the adoption of the following precautions, viz.;—

1. **Refrain from using fuel of any kind, including gas, until it becomes absolutely necessary.**
2. **Practise rigid economy in the use of fuel.**
3. **Wherever possible use substitutes for coal to the fullest possible extent.**
4. **Guard constantly against waste of fuel when making or cleaning fires, and when using gas.**
5. **Thoroughly sift all coal ash, and burn the residue. The result will be surprising. ONE-TENTH of the fuel originally fed to the fire has been recovered and utilized in this way.**

The faithful observation of the foregoing by all consumers will have a marked effect in conserving the coal supply and may avert a serious crisis.

W. H. HEARST,
Prime Minister.

Tell Us What You Do

WHAT economy are YOU practising in YOUR home to offset the fuel crisis?

How did it work out last year?

Some one less fortunate than yourself—some one who has not been able to secure an ample supply of coal for this winter will appreciate the very ideas you have carried out to your own financial gain.

Won't you tell us your pet scheme? Write us a few friendly lines. They will help solve this national problem.

—THE EDITORS.

Family Money Matters

Practical Helps and New Ideas to Assist in Keeping Your Family Finance Unfrenzied

By A BANKING GIRL

A TALE OF TWO FAMILIES

THEY were two families—neighbors on adjoining farms. As children, they were all alike,—bright, healthy, energetic youngsters who jumped in the hay, chased the hens, and "dared" the bull (from the right side of the fence) and made ammunition of the wind falls in the orchard.

As children, there was little to choose between them.

And the days came when they pitched the hay and fed the hens—and the windfalls that were not gathered were regarded as food for the pigs or lamented as a loss.

And school days were past.

In one family (let us name them Burke) there were four "children"—nicely divided into sons and daughters.

The other family—called Scott for convenience—had two sons, but was better supplied with daughters—there were four of them!

And father Burke and father Scott were kindly men and wise, and thought that education was a splendid thing, of which no man could have too much.

So each lad was told to choose his college. The Burkes decided one for the Agricultural School and one for Medicine.

The Scotts decreed for Agriculture and Finance.

And they started, each in turn, on the four-year road that leads to knowledge and seeks still more.

But father Scott had the vision that is broad and the mind that is fair.

GIRLS OFF TO COLLEGE

"What of College?" he asked his daughters.

And three of them departed in time, for cap and gown and book and test-tube.

And in due time they followed each her bent.

The lure of the test-tube and the science of home-making held one of them, and she became a teacher of Domestic Science; she has a part in the making of many a home that she never sees!

A second one has chosen journalism; a third, music.

And each is a well-informed, busy and helpful woman—a woman of influence, a woman who *counts*.

Even the sister who elected to remain at home, has travelled along the pleasant path that books and art and music and the keen whetting of wit on wit must open up, in such a family.

And always, the vista broadens, and the world grows bigger and life better, for each has her well-defined place in the world, and is doing her part in the world's work.

The pride of a brother is a pleasant thing, that pride is big and warming.

But what of the family across the fields—the old playmates and companions?

Neighbors still, and friends—but there is a broad gap, and unavoidable barrier—the barrier between minds cultivated, intellects developed and—stagnation.

The Burke boys, farmer and doctor, are frequent visitors at all times, and especially when there is one of their many reunions in the Scott home. They meet on an equal footing and they all enjoy the old companionship.

GIRLS LEFT BEHIND

But the Burke girls?

Pleasant girls, nice girls—but they are on the outskirts of the talk; the discussion is largely of things of which they have no knowledge. They have been left behind.

Not through lack of kindness—they are well-loved daughters for whom nothing would be too good. But it just did not seem necessary to educate them as the boys were educated—to give them the same opportunities, the same advantages.

Is it fair? Is it to be desired?

The girl of to-day must develop every faculty, must, in short, become the broad-minded, well-informed, big-souled woman who knows her world—and loves it!

Finance enters into the question very largely. The girls need their share, and share alike with the boys. The old order of things, is passing, by which the boys got the farms or got the business, and the girls!—well they got married. Perhaps!

But what of those who DIDN'T and of those who DON'T—get married?

A WORKABLE SOLUTION

Here is how one progressive man is working out a fair and equitable plan for his girls to share equally with his boys:

Beginning with the eldest—the value of the time worked at home is computed at fair wages. Similarly it is figured for the next one—a boy, whose time is naturally worth more, as ordinarily rated in the commercial world—and so on down the "steps," seven of them.

Time spent in school or at college is of course accounted for, likewise expenses. Then for the figure or estate remaining it is assumed that by birth their rights are equal; on this basis, the girls share equally with the boys.

(Rather a good idea, don't you think?)

How have you figured it out in your family? If your plan works successfully tell us about it. We would like to pass it on to benefit others.

TYPICALLY GIRL

"Behold the proud possessor of sixty glowing dollars, who has an urgent desire to know how to spend and at the same time save them"—said Elizabeth, dancing into the living-room and waving high a roll of crisp new bank-notes—her month's salary as a stenographer with the Imperial Board of Munitions, Ottawa.

"In my frequent and rather vague reckonings, I never seem to know what I have done with my money and I never have anything practical to show for it. Yet I always degenerate to the borrowing class, quite ten days before pay day!"

Which seems to be the case with a great percentage of the girls who have sought to be financially independent by entering business.

The average expenses of the average girl, in which are included her contributions to the church and patriotic fund, account for from $45 to $50 of her average $60-a-month salary.

The balance is suddenly wiped out by reckless indulgence in half a dozen pairs of silk stockings, or a silk sweater that isn't the least bit necessary, but which is so gratifying to possess.

But wouldn't a war savings certificate be infinitely more gratifying?

Or a war-bond, with its comforting little coupon that represents your country's appreciation (expressed half yearly and in cash) of the service you are giving in lending your savings to carry on the war?

THE WEEKLY SALARY

There just seems to be a hole big enough to leak quarters and half dollars, in every girl's purse.

If the salary envelop comes every week, a savings account in the bank is the only safe way to keep those extra dollars. Until you want to draw them out, you may leave the entire responsibility on the bank—although I knew one little woman who, with drawn blinds, sewed her small red bank book into a feather pillow, to be ripped out on the occasion of each deposit!

ONE GIRL'S DEFINITE PLAN

"I have saved a definite $3.00 each week since I've been making munitions," said a girl of twenty, with the pleased air of a big investor.

"After every third deposit day, I make out my little cheque for $8.60 and pass it over to the teller of the bank (the Post Office handles them too), in exchange for a War Savings Certificate, valued at $10.00."

"Each Certificate has a face value of $25.00, and when I buy my tenth Certificate I am going to exchange them for a hundred dollar War Bond."

"The War Bonds bear interest at over 5%, and if I need to dispose of mine at any time, I can draw my interest up to the day I sell my Bond."

"Just think of it! A Dominion of Canada War Bond of my very own! I never expected to own so much money or a real security."

"And I'm going to buy my second War Bond in less time than it took to buy my first—just watch me!"

Serving her country in two ways—that girl—making munitions and lending her surplus earnings to the Government.

Whatever you ask

IVORY SOAP knows no limitations. It will meet all your needs. It is equally satisfactory for the toilet, the bath, clothes, dishes, because it is pure, high grade soap and nothing else.

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99 44/100% PURE

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"MILLER"
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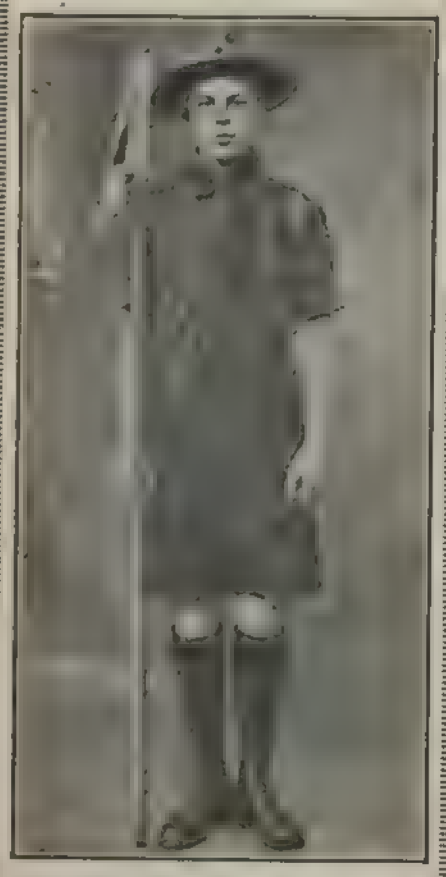

The first Scout's uniform made in Canada bore the Miller Label. This label stands for quality and service, and is the reason why Miller Official Boy Scout Uniforms are used by over 95% of the Scouts in Canada.

If you want to be correctly equipped—ready for any emergency, see that your uniform bears the Miller label.

Order from your local dealer or direct if he does not handle Miller Uniforms.

Write for our Scout booklet—it is full of useful information about Signalling, Scout rules, etc.—which every Scout should know.

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Makers of Complete Official Scout Equipment, Choir Gowns, Duck and All Specialty Clothing

EXAMINE Your SKIN in DAYLIGHT

It is in daylight most people see you and it is by daylight you should examine your complexion If you once had a good skin, its smoothness, clearness and softness can be restored We have for twenty five years successfully treated skin blemishes of all descriptions of a non infectious nature Those who cannot come to the Institute for treatment can order our preparations by mail, and treat themselves at home Princess Complexion Purifier, a wonderful preparation for clearing and beautifying, large bottle, $1 50 post paid to any address on receipt of price Orders sent carriage paid to any address Write for our catalogue and price list giving descriptions of preparations.

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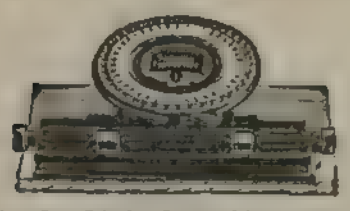

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Send us your name and address and we will send you 20 of our new lovely big 16 x 20 inch coloured pictures, to sell at 15 cents each When sold send us the money (three dollars) and we will send you the typewriter, all charges prepaid.

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A Day Off—Doing the Exhibition

In Lighter Vein—Thrift and Serious Things Being Left in Abeyance

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

The Midway where the person who is destitute and penniless may be sure of finding entertainment

CROWDS, crowds, crowds! The sidewalks were full; they overflowed into the wide roadways. The Canadian National Exhibition held sway. The whole grounds appeared to be a jumble of kaleidoscopic figures, tossing and changing ever as we gazed into some startlingly new combination of color and movement.

Here a fat old lady, in tight violet satin, panted along, gasping out orders and comments to the subdued looking man at her side.

"Mercy me!" we heard her ejaculate, as she gazed at the crowded cars of the Ferris Wheel ascending slowly heavenward. "It's as bad as Elijah! How folks can! Why, if I ever dared to go up in one of them seats, I'd expect it to break just as it got to the top, and then where'd I be? That's what I want to know."

As we gazed at her ample proportions, that was what we also wanted to know. We lingered close at hand a moment in hopes that she would try the experiment, but her thirst for knowledge did not reach so far and she panted on her way without doing so.

Presently a small girl came staggering along, clasping in her arms a live duck. The child's face wore an expression of mingled exultation and affright; the duck was looking distinctly bored. When, however, his eye caught the gleam of water at a little distance, his expression changed to one of hopefulness. A small pink ear was temptingly near his beak. He hesitated, opened it—there was a tweak, a shrill yell of pain and amazement and Mr. Duck was free. Many hands attempted to seize him as he waddled quickly towards his native element, but he made a brave fight for liberty, quacking, hissing and snapping, and he was on the verge of success when the ubiquitous small boy came to the help of the enemy. A dive, a grab, and he was held fast by one leg and despite his frenzied efforts, he was borne away and restored to his sobbing owner, who carried him away, head downward this time and voicing his indignation in weird gobbles and quackings.

"'IT IT AGINE JOE!"

ON we went through the crowd. We paused a moment to watch a red faced young man in a suit of very badly made tweeds pounding with an enormous hammer upon an iron block in an endeavour to make a heavy weight run up a post and ring a bell upon the top thereof. He was surrounded by admiring relatives, male and female, who implored him to "'It it agine, Joe—you'll do it this time." Joe obligingly complied—but did not "do it;" whereupon he stopped, glared around him with ferocious determination, took off his coat, spat on his hands, swung the hammer round his head and delivered one last blow. The weight gave way before his attack, the bell sounded, and we left him smoking a very bad cigar, the reward of merit, and being patted lustily on the back by various energetic friends, to one of whom he was remarking a trifle bitterly, "You, Alf, if you do that agine, I'll smack your 'ed."

On again! And now the barking of dogs reached our ears and we turned our steps to the ramshackle wooden building which for many years the Exhibition Authorities have considered good enough quarters for mankind's best friend. Year after year they have held forth hopes of a more commodious and better show-place, and year after year exhibitors have been disappointed. Let us hope that by next year their expectations will be realized and the old Dog Building be a thing of the past.

Once more the magic symbol of the power of the Press was invoked and once more it proved all powerful. We entered the building and proceeded to make our rounds. We are a lover of dogs and one of our greatest pleasures is the yearly visit to the big show. Most of these animals have been exhibited in Toronto more than once and are consequently good friends of ours, so we felt ourself sure of a welcome. And we got it! We appreciate affection as much as most people, but there are limits—and these are reached, when a large white bulldog, after sitting up on your knee and snuffling damply all over your face and neck, proceeds to plant moist and enthusiastic kisses in your ear. We removed him and went on to greet other and more self controlled acquaintances.

THAT PUPPY "HECTOR"

ONE new friend we made, whom we are not likely to forget. He was a mastiff puppy, Hector by name, and his age was eight months and nine days. He stood thirty inches high at the shoulder, weighed one hundred and twenty-two pounds, and when, in his pleasure at the introduction, he planted two large paws on our shoulders, we sat down with more haste than dignity. He was truly a beautiful creature and his master was justly proud of him. There were a half dozen five-weeks-old mastiff puppies there also—fascinating, soft cuddly things that it seemed almost impossible to believe would grow to the gigantic size and strength of their big brother.

One word we should like to say about the senseless conduct of some of the creatures—we will not call them men—who patronize the dog show, and persist in worrying and tormenting the dogs. One such person we had the extreme pleasure of seeing rather badly bitten, and we hope it will teach him a lesson. The great majority of the dogs were most friendly and good-natured animals, but no dog, however good-tempered, will stand being poked with papers and prodded with umbrellas more especially when already excited by the unwonted proximity of hundreds of his own kind, and rendered irritable by confinement. We think it spoke well for the patience of the much-tried animals that there were no more people bitten.

Having thus voiced our own little grouch, let us hasten to add that we have heard of a greater and much more serious complaint, that is to be made to the Exhibition authorities. As we were passing the "Applied Art" Building, we heard a voice in the crowd behind us, "Oh, Henry, I dote upon art. Let us go in." Turning we saw a solemn faced man in black, with a lady of certain age but uncertain attractions leaning upon his arm.

As we also dote upon art, we followed them into the building and found ourself in a series of rooms hung round with Persian rugs, and with tables down the centre holding ancient Persian manuscripts, embroidery and jewel-work whose gorgeousness of coloring and beauty of material and workmanship seemed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31)

The Very Joy Of It!

WHEN you threaded your way down the Midway -that last time you were at "the fair"—do you remember the joy of it, the exhilaration you felt to be a part of that great mass of humanity? And the humorous, the touching by-plays that were enacted all around you—how you enjoyed them!

You forgot the high cost of living, set thrift aside for that day only. So did we all—may we be forgiven!

We give you an opportunity to live it all again—with Norah M. Holland. She escorts you through with the wit of her country as an unerring guide.

—The Editors.

WOOLWEAR
TRADE MARK
THIS TRADE MARK
The symbol of excellence on distinctive Pure Wool Underwear in the 2000 leading retail stores in Canada

new LIGHTER DAY range

EVERY WOMAN should see that her strength—and her youth—are not wasted with needless work.

The New Lighter Day is the most modern equipment for cooking with coal and wood. Baking is hardly half the work when you use this labor-saving range.

Cooking is so much lighter because there is no stooping. Without the constant stooping to the oven, putting in the dishes, bending down to draw them out and test them, bending over again to lift them out; without that back-breaking part of the work, baking is a lighter, pleasanter task.

The glass oven door is, of course, doubly fine with the oven at handy height. You glance thro and see the baking clearly without stooping.

And it is no task at all to keep this Lighter Day clean and bright.

Blacklead is never used. Every part is made to sparkle with a damp cloth. See the fine smooth trimmings, the porcelain enamel and nickel finish. Even the top is burnished bright and is as easy to clean as nickel.

Inside, the new Lighter Day is built to be forever trouble-proof. Parts that used to rust away and cause trouble are heavily lined with porcelain enamel. Castings that used to burn and wear away are built of durable fire-bricks.

The range has unusual capacity. A deep, wide cooking-top with four covers. A cover in the oven and a sixth in the warming closet above. This warming closet is hot enough for baking pastry. The storage closet below is ample for all the pots and pans in regular use.

The new Lighter Day is truly named, for wherever it is there is *"A Lighter Day in the Kitchen."*

CLARE BROS. & CO., Limited, Preston. Western Address: CLARE BROS. Western Limited, Winnipeg

Would you see another modern woman at work?

CAN we think of a better way to show the fine features of this new Lighter Day than to show them to those right at home? Here is a happy owner of one at her work. Here is how we picture the first model of this range to thousands of homes. Now we have made new photographs bringing out the new features which we have invented to save labor. They are interesting whether you have a range or not. If you are clearly mistaken in supposing that your present range is the best that can be had, write us and we will be glad promptly to send you a copy of the booklet, "A Day's Work in a Modern Kitchen."

Some Things Going Wrong On Food Control

An Open Letter to Mr. Hanna Voicing Sentiments of Women of Canada

Dear Mr. Hanna:

SOME very biting things are being said about your work and your failure to work on vital matters very close to the hearts of the people.

These criticisms and demands do not seem to be growing out of politics, nor out of spite, nor out of "general cussedness."

But for the most part they seem to be quite reasonable and grounded in sound desire for the best welfare of the good cause and of all right and noble interests concerned.

FAILURE TO CONOTRL

YOUR recent utterances about your inability to control the fickle laws of supply and demand did not strike people as being sincere. We ask you—were they?

You do not seem to think it right that there shall be any interference with the privileged classes or the interests which "corner" the food and make us pay unreasonable and unnecessary prices for commodities. It would be molesting the sacred private rights of individuals!

And yet, at the same time, our country takes a man and commands him to fight; and for his services he receives $1.10 a day. It does not seem to matter what sacred rights or privileges *he* may have. He must leave all and give all.

This measure may arise out of necessity. And food! Is this not also a matter of life or death for all classes? Is it not also vital enough to be dealt with, with equal despatch?

Some very nasty suspicions are indulged in that you *favor* the big interests—the big food controllers—Real food controllers; the cold storage men, the packers, Sir Joseph Flavelle for instance! In fact they speak openly that your sympathies must lie with these men, that you must further their interests since they have made yours.

We don't want to believe this, Mr. Hanna. We want to believe in you. But as yet we have no ground to deny it.

We look to you to give us the truth about these matters, to place your sympathy with us and to protect us as individuals against the greed of organized monopoly.

FOOD IN LIQUOR-MAKING

YOU ask women especially to conserve food, to sign food pledge cards, and yet you leave undone a great thing you surely can do—prohibit the use of foodstuffs in liquor-making.

In the United States they have wiped out this accursed business YOU can do as much for us in Canada. Surely, this is your privilege and your duty! We expect it of you. Are you going to fail us?

Until you take this step it appeals to us as but hypocrisy and mockery for you to ask us to economize on food.

Just see you much you can save directly on this one item alone! Here are figures for foodstuffs and grain used in manufacture of malt and spirits for the fiscal year ending 1917:

	Pounds
Malt	7,969,335
Corn	69,117,187
Rye	10,430,817
Oats	131,580
Wheat	27,782
Molas'	27,416,716

It is said that there are at the present time in bonded warehouses of Canada approximately 20,000,000 gallons of spirit to be used solely for beverage purposes. If the sale of this spirit were prohibited for commercial needs, it would mean a saving of grain, molasses, sugar, etc., (for food purposes), equal in amount to the figures indicated above.

I am not alone in my contentions Mr. Hanna, I am but one of the vast multitude who think these things but hesitate to say them. A woman friend of mine expressed herself in this way:

A SORE DISGRACE

"AND isn't it a disgrace— is not the law made a laughing stock to the world—when the poor little 'locals' of one province are shut up—put out of business, and the large mail-order houses and liquor places can pour it into another province in the quantities they do—and vice versa?

"We have been flooded with literature from various houses telling us we may get the choicest wines, spirits, and in such a way that no one will know what it is.

"And all the while we are told to *give up* food—when this abominable curse is allowed to run rampant in the land—sucking up the grain, the sugar and keeping men employed at it who should be doing noble work.

"If I had the food in plenty I WOULD NOT YIELD UP ONE BIT OR EAT ONE BIT LESS, while this hideous license is allowed the distillers and houses engaged in this soul-killing process.

"The Government has no right to press the people to eat less until this degrading monster ravenously eating up grain and sugar and souls of men is hunted out of existence. What right have we to give up necessities while such a practice is rampant in the land?"

This, I believe, is the tenor of feeling of tens of thousands of Canadian women upon this subject. Such I understand, is also the tenor of "The Fiddlers"—so unjustly gagged by the Censor who would not have it read in this country.

Why?

We don't know—but we have our suspicions.

Even the press is for the most part silent on these subjects, the papers too, seem to be content to "go on fiddling."

TO ACTION!

BUT, Sir, we have serious tasks confronting us. We women have been stirred to the very depths of our natures in this great cause.

We have suffered more than you men. We have FELT while you have bickered. Our hearts have bled with our heroes overseas and you men at home have not tried to spare us.

We want:

First—Absolutely no foodstuffs used in making liquor or beer.

Second — The price of various staple commodities to be controlled the same as the price of wheat is fixed.—Why should we pay 50c. a pound or bacon, $2.00 a bag for potatoes, impossible prices for beef and like meats, and now a unnecessar raise

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

Your Voice Counts

NOTE.—Everywoman's World feels confident that the Food Controller, the Hon. W. J. Hanna, will welcome the opportunity to make plain to the women of Canada just what he intends to do for them in the matter of food control. Hence we publish this letter from Mrs. Allen without comment.

We are glad to act as a medium of expression for all Canadian women in any matter so vital as this. We have had many letters asking for light on just such subjects. We welcome them, we invite all our readers to rely upon us. Write and express your opinion of this food crisis—if such it be of "whiskey-making," of the other economic problems that bother you.

Write to Mr. Hanna. He will, we feel sure, be glad to help you. Or, write to your Member of Parliament at Ottawa.

Remember always, that this is STILL a democratic country. Democracy still rules and the voice of the people—YOUR VOICE—cannot remain unheeded.

The Editors.

Food Costs

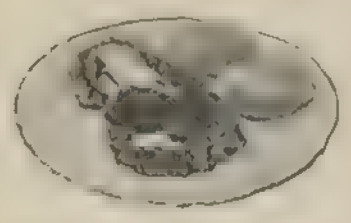
Compared by Calories
The Unit of Food Value

Quaker Oats

Supplies 180 calories of nutrition for each one cent of cost.

Bacon and Eggs

Cost five times as much for the same amount of nourishment.



Steak and Potatoes

Cost five times as much. The average mixed diet costs four times as much.

Bread and Milk

Costs twice as much for a satisfying meal.

Nutrition, you know, is always measured by calories. Folks need on the average about 3000 calories per day.

Every woman, in these high-cost days, should judge foods on this basis.

Oats excell all other grains in calories per pound. They sometimes sell by the bushel for one-fifth the price of wheat.

In Quaker Oats—which is queen grains flaked—each cent buys 180 calories. The average mixed diet costs four times as much. Many a food costs ten times as much.

Every serving, on the average, divides your food costs by four. Yet this is Nature's supreme food, and in an extra-flavory form.

Quaker Oats

The Oat-Flake Luxury

Quaker Oats is the oat dainty. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the big, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. But these rich grains, unmixed with small grains, give this exquisite flavor.

This extra grade makes all oat foods delightful. Use it in bread and muffins, in cookies and pancakes. Use it to thicken soups. Use it to cut your table cost.

30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in Far West where high freights may prohtbit

An Aluminum Cooker for $1.00

Made to our order extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. Send us our trademarks—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages, or an affidavit showing the purchase of five packages of Quaker Oats. Send $1.00 with the trademarks or affidavit, and this ideal cooker will be sent to you by parcel post prepaid. We require the trademarks or affidavit as assurance that you are a user of Quaker Oats. The trademarks have no redemption value. This offer applies to Canada and United States. We supply only one cooker to a family.

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Why do you suppose the majority of men on this continent who can afford the money for shaving satisfaction, are using the Gillette Safety Razor?

Why is the Gillette a treasured item of equipment in the kit of practically every officer and tens of thousands of men in the Canadian Overseas Forces?

Only one reason could possibly hold good with so many level-headed men. It's this—the Gillette gives a shave, day in and day out, that no other razor in the world has ever equalled—and does it handily in five minutes or less. That is why over a million more men everywhere are adopting the Gillette every year.

The man in whom you are most interested would appreciate this as much as any other man! The saving of time—the independence of barber shops—the resulting economy—and above all the matchless comfort of the clean, quick Gillette shave—these are real, personal advantages which he should no longer have to miss.

The Gillette Safety Razor is a leading specialty with Hardware, Drug and Jewelry Dealers everywhere. "Bulldogs," "Aristocrats" and Standard Sets cost $5— Pocket Editions $5 to $6—Combination Sets $6.50 up.

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The hosiery trade is booming, and the Demand far exceeds the Supply. We gladly take all the goods you can send us.

We must have more workers at once to help us keep pace with the demand. The Auto-Knitter is sent on favorable terms to reliable persons, and we furnish full instructions how to knit sox, etc., also all yarn needed. The work is simple and easily learned; the Auto Knitter is a high-speed machine, and works by turning a handle. Our fixed rates of pay guarantee you a steady income the year round, no matter where you live, but our workers often largely increase this by working for private customers.

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All the joys of Camera hunting and snapshotting will be yours when you own this handsome Brownie O Camera. It's a little dandy—one of the latest models. Make sure of yours by writing us to-day.

Given for selling $4.00 worth of goods.

Boy's or Girl's thin model, monogram watch with guaranteed Swiss movement and handsome gunmetal case. You'll be proud to own it.

Given for selling 34 worth of goods.

HOW TO GET THEM. Send us a letter or postcard right away for a supply of our famous Oilcographs or Christmas and New Year postcards. Be sure to specify which you want. The Oilcographs sell like hot cakes at 15c each—stores sell them at 50c each. Our postcards are the kind your friends will want; they sell easily, so send that letter now and get one of these handsome gifts.

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The Need of the Hour

In the Opinion of Clergy and Laymen

"I THINK," said a benevolent old lady, "that this war will bring people nearer to God. Even at that there is distinctly a religious 'need of the hour' and to me that need is humility. Only by being humbled can we be exalted, and if we are to win this war, it is necessary that there be an *individual* effort towards submission to God's will."

The opinion came out with an emphasis that was hardly expected. She, who had grown to old age with the sound religion of her ancestors deeply rooted, shuddered at the thought of the present-day diffidence, and even at times, antagonism, to religion.

She turned to her daughter.—"What do *you* think, Martha."

"You're right, Mother. The age has become too materialistic. So-called philosophers and writers of the day—Mr. Wells, for instance— have tried to prove God by science, instead of science by God. They have judged the Almighty according to the breadth and depth of their own puny vision. They have treated Him as an equal and wondered at His apparent unconcern.

"According to their reason He has materially fallen short. Because THEY could not understand—THEY in the midst of their blasphemy—they have decided there is something wrong with Him.

"I firmly believe that this war is a scourge upon mankind provoked by the spread of just such doctrines."

And so, we pause to conjecture further upon the views of the public generally on the subject. The occasional opinion of the individual, as voiced by the ladies quoted above, leads one to believe that deeper consideration should be given to the religious thought of the hour and freedom of speech upon it encouraged.

With this in view, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD invited the opinions of leading divines, in Toronto, Ottawa and elsewhere, upon the subject. The very lack of similarity of the replies gives evidence of the diversity of opinion among those who stand for the religious thought of the populace.

BANISH SNOBBISHNESS

REV. R. B. Whyte, pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, Ottawa strikes an uncommon note when he says:—

"The need of the hour is the death of snobbishness in this Dominion. We are at war with a nation of snobs, a nation who view with contempt everything that is not German. The snobbishness of the Hohenzollerns has deluged the world with blood and tears. And snobbishness has retarded progress in Canada.

"What prevented union Government in Canada? Snobbishness! Instead of speaking in the clear accents of Canadianism, our Members of Parliament mumbled in the dialect of their political tribe, because they could not work with anyone of a different political opinion even when the destinies of mankind were at stake.

"What was the foundation of opposition to church union in Canada? Snobbishness! Behind all the specious arguments was the feeling of exclusiveness and superiority, the church-consciousness that other denominations are not in our class.

"The war is doing much to serve this need of the hour. Snobbishness is being consumed in the fierce fires of war. After this baptism of blood the sun will surely regally rise and proclaim the dignity of man as man. Meanwhile if we in Canada are not war time hypocrites, we shall do our bit in burying snobbishness beyond all hope of resurrection."

NEED OF "VISION"

REV. Father Minehan, parish priest of St. Vincent de Paul Church, Toronto, emphasizes the necessity of looking beyond.

"Vision!" he says, "is the need of the hour,—cultivation of the habit of looking for, and into, the clear cool depths which so often lie beneath the dust-strewn surface. We must direct our gaze beyond the smoky, grimy, dilapidated water-front near us, to the splendid vistas beyond.

"'Lift up thine eyes round about and see'—these words of Isaiah, uttered more than thirty centuries ago, are far more applicable to our hour than they were to his. They were unheeded then; let us hope that the same sad experience will not be repeated now.

"A few days ago the present writer stood upon one of the most sacred spots on earth—the spot on which the famous missionaries Brebeuf and Lallemant endured at the stake a death of the most horrible and prolonged torture for the sake of Jesus Christ. They had left homes of refinement in their sunny France in order to bring the Gospel message to the savages of the New World. They faced squalor, privations, hardships of every kind, continual danger of death and, finally, martyrdom of the most trying kind for the triumph of the Cross.

"As belts of resinous bark blazed around their loins and collars of red-hot hatchets burned into breast and back, they saw their flocks scattered and slaughtered and their home and chapel wrapped in flames. But as their tongues tried to utter prayers for the conversion of their torturers and their eyes beheld the cross tumbling into the fire, their vision reached beyond the encircling horrors and beheld the days when the Cross would rise again in triumph to dominate this landscape and remain.

"PERIWINKLE POLITICS"

"Standing there one felt with shame and indignation the contrast between their greatness and the periwinkle politics, the racial dissensions, the shameless profiteering, the vulgar displays of wealth so sadly in evidence in our public life to-day.

"I am far from undervaluing the splendid generosity and heroism which a large proportion of the sons and daughters of Canada are exhibiting at this time. History is being made by men and women born where Huron and Iroquois roamed, in the land where Brebeuf and Lallemant and their companions first saw the light, worthy of their glorious record. All honor to those who are showing the world that the Canada of to-day is in line with the grandest traditions of its past!

"But we have too much of the party wigwam, too much of the feathers and plumes and scalping parties, too much of the petty jealousies which set Algonquin and Huron at one another's throats when they should have been united in one great confederacy; too much of that devious cunning and greed which inevitably lead to the final destruction of those who seek to profit thereby.

"We need men and women whose vision extends beyond their own doorsteps, yea, beyond their own Province and their own Dominion, whose horizon is wide as humanity and embraces the future as well as the present. The prayer which should rise from every heart at this moment is that of the blind man on the wayside near Jericho: 'Lord, that I may see'—see in this supreme crisis of the world's history with something of the splendid spiritual vision of the men whose heroic lives and deaths nigh three centuries ago have shed imperishable glory on our land—see the greatness of the issues at stake and the opportunities afforded me—see and rise to the grandeur of the occasion."

BECAUSE YE ASK NOT

REV. CANON HILLIARD C. DIXON, Rector of Trinity Anglican Church, Toronto has expressed his conviction clearly and concisely:—

"I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind, that the trouble is 'Ye have not, because ye ask not.' We have practically put God to one side, and think material things can take His place."

Similarly, clergymen throughout the country are unconsciously [illegible] the question "What is the need of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

CONCERNING MYSELF

Who I Am and What I Like

By THE BABY

I AM a Baby. Sometimes I'm glad of it, and sometimes I'm sorry. Generally I'm rather sorry.

According to most of my friends I'm the "cutest little thing that ever happened." And I "happened" quite a long time ago, a whole two months, though I don't remember much about the first two weeks. I was rather too new to my surroundings, and besides, I had my eyes shut most of the time.

I don't think much of most of the big people who come to see me. They pick me up, when I'm quite comfortable where I am. They dance me about and make funny noises for me. They pass me on from one to another. These are some of the times I'm sorry that I'm a baby. I wish they would leave me alone.

I like the men folks the best, for generally they do not bother me. I think they are frightened of me for some reason, though I don't see why they should be. But I am glad of it. I don't mind being looked at, and I don't even object to personal remarks sometimes, though I am amused to hear how 'exactly like' about six different people I am.

I have a nice mother, a really nice mother who looks after me very well. She knows exactly when I am hungry, and always sees that I get my meals in good time. Sometimes I play jokes on her. I try to make her think that I am hungry when I really am not hungry at all, but she doesn't take any notice of me then, so I'm getting out of the habit of making a fuss unless there is really some reason for it.

THOSE FUSSY CLOTHES!

AT first I thought that my mother wanted to lose me. When I was quite comfortable she would wrap clothes round me and pin them up. I didn't want all the things at all, but even then, when I was nearly buried she brought out still more things, a lot of lacy clothes with ribbons on them. I was quite sure I would be lost, but I soon saw that she was leaving little bits of me sticking out at both ends so that she would be able to find me again.

One day, when it was quite hot, a big man who is called my father came into the room to look at me. He said, "What do you put so many clothes on the Baby for?"

"What do YOU know about babies!" my mother asked him.

"Well, I know that the little beggar has about ten times too many clothes on."

He is a nice man, and I'm glad I have him for a father. I crowed and laughed and tried to kick as well as I could. My mother wouldn't do anything while he was there, but as soon as he had gone she took off more than half my clothes and I've been much more comfortable ever since.

My father is a nice man.

The time I like best is in the morning when my mother has washed me. Then she lets me play about on the bed with hardly any clothes on. It is fine, and I enjoy it more than anything else in the whole of my life. It is much better than the afternoons when I am dressed up and shown to all her friends who come in.

My father does not play with me very much, but he thinks a lot of me just the same. He comes and sits by me and keeps looking at me for many minutes at a time. Sometimes he holds out his finger, and I catch hold of it and pull it. He likes that and so do I. Then he will say, "I wonder what the boy will be when he grows up!" My mother says that there's lots of time to think about that later on, and so

SLEEPING OUTSIDE

IN some ways my father seems to understand me better than my mother does. One day when it was very hot I could not go to sleep. It was only hot in the house, outside it was quite cool with the wind blowing through the trees. My father came in and looked at me. "Why don't you put the little beggar outside!" he asked. Mother said she was afraid to, as it was cold outside. "What do you expect to do in winter if you're afraid of the cold now!" asked my Father. So I was put outside and now I sleep outside every day, whether it is cold or not.

It is fine, and I sleep *so* well, and come in with such rosy cheeks.

My father is a very nice man.

My father has a friend who comes to see us sometimes. Whenever he comes he always looks at me, and then he says, "Baby is doing fine, couldn't be better," or something like that. Father calls him "Doctor," and talks a lot to him about me. Doctor is a nice man, too, and I believe that if there were anything wrong with me, he could put me right again.

One day my mother took me out in my little carriage for a walk. That day I was rather cross and cried a lot more than usual. We came to a store where there were some bright colored lights in the window, and mother went in there and got a little rubber thing which she put in my mouth. I stopped crying and sucked it all the way home, and after I got home.

That day Doctor came to see me. "What have you got for Baby now, a soother? Take it away from him, it is not good for Baby."

Then he told my mother that soothers were very bad for little babies, and very dangerous. He said that they picked up nasty dust when they were dropped, and that they would put my mouth out of shape in time, and cause adenoids and a lot of other troubles in the future. So my mother took it away from me and threw it in the stove. I haven't missed it because I had not had it long enough to get fond of it.

DOCTOR, TOO, IS VERY NICE

MY father and my mother are very great friends. They get along together splendidly. I heard my mother tell one of her friends that they used to go out together a lot more before I came here, but that now she puts me down to sleep at the same times every day. She says that she wants me to be quite regular in my habits.

I have heard that my mother used to go out to meetings where other ladies met together to talk about voting and lots of things I do not understand. She does not go so often now. Sometime ago my father and my mother were talking about it, and my mother said that women ought to have as much to do with the affairs of the country as the men have, and ought to be interested in everything that is going on.

My father said that he thought women ought to be just as much interested, and that they ought to have their say about everything of importance, but that he thought that the home should come first. Later, when my mother was tucking me away she said: "Baby dear, your Daddy is right." I laughed and kicked because I think so too.

WORTH MILLION DOLLARS

I AM the first baby that has been in this house. My mother says there is a lot to learn about babies, and my father thinks so, too. He says that having a friend like Doctor who knows so much about them is a great help. That's why I'm telling you about these things, in case some other baby's mother might like to hear the things that Doctor tells my father and mother about me. Every month as I grow older there are sure to be other things that he will be telling them, and so I'll pass them along to you if you like.

My mother and father were talking one night, and my mother said that she had not wanted me very much before I came, because she thought that she would not have time to look after me properly. She said she never knew how happy she and my father would be when I came. 'Now,' she said, 'I would not take a million dollars for him.'

I don't think any one would offer a million dollars for me, when there are so many babies, but I was glad to know she thought so much of me.

Then my father kissed my mother. They looked down at me and stroked my head. I smiled and crowed to them, because I was so pleased to have made them happy.

My father and my mother are both very nice people.

STOP that PAIN in the BACK

Gin Pills will take away the ache and relieve that pain in the back. Gin Pills sooth and heal the inflamed Kidneys, which are at the root of your trouble.

Gin Pills

FOR THE KIDNEYS

The wonderful medicinal properties of GIN PILLS quickly reach the Kidneys and Bladder—the pain gets easier, the soreness leaves the muscles—the stiffness works out of the joints and you soon straighten up and step out without a hint of pain.

Gin Pills are equally good for Bladder and Urinary Derangements—painful urination, stone, gravel, or brick dust deposits, inflammation of the bladder or of the ureter. Gin Pills have helped to pass many stones.

50c a box or 6 boxes for $2.50 at all dealers.

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"SALADA" B 76

is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table.

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Minard's Liniment The Old Reliable Remedy

KING OF PAIN

The only Liniment ever awarded a Medal for Merit.
For Colds, Coughs, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Frostbites, Chilblains, and for Rheumatism and Bronchitis and a host of other ills. Also for Sprains and Strains of all kinds.
The healing qualities of Minard's, so valuable to YOU, make it indispensable in the stable.

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The Sport Net instantly attached

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IN SANITARY PACKAGE

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The Thompson Lace and Veiling Co. Limited
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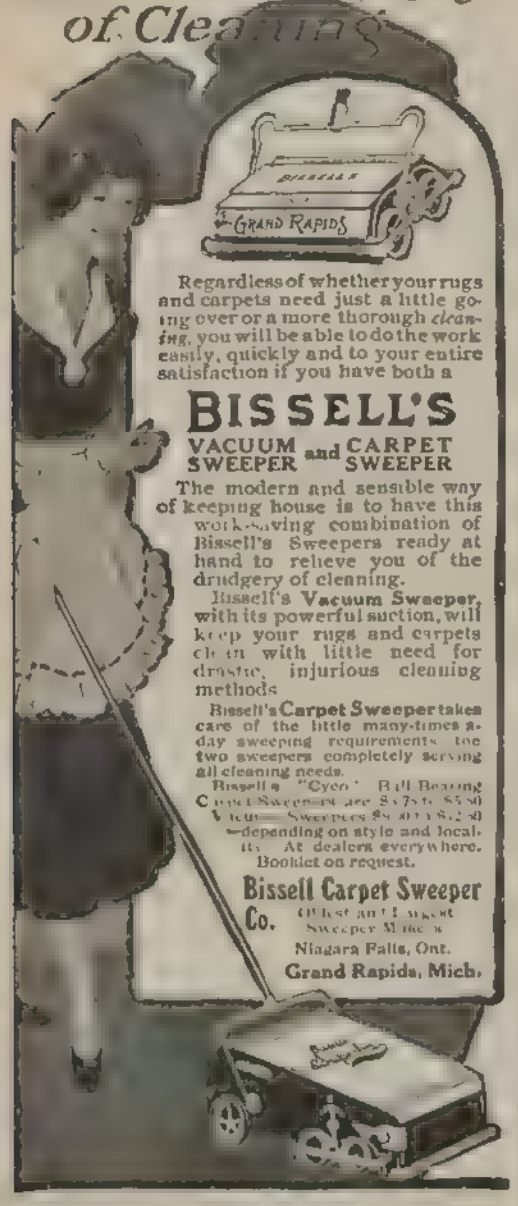
Relief From the Drudgery of Cleaning



Regardless of whether your rugs and carpets need just a little going over or a more thorough *cleaning*, you will be able to do the work easily, quickly and to your entire satisfaction if you have both a

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Bissell's **Vacuum Sweeper**, with its powerful suction, will keep your rugs and carpets clean with little need for drastic, injurious cleaning methods

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which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up ugly hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. I will explain all this to any woman who will write to me. I will show how five minutes daily with my simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

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Movol removes Ironmould Rust, Fruit & Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, &c.

Think of the money this little tube can save you and the worry too!

A thimbleful of Movol in the rinsing water entirely removes the yellow tinge from linen.

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The Experiment Kitchen

New and Helpful Devices that Make Work Easier and Put Pleasure in the Doing

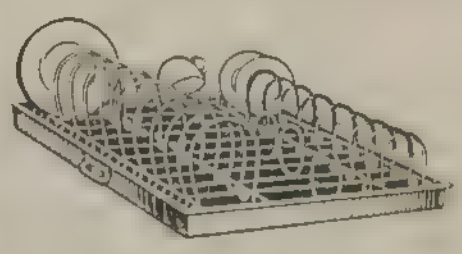
"ON THESE THINGS YOU MAY DEPEND"

Conducted by KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

WHY STAND AT YOUR WORK?

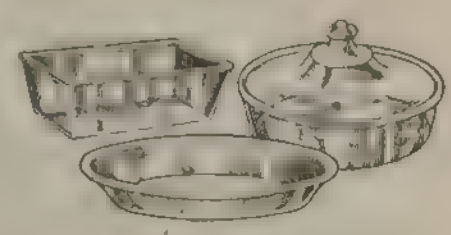
IT is the incessant standing at her house hold tasks that wearies a woman before the end of her day is in sight, but if she sits in a chair she cannot *get at* the things she is doing. A step-stool in the kitchen will eliminate 90 per cent of the standing and always keep her in a *commanding position*,—at the table, ironing board or sink. The step stool is higher than a chair, but not too high. When she sits on it there is a step at a convenient height, on which to tuck up her feet. No need to mount a chair — an awkward business—to reach cupboard shelves or to wash windows; she may stand on a convenient step and rest her top-shelf stores or wash-pail or whatever she is using on the top of the stool. In other words the step stool is at once a convenient, comfortable, high seat and a handy step-ladder of adequate height for almost any need, with a shelf on top; weight but a few pounds—price, $2.00.

SELF-DRIED DISHES



AS the number and variety of our activities, increase from day to day, we look more interestedly than ever, at anything that will lessen the amount of time and energy consumed by the "trivial round." Not so trivial, either, when it is a round of dish-washing. There are now several successful dish-washers we can use and this dryer adds still another labor-saver. The washed and scalded dishes are placed in the wire racks (or they may be scalded after they are in the rack by simply pouring clean, clear hot water over them) and a full sized galvanized pan catches the drip. The rack (made of electrically welded wire), stands out of the water and will lift out completely. It is a pleasant thing to find bright, dry dishes, that have attained that state through other agencies than the "labor of hands" and the tea-towel that *will* get soggy. This dryer, made to accommodate one's various dishes, comes in two sizes, $1.50 for the medium, and $1.75 for the larger one.

COOKING IN GLASS



IN these days of made-up dishes, when we are using every scrap of left-overs and are studying closely the all-important question of substitutes, the right kind of baking-dish becomes an essential. A delightful ware that has scarcely more than made its bow in Canada, is of glass—clear, transparent, heat-proof. Its very special claim to favor lies in the fact that one cooks and serves in the same good-looking dish. The thick, clear walls conduct the heat very quickly and evenly and conserve it, while burning seems to be quite outside the program. The danger is further averted because the transparent material permits one to watch the pleasant browning of the contents.

The bread pans give splendid results—an even golden crust on sides and bottom. Casseroles, with glass-knobbed cover, and baking dishes of various shapes and sizes are immensely popular — justifiable popularity for they make fewer dishes to wash, are very easily cleaned because of their smooth surface and — important consideration — they are very moderatley priced—a dollar and a half to three dollars, for a service dish and cooking utensil combined.. Bread and pie pans, ramekins and other smaller pieces are priced on a declining scale.

IF ONE of these household helps—all of which have been tested and received the endorsement of Everywoman's World Experiment Kitchen—is just what you need in your home, write to us. We will be glad to put you in touch with the manufacturer or merchant who can supply you. Or, if you would like us to make the purchase for you, just send the correct amount to cover the cost of the article and we will buy it for you without any extra charge whatever.

If there is any other labor saving device you would like to know about, a stamped, self-addressed envelop enclosed with your enquiry will ensure a prompt reply.

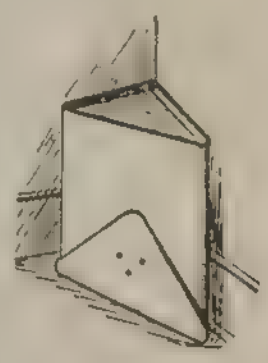
REAL COFFEE

ARE you making clear, delicious coffee—or does each occasion that you serve it make you wish for one of those high-priced percolators that always seem to turn out double-distilled nectar? If the percolator or the price is hard to get, you will welcome the simple little device that is illustrated here — a coffee-maker designed on the filtration principle. Its advantages are many: simplicity—the bag is made on a metal frame, with a metal clip that fits over the rim of any coffee pot—nothing to do but pour the boiling water through and lift out the bag; economy—pulverized or very finely-ground coffee (which is always used in a filter), goes much farther—only two-thirds the amount is used; healthfulness—the coffee flavor is taken, the caffein almost entirely left in the bag, which is lifted out at once. This little coffee maker costs just 25 cents.

NEW EXCELLENCE IN THE BAKED POTATO

EVERY BODY loves a baked potato — except the cook, when she is trying to gather them from the inmost corners of the oven, to the imminent danger of her arms and fingers. Some inventor surely loved a cook, for there has appeared a delightful rack that will slide a whole dinner of potatoes into and out of the oven with no more ado than a cake tin would cause. This wire cradle is poised on little feet that raise it sufficiently from the oven floor to permit a circulation of air all about it. This saves excessive drying—the potatoes will not "shrink" away from the shells so quickly, if dinner is delayed. The price is 75 cents.

FITS THE CORNER



SOILED clothes, destined for the next laundry, are always something of a white elephant and if one has not the proper receptacle, the clothes will grow blacker and the elephant whiter, as the days go by. A cumbersome laundry basket that occupies much space, is the most usual container, where there is not a shute direct to the basement. A compact metal box for soiled clothes, made in a three-cornered shape that allows it to fit neatly into a corner, will therefore be especially welcome where space is a factor. The surface of white enamel that can be washed and sweetened periodically, will have a pleasant significance for the woman who has a liking for "things sanitary."

WELL GROOMED ALUMINUM

LACK of knowledge as to how to care for aluminum ware, has sometimes discouraged a housekeeper from using that most satisfactory kind of kitchen utensils. She likes them for their lightness, durability and attractiveness, but she has some doubt as to how to keep them clean—arising, doubtless, from warnings against lye or other alkalis.

Many women have learned that steel-wool—fine steel shavings—is the proper scouring material to use, but even after gaining that knowledge, they do not know just whether to go to a dry goods house or a foundry for "steel-wool." One firm manufacturing aluminum utensils, has solved the problem for its customers by putting up in a neat package, convenient sized pads of steel wool of exactly the right degree of fineness. The package also contains a cake of mild, non-alkali soap. Cleaning aluminum, thus equipped, is as simple as washing a tea-cup and is little more trouble. The price of a large package is twenty-five cents.

Our "Cousins" Getting Astray

By A FARM SPECIALIST

SENTIMENT will almost carry one away at first impressions of these two striking illustrations reproduced from a leading women's magazine of the United States.

But when the real facts are considered it is apparent how easily one may be led astray for, contrary to the idea brought out in these illustrations, it may indeed be better these days to eat veal and lamb

Jerseys and Holsteins, do not make profitable feeders for beef. It is generally better economy to destroy them at birth or slaughter for veal at the age of four to six weeks. Otherwise they "eat their heads off" and the loss in food stuffs is greater than any gain.

The calves to make good feeding animals require the good whole milk, which may be worth more and be more necessary for human food both as milk

This little pig weighs 12 pounds. In two years or less it weighs 200 pounds. Every time you order and eat young pig or suckling pig you are the direct means of stopping this little pig from growing into this larger pig and by so much do you cheat the market of 21 pounds of bacon, 25 pounds of ham, 32 pounds of lard, 2 pounds of skin (used for leather substitute for boots and saddles), all of which your country needs and so do the allies.

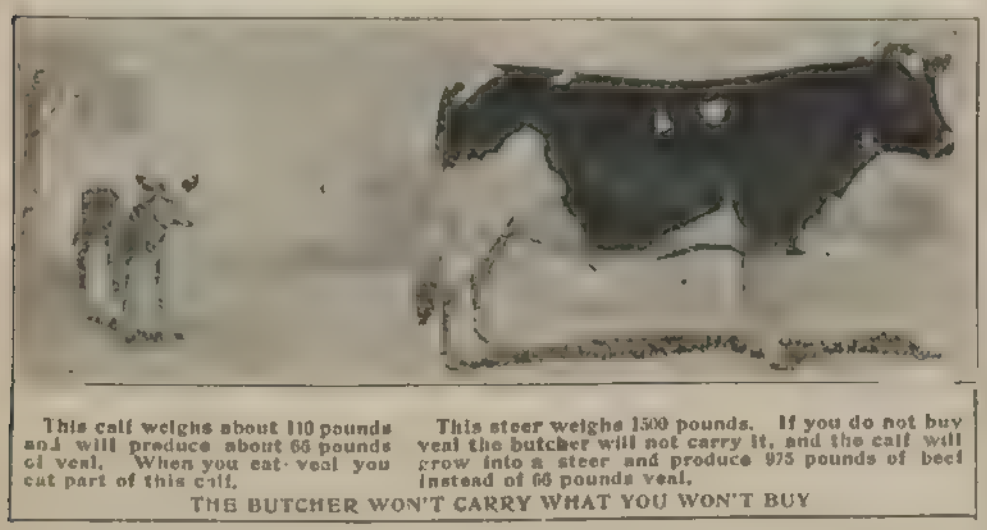
In the case of the pig no one but an unscrupulous pork-eating German would think of being so unpatriotic, so treasonable, and so far remote from the practice of thrift, as to eat the "sweet" young sucking pig,—especially in times like these with a food crisis upon us. The little pig can be made to grow to maturity most rapidly and weigh from 180 to 200 pounds in from six to nine months, depending upon its breed and the feed and treatment given. With the calf it may be different. So also with the lamb.

and as dairy products, butter and cheese.

The farmers can be depended upon to regulate this economic problem.

Within reason and at reasonable prices we may quite safely "indulge" in veal and "spring lamb" *in season*.

There is a lot of nonsense being propounded relative to this question of late by city-born editors on daily papers. There are even agitations for commissions to investigate the subject and prohibit the sale of veal and lamb.



This calf weighs about 110 pounds and will produce about 66 pounds of veal. When you eat veal you eat part of this calf.

This steer weighs 1500 pounds. If you do not buy veal the butcher will not carry it, and the calf will grow into a steer and produce 975 pounds of beef instead of 66 pounds veal.

THE BUTCHER WON'T CARRY WHAT YOU WON'T BUY

The young calf and the young lamb will gain in weight much more rapidly on food consumed than will be the case as they grow older. And in consequence it may be good thrift to eat veal and lamb.

Especially is this true in the case of "culls" that would never be profitable feeders to raise to maturity—also in case of many of the males in other than pure-bred stock. Males of the highly specialized dairy breeds of cattle, like

Our more sentimental "cousins" in the United States are also making a big stir, and it would seem that they are getting far from the truth about the matter.

Our Canadian Food Controller, Mr. Hanna, with his capable Mr. Todd, a farm specialist of big salary fame,—and with Professor Robertson, a noted Dairy authority on his central advisory committee, may safely be left to guide us on this one subject at least. He is willing that we shall eat veal and lamb.

Something Going Wrong on Food Control

(CONTINTUED FROM PAGE 19)

raise in the price of milk which our children need?

Third—To have you declare yourself as irrevocably in sympathy with us, the common people.

We want to see results from you that will declare you to be working for us and not first and foremost for the big interests, for the monopolists who would squeeze us so that life is well nigh impossible and so that only under the greatest of difficulties can we and our children be fed.

I have written you this letter, Mr. Hanna, to give voice to the silent multitude of Canadian women, like myself, who feel very deeply on these vital questions, who suffer most, both from unjust laws enacted and from just laws unenforced, and who are never consulted upon such matters.

I am sending this to you through EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD praying that this Canadian women's magazine will publish it to help on this cause which is really a matter of life or death to us.

I hope you haven't misunderstood me. I have not meant to criticize. I am looking for information—so are we all—all Canadian women. We know you have it to give.

We want to rely upon you, Mr. Hanna, but we can't until we cleanse our minds of the ugly suspicions that Dominion-wide gossip has planted therein. Yours sincerely,

Mrs. L. E. Allen.

Toronto, Sept. 14th. 1917.

Big Ben

A *Westclox* Alarm

• He Fathers Punctuality

A PROUD godfather is kindly Big Ben, when baby first peeps at the world. He shares the joy of mother and dad—and their new duties, *too*.

He lends two willing hands for molding little lives. He helps make better men for Father Time.

From the wee small hours of infancy till twilight of old age, Big Ben is true to his trust. He's a faithful friend through life.

Big Ben of Westclox is respected by all—sentinel of time throughout the world. He's loyal, dependable and his ring is true—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, $3.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. Western Clock Co. Makers of *Westclox*

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo and Sleep-Master

Miller Choir Gowns

Symbolize all the dignity, beauty and harmony of sacred worship, and bring out the best work of the choir.

Miller Choir Gowns are readily paid for by an increased congregation and the consequent larger revenue.

Write for Illustrated Catalog and Information now

The Miller Manufacturing Co., Limited, 44 York Street, Toronto

O-Cedar Polish

MANY an old family—yours perhaps—has, stowed away in some neglected corner, a piece of grimy old furniture.

Discarded long ago and now forgotten, this heirloom of the past needs but the magic touch of O-Cedar Polish to transform it into a cherished possession.

O-Cedar Polish first removes the dust and grime, revealing the old-time beauty of the choicest wood. To this clean surface it imparts a high, dry gloss—a lasting lustre.

O-Cedar Polish is for all woods and all finishes—both furniture and floors 25c to $3.00 sizes.

Channell Chemical Co. Limited

TORONTO

The Truth About the Fish Situation

Whenever Canadian Women Want Fish there are Ways and Means of Obtaining it.

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

Let Us Help You

WE have been supplied by the Fish Committee with a complete list of wholesale distributors and producing companies. The Government has required their registration and a monthly price list. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will secure this list each month as soon as it is revised.

We are ready to put your town in direct touch with the nearest, cheapest and best source of supply for dealers, and to give you the latest information to help you organize your local fish trade.

WHICH would you rather do or go fishing?" That was the old query; but to be entirely modern, you must ask, at least twice a week: "Which would you rather eat or fish?"

The thoroughly patriotic answer is "More fish!"

"But we can't get it!" wailed the women from many parts of Canada, when the government launched its slogan—"Eat more fish." And the wails reached the ear of Canada's Food Controller.

Mr. Hanna got very busy. He took counsel with the women, with the dealers, with the fishermen and perhaps even with the fish. And the result was an entry on the credit side of the books, that are keeping track of Mr. Hanna's speed in meeting and taking action on our food problems.

The fish catechism would read something like this:

Has Canada plenty of fish?

She has great quantities of fish, in the Atlantic and Pacific waters along her coasts and in her vast lakes and rivers.

Are these fish being caught?

They are—to the value of $35,860,708 a year. (Over $100,000,000 worth of food as we women buy it.)

Are these fish of the best varieties?

They are—for instance there are salmon, salmon trout, lobsters, cod, herring, halibut, haddock, whitefish, pickerel, mackerel and others that are no strangers to the average housewife.

Should these fish be costly?

No! They should be available at from 9 to 20 cents a pound.

And the women of Canada lifted up their voices and cried "Where are those cheap, good fish, that we can get none of them?"

And, those of them that heard just where Canada's fish had been going, were amazed and not a little puzzled.

PAYING DUTY ON FISH

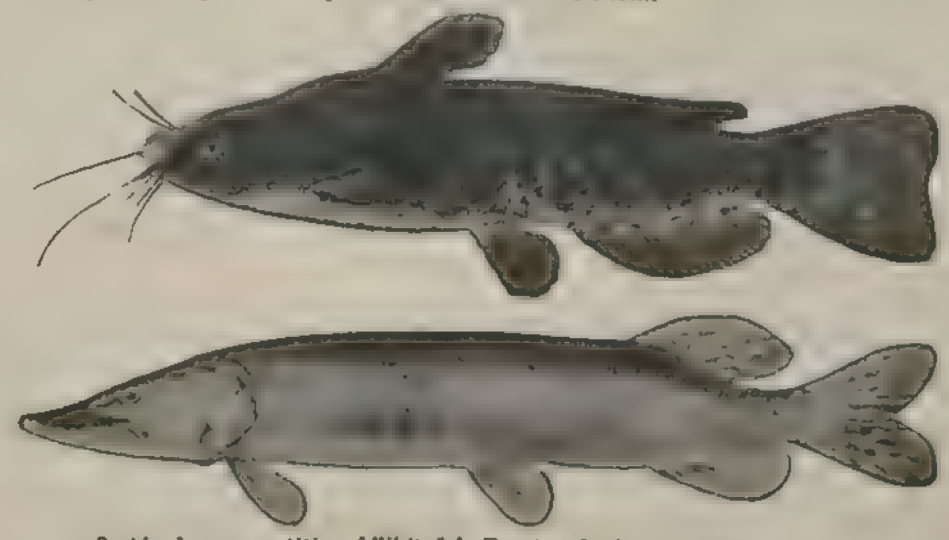
THE woman in Eastern Canada learned that most of the great quantities of fish caught along the maritime coast were shipped to the city of Boston. *And the United States customs officials collected, on every pound of that fish, one half cent duty.*

Then some of that fish was sent back to Canada.

"Where," asked the astonished woman, who when she had an errand to her attic never went by way of the basement. "To Canada—chiefly to Montreal, the biggest market, from which it was shipped to different points."

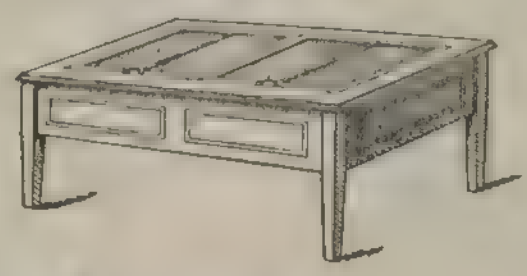
And as was laid down in the rules of His Majesty's customs, the officials at the port of Montreal *did collect one cent duty on each pound of that good Canadian fish.* And the railroads had not forgotten their carrying charges; and the many hands that had lifted the fish from boat to dock, from dock to dray, from dray to car, and so on until it reached a resting place in the fish dealer's shop in Montreal or some other town—the palms of these many hands had had to be crossed with metal—metal that bore the stamp of His Majesty's head on one side, and a given number of "cents." on the other.

"It's surely heads you win, tails I lose," thought the Eastern housewife as she paid many cents a pound for a fish that had not flapped a fin for many days.



Besides large quantities of Whitefish, Trout and other finny friends of long standing, there will come some of the less known fishes from the northern lakes. The be-feeler Catfish in spite of his unfortunate name, is "very sweet eating," when bred in these colder waters. The sharp-snouted Pike, should make his way rapidly into general favor.

The design for this fish case has been approved by the government, and dealers are urged to instal it.



The Department of Marine & Fisheries, Ottawa, will supply plan and details upon request.

Codfish and Haddock have filled most of the Special Cars that the Food Controller has been hastening to Ontario markets. These are most versatile fish when the question of how to serve them arises—they may be served in many delicious ways.

AND IN ONTARIO

MRS. TORONTO and Mrs. Hamilton talked one day at their summer camp on the shore of Lake Ontario.

"We certainly should use more fish," they agreed. "The children like it, it is so good for them and much cheaper than meat. Let us buy some when we next go to town."

Some days later, they went each to her own city, and they bought fish—not the particular fish they had planned, but *what they could get.*

"But it is not very much cheaper than meat," sighed Mrs. Toronto. "I've been reading about the economy of fish. I wonder—"

And they wondered together, and on the next visit to town, they took time and trouble to learn some facts.

Mrs. Toronto heard how the fish from Canada's Eastern shores saw a bit of life before they came to her market.

"And our Ontario Fish" contributed Mrs. Hamilton, "where do you think it has been going? The fish caught in our great lakes—I mean in the Canadian fishing-beds—have been sent largely to the United States—because they wanted them and were prepared to handle them.

"And the railroads have not been keen to bring fish inland to us—the dripping cases, oozing melted ice, were difficult to handle and as that fishy flavor is more catching than measles, there is nothing for such cases but isolation! Result—they've brought fish when it suited them; and express charges were high.

ALL ABOARD FOR CHICAGO

AT a Fair in the far West, Mrs. Saskatoon and Madame Regina and Mrs. Brandon talked it over.

"Chicago gets the fish that should be coming to us," they told each other indignantly "and it's time we enjoyed a little of it ourselves."

"The trouble is, there has been no assured market here for fish, because there are no trade arrangements made to look after it," said the lady from the provincial capital "Why can't the trade arrange to handle fish like other commodities?"

BECAUSE, DEAR LADIES, YOU HAVE NEVER MADE 'EM!

Eve knew that most of the things she wanted, she could get, *if she went about it right!* She wanted an apple, and experience. She got both.

Her descendants in Western Canada wanted the ballot—and got it.

How trifling, by comparison, is the getting of fish to their markets!

Come, you enfranchised women of Western Canada! Already you know that, if you can't get something for yourselves, somebody else can get it for you.

Someone has got to cast the line, well hooked and baited, before there comes a bite, or even a nibble.

Say to your neighbors—"Let's go fishing"—and use the means at hand to catch something—your women's institutes, your political organizations, your Food Controller. But *start something*—it is up to the women to recognize their needs and make other people recognize—and fill—them!

Let the women of Western Canada come out strongly for an extension of fishing privileges in Lesser Slave Lake and the many other lakes in their district.

The lid should be taken off these fisheries! And the benefit should accrue strictly to Canadian consumers. Any increase in demand could then be met, without cutting down the lucrative and mutually beneficial trade that has been built up with the United States.

Here, then, is a definite something which the women of the West can do—urge the freer granting of netting licenses and the permitting of an immensely increased catch that will take care of an immensely increased demand.

SOMEONE DID A SUM

THE fish situation in Ontario was a bit of a scandal—and the scandal, as is its nature, leaked out. The road from the Eastern fisheries—via Maine—was too long, facilities were too poor, profits were too high, and the fish was *not* always too good!

So the Minister of Marine and Fisheries and his deputy, Mr. Desbarats, studied the map.

At school they had been taught a simple bit of arithmetical truth—that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

Good!

So they asked some questions and they conferred with the Food Controller's department.

And the answer?

Fish—lots of fish.

Good again!

And what happened?

Fish happened — plenty of fish, brought straight from Canada's own fisheries and handed over to the regular, organized trade, and eventually to Mrs. Toronto and her neighbors in Ontario towns,—at a cost to them of from 10 to 12 cents a pound.

How did the Food Controller's Department do it?

First, they got all the facts in hand.

These showed a huge and ready market, on the one hand and plenty of fish to supply that market, on the other.

The two had not been brought together because the wholesalers were afraid of the risk—they looked on the buying of big quantities of fish, subject to the delays of transportation and a possibly fickle market, as a bit of a gamble.

"If we arrange for special cars to bring the fish direct to you from the Canadian fisheries and advertise it to the consumers, will you handle it?" asked Mr. Hanna, and the leading wholesalers agreed.

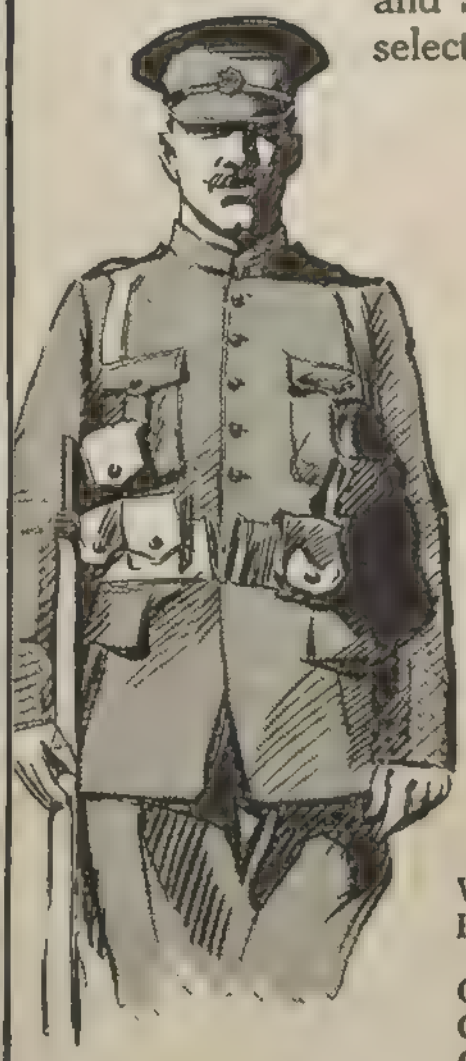
They undertook to distribute the fish to the retailers, at a small profit, and the merchant sold it to his customers. The limit of 10 cents a pound gave him a fair profit, sufficient to pay him for handling it—and everybody was happy.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

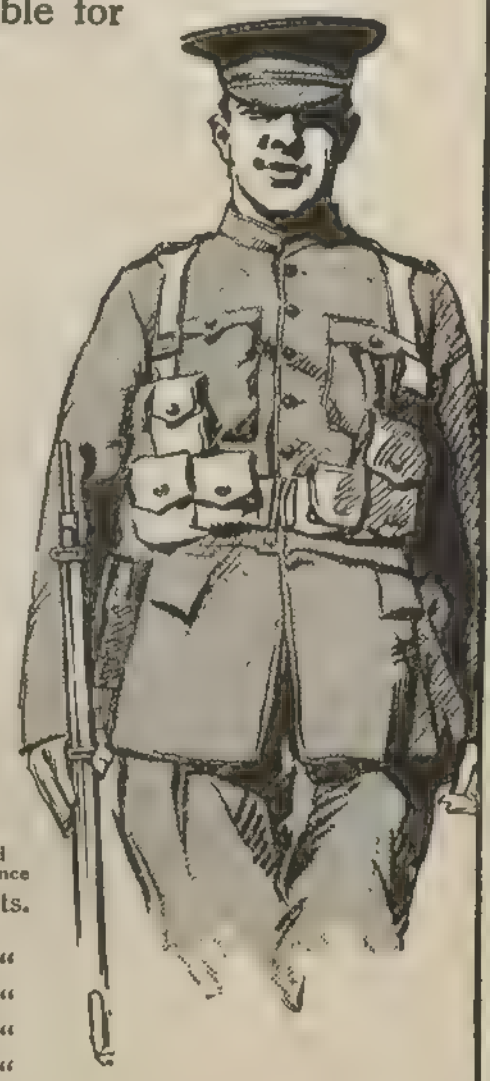
CANADA

Pay Will Be The Same

Men selected under the Military Service Act will receive the same pay as those now on active service receive. Pay will start from the time a man reports for duty. Money from the Patriotic Fund and Separation Allowance will also be available for selected men.



Canadian soldiers are well paid. The fact that wages in Canada are generally higher than those paid in Europe is recognized in the system of remuneration for men on active service. Clothing and all equipment in addition to food is also supplied to the Canadian soldier, leaving him with no expense except personal incidentals.



The rate of pay for men in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, other than commissioned officers, is as follows :

	Pay	Field Allowance
Warrant Officers	$2.00	30 cts.
Regimental Sergt.-Major, if not a Warrant Officer	1.85	20 "
Quartermaster-Sergeants	1.80	20 "
Orderly Room Clerks	1.50	20 "
Orderly Room Sergeants	1.50	20 "
Pay Sergeants	1.50	20 "
Squad., Batt., or Co. Sergt-Major	1.60	20 "
Colour-Sergeant or Staff-Sergeant.	1.60	20 "
Squad., Batt., or Co. Q.M.S.	1.50	20 "
Sergeants	1.35	15 "
Lance-Sergeants	1.15	15 "
Corporals	1.10	10 "
Lance-Corporals	1.05	10 "
Bombardiers, or Second Corporals	1.05	10 "
Trumpeters, Buglers, and Drummers	1.00	10 "
Privates, Gunners, Drivers	1.00	10 "
Sappers, Batmen, etc.	1.00	10 "

As in the case of those already gone overseas, Separation Allowances will be available for those dependent for livelihood upon selected men. The Separation Allowance is $20.00 per month for the rank and file, $25.00 for sergeants and staff-sergeants and $30.00 for warrant officers. The experience is that many men can afford to assign half their pay to dependents, in addition.

A considerable number of men who have enlisted in the Canadian forces have found themselves better off under the army rate of pay, which is granted in addition to board, lodging, clothing, equipment, transportation, etc., than they were while in civilian positions. Their wants are provided for, and they receive a steady addition to the bank account each month.

Issued by
The Military Service Council.

104

ENOUGH OF EVERYTHING

MEALS THAT ARE JUST RIGHT

By CATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

OUR natural tastes are wonderful guides, and have built up some very wise customs that it would be difficult to improve upon.

For instance, we all like butter on our bread—without stopping to realize that bread and butter is an ideal combination taken from two quite different and very necessary groups of foods.

When you look at a menu that is planned oh, so-scientifically!—and you see there—fruit, cereal, an egg and toast or gems or some other member of the highly varied bread family—don't you fairly glow with pride and satisfaction at your unsuspected knowledge of food science? Just what you give the family five days out of seven!

And for dinner, you read perhaps roast of beef, brown sauce, spinach, potatoes roasted with the meat, hearts of celery, and a corn starch pudding with sugar and top milk.

A meal you serve often, with scarcely a change!

But you don't find on that page of carefully balanced menus the meal you served last week when your sister-in-law brought her visitor to have dinner with you.

Vegetable soup, made with good beef stock; roast lamb; small potatoes, fried in deep fat; baked stuffed tomatoes, with cheese and bread crumb filling; macaroni and cheese as a side dish, and your delicious rice-custard.

TOO MUCH SAMENESS

EACH individual thing was delectable, but there was too much duplication — and too much dinner! Your soup was so good, no person left a drop of the generous helping you gave them. The condensed meat juices were strengthening—splendid food.

Then came meat in its usual form; and you served with it potatoes, the bread in the tomatoes, and the macaroni—three starch foods, and everyone had a roll, during dinner—and the cheese was generously used in the tasty baked tomatoes and in the macaroni—although a cubic inch of cheese has as much of the body-building protein, as a slice of roast lamb!

Then came more starch and protein in the rice and the milk and eggs in your justly famed rice-custard. Naturally, you were a little disappointed that so little of it was eaten.

Just so do we all err—especially when we desire to do honor to a guest or to spread say a generous birthday or Thanksgiving table.

Just a little knowledge—so simply and easily acquired—will defend us against the mistakes of our own hospitable and housewifely impulses.

MIND PHOTOGRAPHS

WE need pictu vid, mental pictures—of the different cla foods, that will flash before our menu-planning d's eye: pictures of the foods that will fall into each group. Then we will not serve the same thing (as far as our body knows and uses it) in three or four disguises.

There are just five of these groups:

1. Foods that supply protein.
2. Foods that supply mineral matter, acids and salts, and the various body regulators.
3. Foods that supply starch.
4. Foods that supply sugar.
5. Foods that supply fats.

Each group must have its fair, daily representation in your diet!

Important members of each group are,—

1. PROTEIN FOODS—the tissue and muscle builders—milk, skim milk, cheese, eggs, beans, peas, fish, poultry and nuts. Of these, milk is the most important to the growing child.

2. MINERAL MATTER, acids, salts, body regulators—in large quantities in fruits and vegetables; also in milk, whole grains—in fact mineral matters are usually found in the protein foods. Another purpose served by fruit and vegetables is the supplying of bulk—"filling the far lands" and satisfying the appetite.

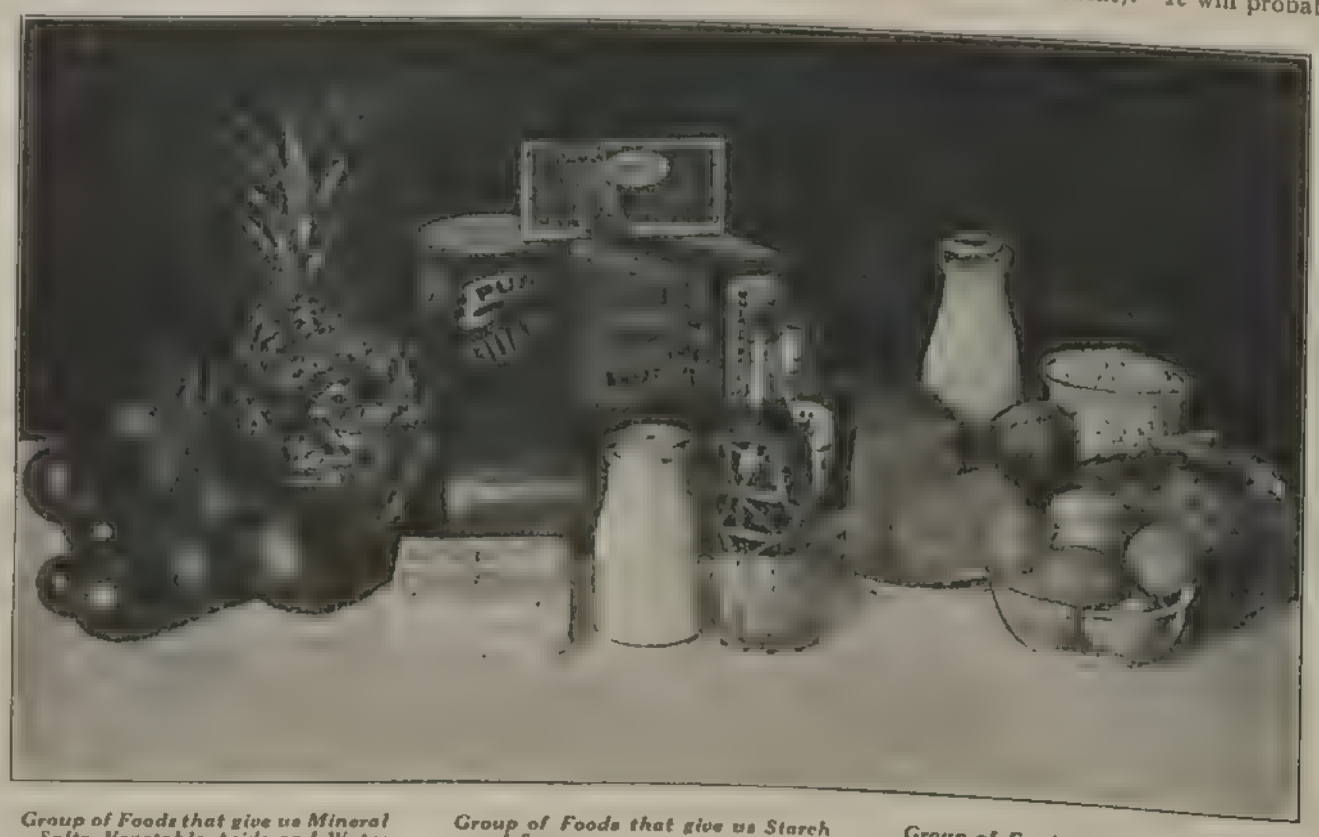
3. STARCH,—cereal grains, meals, flours, breads, macaroni and other pastes, and cereal breakfast foods.

4. SUGAR,—sugars, honey, molasses, syrups, fruits (raw, preserved and dried) candies, cakes, and desserts.

5. FATS,—butter, cream, lard, manufactured shortenings, oils, bacon and fats of meats.

BODY BUILDERS FIRST

"A NEW body every seven years," we used to be told; and wondered, as children, if we should be quite sure to recognize each other!



Group of Foods that give us Mineral Salts, Vegetable Acids and Water—Body Regulators.
Egg Plant, Pineapple, Cabbage, Tomatoes, Apples, Lemons, Oranges.

Group of Foods that give us Starch and Sugar:
Cereals, Breads, Honey, Potatoes.

Group of Foods that give us Fats:
Butter, Cream, Olive Oil.

Group of Foods that give us Protein:
Milk, Beans, Meat, Cheese, Eggs.

EACH OF THESE GROUPS SHOULD BE REPRESENTED EVERY DAY, BY SELECTIONS FROM THE FOODS ILLUSTRATED, OR THOSE IN THE MORE COMPLETE LISTS

Growth and the constant wearing out of our body tissues, make it very necessary that we have enough of those foods which build and rebuild for us—the foods that are rich in protein.

We meet the term so often, nowadays, that we are rapidly getting to the point where the mere mention of protein suggests certain familiar foods.

But should these make up the chief part of our meals?

By no means! Like the philosophical man who said "I want in life but little, but want that little much!" we don't require a great deal of protein, but what we do need, we need greatly!

From 10 to 15 per cent.—measured in calories—of our total food should be protein; the remaining 85 to 90 per cent. should be carbohydrates (starches and sugar) and fats—the starches leading, fats second and sugar third in amounts.

The mineral matter that we need, is not measured in calories, so we must be sure that there are plenty of fruits, vegetables and others of group 2, in the daily diet.

And always, plenty of water—it aids digestion and other body processes and is important to the blood and the muscles.

MEALS FOR THE DAY

SO when we come to select the foods for the day's menus, we must have particular regard for the class in which each belongs.

Each meal will have its protein, its starches and sugar, its fats, and always a fair supply of the foods that supply minerals, and the so-necessary vitamines—those mysterious little constituents that are all-important to our health and vigor and which are abundant in most of the uncooked foods.

BREAKFAST,—Fruit, somewhere in the morning meal—either to begin with, or with the cereal or at the end of the meal; cereals in some form—porridge, or breakfast food, or fried mush, or gems and the necessary protein—in plenty of milk and usually an egg, some fish or a light meat dish. The fats will be in the butter, in such cereals as oat and corn meals, or wheat foods and in cream or top milk.

LUNCHEON,—If luncheon consists of a good stock or cream soup, a salad that will supply the fresh fruits or vegetables needed, and muffins or biscuits, with something hot to drink, it will supply all your body's needs. There are many little made-up dishes too—using small left-overs of fish ormeat; egg dishes; macaroni or rice dishes—that with something green, or a fruit dessert, ring the changes pleasantly.

DINNER,—The wisest plan for dinner is to build, front-wards and backwards, from your central dish—your meat course (or whatever you may substitute for meat). It will probably be rich in protein. Plan, therefore, to have your soup (if you are serving one) vegetables and sweet, to take in each of the other groups in the proportion in which they are important.

Planning meals with one eye on the "mind-pictures," in which the foods are so clannishly grouped, has some very concrete advantages.

It prevents wrong substitutions and equally wrong overlappings. We see that cereals in the morning and sweets at night, will never make fruits superfluous; we see that soups made from beans or peas, and dishes with plenty of cheese or eggs in them, are splendid for the meal that has no meat course, but overdo things a bit, if served along with meats.

And when economy enters and we do some cutting-down on our old-time generous marketing-lists, we see to it that all the economizing does not fall on one group—we spread it, so that all the essential food-stuffs are still represented in our family diet. Cutting out fresh fruits or milk would be emphatic extravagance—when the cost in health and well-being is computed.

Some of us have our very personal needs in the matter of diet. We may want to reduce our weight or to tip the scales ten pounds higher. How valuable a knowledge that will point the way to either change without making a martyr of one's friends, one's cook and one's self! If fattening foods are an unwise indulgence, they must be offset by careful adherence to the lean of meat, and plenty of fruit and vegetables. If a "pleasing plumpness" is the desire of your heart, do not exclude fruits and vegetables—you need them. But drink whole milk and eat starchy foods and plenty of oil on your salads.

The ready grouping of foods will assist in the marketing, too—it becomes second nature, in no time, to see that each division gets its fair share of attention—and orders!

SUCH PLEASANT FINDINGS

WHEN you have chosen, a little carefully, representative foods from each of these important groups, you will note the happiest results:

Less food—and better fed family!
Less money—and a better pleased family!

Isn't it an ideal result?

We always like to win our own approval too—we women who are putting the best of our thought and our strength into the daily routine.

There is no better tonic than the knowledge of doing well the part that is given us.

So, when we see our families thriving on our well-balanced thoughtfully-planned meals, and, when we know that we have at the same time made a front-line advance on woman's pet enemy, the High Cost of Living—we may well give ourselves an occasional, *very private*, little pat of approval.

They Shall Not Pass

The Immortal Cry of Canada at the Second Battle of Ypres

The defence of Ypres following the first ghastly gas attack April 22, 1915, exalts all history. By it our men were transfigured and the undying, imperishable Soul of Canada revealed.

In the name of these Heroes of Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy, Vimy Ridge, Lens, The Somme, Verdun---aye and the Deathless "Old Contemptibles"---we beseech you, Women of Canada, to Dedicate Yourselves and Your Families to War Service by signing the Food Service Pledge.

The sacrifice is not great. We merely want you to substitute other foods for part of the white bread, beef and bacon your family now eat.

"What follows almost defies description. The effect of these poisonous gases was so virulent as to render the whole of the line held by the French Division practically incapable of any action at all.

The Stand of the Canadians

"The left flank of the Canadian Division was thus left dangerously exposed to serious attack in flank, and there appeared to be a prospect of their being overwhelmed and of a successful attempt by the Germans to cut off the British troops occupying the salient to the East.

"In spite of the danger to which they were exposed the Canadians held their ground with a magnificent display of tenacity and courage; and it is not too much to say the bearing and conduct of these splendid troops averted a disaster which might have been attended with the most serious consequences."

From
Sir John French's Seventh Dispatch,
General Headquarters
15th June, 1915

Thou Shalt Not Want

The Undying Pledge of Canada's Mothers to Her Sons

When baking use one-third oatmeal, corn, barley or rye flour. Or, order some brown bread from your baker each day.

Substitute for beef and bacon such equally nutritious foods as fish, peas, lentils, potatoes, nuts, bananas, etc.

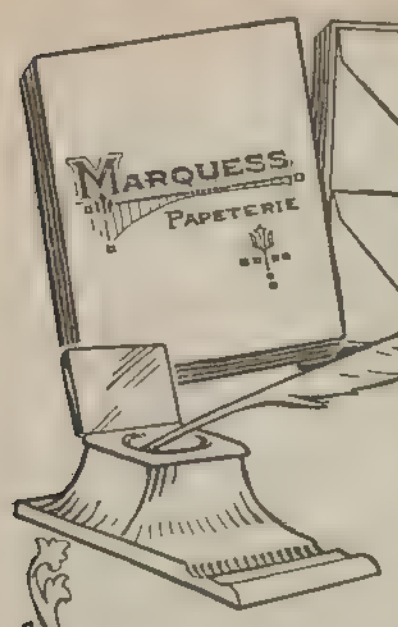
Third, and this is most important---positively prevent the waste of a single ounce of food in your home.

A Food Service Pledge and Window Card has been or will be delivered to you. The Pledge is your Dedication to War Service---The Window Card is your Emblem of Honour.

Sign the one and display the other.

Sign and Live Up to Your Food Service Pledge

Women's Auxiliary Organization Resources of Committee, in Co-operation with the Hon. W. J. Hanna, Food Controller



MARQUESS
Papeteries

There is a distinctive tone about

Marquess Papeteries

which appeals to the woman of refinement.

The paper is of the finest quality and the envelopes have an exclusive appearance which conveys a pleasing impression.

Supplied in white only.

Ask your stationer for a box.

Brantford, Winnipeg. **Barber-Ellis** Limited. Toronto. Canada. Calgary, Vancouver

McCormick's JERSEY CREAM Sodas

All soda biscuits are food, but McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas are highest in food values as well as best in freshness.

If you could take a trip through our new, snow-white, sunshine Factory—the largest and most modern in Canada—and see the care, cleanliness and skill with which these delicious biscuits are made, you would understand why they are so supremely good and satisfying.

Order a package from your grocer to-day.

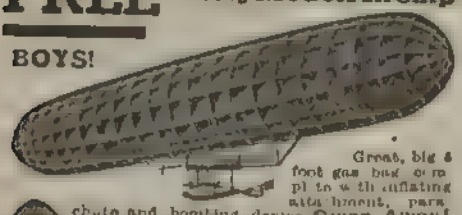
THE McCORMICK MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED

General Offices and Factory: London, Canada. Branch Warehouses: Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary Port Arthur, St. John, N. B.

Makers also of McCormick's Fancy Biscuits 74

FREE Army Model Airship

BOYS!



Great, big 4 foot gas bag complete with inflating attachment, parachute and bombing device **Given Away!** Looks like a real airship in the air. If you ever get down, an easy to recover. Any live boy or girl can easily win it. Send to-day for $4 worth of great, big beautifully colored pictures to sell at 10 and 15 cents each, showing patriotic pictures, thrilling battle scenes, immortalizing the heroes at the front, also superb sacred and art pictures. Every one a perfect work of art—they sell so easily, you just show them and take the money. Frank Godin, Freshwater, Que., says, "I sold 20 pictures in ½ an hour. Send me $5 worth more." You can do the same! Then send us the $4 and we will immediately send your airship, postpaid. Don't wait—order now, be first in your town to own a real airship.

The Empire Art Co., Dept. 4B Toronto, Ont.

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS

There is no better way to pay your out-of-town accounts.

Get them in all Dominion Express offices and Canadian Pacific Railway stations.

$5.00 costs 3 cents.

Get One FREE

New COAL OIL Light Beats Electric or Gasoline

10 Days FREE—Send No Money

We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern white light in your own home ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Passed by Insurance Underwriters. Children handle easily. Tests by Government and 35 leading Universities show that the new ALADDIN

BURNS 70 HOURS ON ONE GALLON

common coal oil, no odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, won't explode. Over three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Won Gold Medal at Panama Exposition. Greatest invention of the age. Guaranteed.

$1000 Reward will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new Aladdin in every way (details of offer given in our circular). We want one user in each locality to whom we can refer customers. To that person we have a special introductory offer to make, under which one lamp is given free. Write quick for our 10 Day Free Trial Offer and learn how to get one free, all charges prepaid. Yours FREE

Yours FREE

MANTLE LAMP COMPANY, 300 Aladdin Building, MONTREAL

Largest Coal Oil Mantle Lamp House in the World

Men With Rigs or Autos Make $100 to $300 Per Month

Our trial delivery plan makes it easy. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes, "I sold 61 the first seven days." Christensen says: "Have never seen an article that sells so easily." Norring, Ia., says: "92% of homes visited bought." Phillips says: "Every customer becomes a friend and booster." Kemerling says, "No flowery talk necessary. Sells itself." Thousands who are coining money endorse the ALADDIN just as strongly. NO MONEY REQUIRED. We furnish stock to get started. Sample sent prepaid for 10 days' free trial and given absolutely without cost when you become a distributor. Ask for our distributor's plan. State occupation, age, whether you have rig or auto; whether you can work spare time or steady; when can start; townships most convenient for you to work in.

THE FINER WAY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

JACK had been ailing with a series of colds, and the doctor had strongly recommended a fortnight on the south coast. That had been utterly out of her power to compass, and now Jack's pale peaky little face rose and upbraided her. And it was not as if she did not like and admire the man who only longed to take care of her and Jack. She had never seen a man she liked better, nor one to whom she would more willingly have entrusted herself. But it was not as when she found Walter wanting her. There could be no other like Walter, and yet Walter as he lay dying, had hoped that she would marry again. Indeed, she had promised him that. Of all the voices that urged her there was only one that rang dissentient. Her sister Margaret, who lived with her here in the flat had said, "Don't unless you are sure!" But in the chorus, now ringing in her ears, that dissentient voice—indeed it could hardly be called dissentient: it was only cautious—was no longer heard. And this morning she had promised to marry Lord Evesham. Such was the ground-work of question and answer that formed her self-catechism this evening.

LORD EVESHAM was of course a frequent visitor to the dear little flat, or the poky little flat, and in a quiet unobtrusive manner he instantly took her affairs in hand. It was time, for instance, to arrange that Willie should go to school in September, it was time also that he should be entered for Winchester a couple of years later. Then there was Jack to be thought of, and he had ventured without consulting Elinor at all about it, to take a small furnished house for her and the boys on the South Coast for the next three weeks. He felt sure Elinor would like to be alone with them, but perhaps she would let him come down for a Sunday; he would not come without her express invitation, and if she did not want him she need not ask him. But she must spare a couple of hours, if she could to-day or to-morrow, to look at some rooms in Evesham House, which he thought she would like. They looked over the Park, and had been his mother's rooms, but they required redecorating. Could she come to-day? Decorators were so slow, and after all they had only a couple of months in which to do their work.

Elinor gave a little start when he said that. He was sitting by her side on the sofa, and instinctively but unconsciously she moved an inch away from him. But as soon as she had done that, she knew that she had done it, and put her hand through his arm.

"You are much too good to me," she said. "I never heard of so many nice plans."

She felt his arm tremble a little under her touch.

"You must never say I am too good to you, my dear," he said.

"But you are. You think of everything I can want."

He kissed her hand, as it lay in the crook of his arm.

"And what of you who are giving me the only thing in the world, or all the world, whichever way you like to put it?"

He rose to go: his motor had already been waiting some minutes to take him to some directors' meeting.

"I wish I didn't hate leaving you so much," he said. "But if I didn't I suppose I shouldn't count the minutes till I see you again. Then may I fetch you after lunch to see the rooms, and tell me exactly what you want done?"

He bent to kiss her.

"My dear, I pray God I shall make you happy," he said.

A FEW days after this, Elinor went down with her sister and her two boys to the house outside Seaford, which Lord Evesham had taken for her. The fickle English spring had turned faithful for once, and golden day succeeded golden day. On the high bare downs that fringed the white cliffs, the old grey grass of winter became hourly more bright with the upthrusting of the new growth, and over it larks shot up carolling till they became an invisible song against the glitter of the sky. Inland the woods were vocal with mating birds, and flocks of daffodils, like sunlight settling on the ground starred the open spaces. Jack's white face grew browned by the sea-breezes and the day-long sun, and his legs that dragged and ached along the Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens, twinkled indefatigably along the warm sea-scented beach. And at first Elinor had no other thoughts than those inspired by the cessation of her poverty-

begotten anxieties. Henceforth all that the children needed would be hers to give: the two boys, Walter's sons and hers, would be cared for and provided for, not only were the petty privations, the penny-countings, the making of a shilling to do the work of two, all things of the past, but a wise and loving man would look after them in a way a woman could never do. There was her mother also; for her no longer (though indeed she was brisk enough yet) there lay in wait the discomforts that gather round old age, which only money can alleviate. And for herself, finally, was the same tender care, and it was for her sake that all those dear to her would be cared for. Relief from all small anxieties lay round her like the serene sunshine of these April days.

But before these three weeks were out, the sunshine began to be barred with strange shadows. She awoke one morning, and recollected with a pang of regret, with a touch almost of terror, that but a week more remained of her sojourn here. Somehow, suddenly and without warning the fact of her approaching marriage stared her in the face with eyes that held reproach and contempt for her, that looked down on her as a cheat . . . And then she remembered also that Lord Evesham was coming down to-day to spend the week-end.

HITHERTO, he had given her nothing from himself except the emerald engagement ring that she wore. But to-night, as they were sitting alone together before bedtime, he pulled a jewel-case from his pocket.

"I've given you nothing yet, my darling," he said. "But do you know why? Simply because there was nothing in my opinion that was worthy of you. But I suppose one has to conform to convention to some extent. That is my excuse for bringing you these pearls. I rather dislike giving you them, do you know?"

There came a sudden stab at Elinor's heart. It was not for the pearls themselves . . . it was for what they stood for. She winced at it, and tried to forget it.

"Ah, but how lovely" she said. "I adore pearls. I adore them so much I felt sure I should never have any. But don't dislike giving me them, please."

"Just baubles: just silly things," said he. "May I put them round your neck?"

"Ah do. And don't remove this particular bauble."

As he fastened it for her, she noticed all sorts of trivial things in the room, knowing that it was of him alone that she should have been conscious. Was it only a quarter past eleven, or had the clock on the chimney-piece stopped? Then she heard it tick. There was a sparkle of fire in the grate, for though the days were so warm and sunny, it got chilly in the evening, and she noticed a little stream of escaping gas that lit itself and went out again. And then she felt his lips on her neck where the pearl clasp came. She gave a little shudder quite involuntarily.

"A goose on my grave," she said laughing. "There'll be a goose in my grave some day."

SHE found herself next day scheming and contriving not to be alone with him, and despising herself for the fancied dexterity with which she managed that either Margaret or the children should always be with her. But love, proverbially blind, is in reality extraordinarily clear-sighted in some respects, and all day he was quietly, intently observing her. And when after dinner, she went upstairs to say goodnight to the children, he quickly took the opportunity of speaking to Margaret.

"Elinor has something on her mind," he said. "Do you know at all what it is?"

Margaret hesistated. In this fortnight by the sea, she too had been observing. Once Elinor had said "Oh, these jolly days: I wish they could go on for ever," and other symptoms light in themselves as straws, all set in the same direction.

"Elinor has said nothing to me," she answered at length.

"Will you do me a great service then? Will you try to find out, and if it concers me—if I can be of any assistance—let me know?"

She met his eye for a moment, and each understood.

"You know what I mean by 'if it concerns me'," he added.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80)

HOUSEHOLD HELPS FOR WINNING THE WAR

Herbert C. Hoover Appeals to Women for Food Conservation.

Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, Food Controller for the United States, with whom Hon. W. J. Hanna, Food Controller for Canada, is working in close harmony, has issued the following card of instructions to housewives:

Win the war by giving your own daily service.

Save the Wheat.—One wheatless meal a day. Use corn, oatmeal, rye or barley bread, and non-wheat breakfast foods. Order bread twenty-four hours in advance, so your baker will not bake beyond his needs. Cut the loaf on the table and only as required. Use stale bread for cooking, toast, etc. Eat less cake and pastry.

Our wheat harvest is far below normal. If each person weekly saves one pound of wheat flour, that means 150,000,000 more bushels of wheat for the allies to mix in their bread. This will help them to save democracy.

Save the Meat.—Beef, mutton or pork not more than once daily. Use freely vegetables and fish at the meal so

HELP WIN THE WAR BY USING CORN

For breakfast, for that after-school hungriness, for tea or Sunday supper, few dishes can be served with so little trouble or such wholesome, appetizing satisfaction as

Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES

Get the original—made from carefully selected southern sweet corn by a strictly Canadian Company in their up-to-date plant at London, Ontario.

Ask for the red, white and green package—the kind Canadian families have been buying for over eleven years. Refuse all substitutes.

ONLY MADE IN CANADA BY

The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited.
Head Office and Factory: London, Ont.

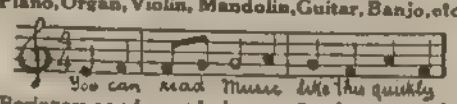
The Queen of Face Powders

Dr. Partin's Face and Healing Powder is a revelation in face powders. Its special healing composition will make the skin smooth and clear. Five shades—white, flesh, mauve, pale lavender and orange. 50c. and $1.00 a box. Free booklet, "The Joy of being Beautiful". Mail your order to-day.

Dr. Partin, Institute de Beaute
Room B, 105 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

MUSIC Taught FREE In Your Home

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895
Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.



Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE booklet which explains everything in full. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Dept. 4 Lakeside Bldg., CHICAGO

Rural Canada

FOR WOMEN

AT LAST! Canadian Women living on farms have now a magazine of their very own. A magazine of helpfulness entertainment, culture, guidance. Send for free sample copy to the—

Continental Publishing Co., Limited
TORONTO CANADA

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste

The All-Around General Cleaner

Let Redpath Sweeten It —

The mistress of the house is the nation's food dictator. Men wisely leave to her good judgment the selection of their daily food.

Redpath SUGAR

appeals to her good judgment as a food product of undoubted purity—sold in a convenient series of protective packages, from the 2-lb. Carton to the 100-lb. Bag —and with a record for uniform quality that goes back over half a century.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO.,
LIMITED, MONTREAL. 25

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S

IRISH LINEN

World Renowned for Quality & Value

ESTABLISHED in 1870 at BELFAST—the centre of the Irish Linen Industry—they have a fully equipped factory for Damask and Linen Weaving at Banbridge, Co. Down; extensive making-up factories at Belfast; and for the finest work, hand-looms in many cottage homes. The following are examples :—

IRISH TABLE AND BED LINEN. Damask Table Cloths, size 2 x 2 yards, from $1 92 each; 2 x 2½ yards, from $2 14 each; 2½ x 3 yards, from $6 72 each Damask Table Napkins, to match, from $2 56 per dozen. Linen Sheets, size 3 x 3 yards, from $11 48 per pair. Pillow Cases, size 19 x 30 inches, from $1 08 per pair. Embroidered Linen Bedspreads, from $7 44 each. Embroidered Linen Pillow Shams, from $1 15 each. Hemstitched Linen Huck Towels, from $4 68 per dozen.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS —Ladies' Linen Hemstitched, from $1 52 per dozen. Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from $1 80 per dozen. Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched, from $2 14 per dozen. Khaki Handkerchiefs $0 50 to 1 66 per dozen.

IRISH COLLARS AND SHIRTS—Our celebrated Linen-faced Castle Collars in every size and shape, $1 56 per dozen. White Shirts, for dress or day wear, from $1 38 each. Oxford or Zephyr Shirts, from $1 18 each. Mercerised Twill, from $0 94 each. Cellular, $1 08. Medium Weight Flannel, $1 42 and $1 66. Ceylon Summer Weight Flannel, $1 18. Heavy Winter Weight, all wool, $2 28 each. Size 14½ to 16½ inches in stock.

By Appointment

To their Majesties the King and Queen.

Illustrated Price Lists & Samples sent post free to any part of the world. Special care and personal attention devoted to Colonial & Foreign Orders.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.
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BELFAST, IRELAND.

Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

You Can Have Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes by applying LASH BROW INE nightly. It nourishes the eyebrows and lashes, causing them to grow long, thick and luxuriant, adding wonderfully to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. LASH-BROW INE is guaranteed pure and harmless preparation used successfully by thousands. Send 25c and we will mail you LASH BROW INE and our beauty booklet prepaid in plain sealed cover. Beware of worthless imitations.

Maybell Laboratories, 4008K Indiana Ave., Chicago

Be A Nurse

Earn $15 to $25 per week

The nurses are taking up this course in respected vocation. Offers our graduates special advantages. Excellent income. Any woman of ability can learn under our simple, perfected system.

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[illegible] 1902 is endorsed by [illegible] Perkins the founder, who personally instruct you, assures thorough training yet saves a lot of time. Low tuition, easy monthly payments. Send for 32 lesson pages and large illustrated catalog today—ALL FREE. Do it now. Write now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, Est. 1902, 116-H Michigan Boulevard, South, Chicago

THE FINER WAY

(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)

IT was on the last night of their stay at Seaford that there broke from Elinor all that which for weeks had troubled and tormented her. Quite trivial talk had been passing between the sisters when suddenly Elinor got up and with face hidden in her hands leaned on the chimney-place.

"I must tell somebody," she said. "Someone must know what I am feeling. I can't feel it all alone any longer. I like, I admire, and respect Arthur more than any man I know, and yet I look forward to our marriage with dread. What am I to do?"

"Tell him," said Margaret at once.

"I can't. To begin with I have promised, and also I can't deprive the boys of all that my marriage will mean to them. Surely I may do it for love of them. Perhaps you can't understand that; how should you, not having had children? I wouldn't go back; if I had to make my choice all over again, I should choose again, as I have chosen. You can't help me; I don't want to be helped. But . . . for some reason I wanted you to know. There are some things which would be intolerable, if anybody knew them, but there are some which are intolerable, unless somebody knows them."

"Tell him," said Margaret again.

She made a gesture of impatience.

"You don't understand, then," she said.

HE met them at the London station on their arrival in town next day, and as they walked across the platform to the motor, he had just two words with Margaret.

"Have you anything to tell me?" he asked, looking straight in front of him.

"Yes"

He walked a couple of paces in silence.

"Is it what I thought?" he asked again.

Margaret felt no hesitation whatever in replying.

"Yes," she said.

For one second he turned his head to her.

"Ah, poor darling," he said.

NEXT morning Elinor received a note brought by hand and marked "private." It ran thus:

"My dearest Elinor,

"I come to you with a miserable message, which I will state as shortly as possible. I ask you to release me from our engagement, for I feel that I have no right to marry you. To state my reason would be exceedingly painful to you as well as to me and I merely ask you to take my word that it is a final and cogent reason.

"I have behaved abominably to you, and the only reparation I can possibly make is that you should allow me to provide for your children in the manner which I had meant to do. You can shew your forgiveness in this way and in no other. I have no excuses to offer, and only the statement that I am not fit to marry you.

"I shall hope to receive your reply during the day.

"Affectionately yours,

"Lyvsham."

"Percy's Puzzled" Winners

Just a peep into the judges' sanctum where Miss MacMahon, Mr. Cantlon and Mr. Furness are deciding upon the winners in the "Percy's Puzzled!" Contest, brought forth the information that the task is a weighty one, and consequently not quite completed.

However, before the next issue is published, the winners will have been selected, and notified of their success, and the Ford Touring Car disposed of to its new owner.

We will, therefore, publish a complete list of the winners in the November issue.

IN spite of the increase in the cost of Beef (the raw material of Bovril) there has been

NO INCREASE in the Price of BOVRIL during the War

Spray the poultry house with **Pratts Poultry Disinfectant** and rid the walls, nest boxes, roosts and dropping boards of lice and mites. Keeps down bad odors. Kills germs. Prevents disease.

At your Dealer's in 1 gal., ½ gal. and 1 qt. cans.

Write NOW for PRATTS new book, "Poultry Wrinkles." It's FREE.

PRATT FOOD CO., of CANADA, Ltd., 68D Claremont St., Toronto.

P-15

They die outdoors!

No mixing
No Spreading—
No Mess—
No Trouble—
Just crumble up a
Rat Bis-Kit
about the house. Rats will seek it, eat it, die outdoors. Fastest, quickest, cleanest way. Price, 25c. All drug and general stores.

The Rat Biscuit Co. Springfield, Ohio U.S.A.

For roaches and water bugs use Rat Bis-Kit Paste —the new Poison in the Tube — 25c

Girls! Get this Sewing Box IT'S FREE

The prettiest little sewing outfit you ever saw! Contains everything you need for all your sewing. You'll be proud to own this outfit and it **doesn't cost a cent.** The box has a tray divided into six sections containing 4 spools of silk, 2 balls of white cotton thread, one roll of black and one of white tape, card of white buttons, two papers of pins and a pin cushion. Inside the cover are three fancy books of needles and below the tray is a place for your work. The box is covered with leatherette, the top padded has 'Sewing' stamped in silver and fastens with a leather loop. **You get this lovely sewing box without paying a cent** just send $4 worth of **grand, big, beautifully colored** pictures at only 10 and 15c each. **Stirring patriotic** pictures; **thrilling battle scenes;** also superb sacred and art pictures. Every one a **perfect work of art** —they sell so easily you just show them and take the money. R. Adamson, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "I sold 20 pictures in 6 minutes. Please send 20 more." You can do the same! Then send us the $4 and we will immediately send your sewing box, postpaid. **Don't wait—order to-day.**

EMPIRE ART CO., Dept. E.W.8., Toronto, Ont.

LAST CHANCE TO PRESERVE, THIS YEAR

Take full advantage of the delicious Peaches and luscious Pears now on the market — and preserve their goodness in Lantic Sugar, while you have the opportunity.

Don't be misled by such a careless statement as, "Home preserving does not pay." Just figure it out for yourself.

For instance, allowing six ounces of Lantic Sugar to a jar of peaches; adding cost of fruit and fuel; it amounts to LESS THAN HALF THE COST of commercial canned peaches that are anywhere nearly as good as yours.

Even with sugar at 10c a pound, the necessary syrup for a big jar of Pears, costs only "a cent or two"—because Pears require only a very thin syrup. Can you think of a better investment than this?

Don't miss the Peaches and Pears; put up enough to last all winter.

USE

Lantic Sugar

FOR PRESERVING

The "fine" granulation dissolves at once, giving you the full sweetening power of the sugar. The purity of Lantic Sugar insures clear, sparkling syrup.

A Book on Preserving

Another on Cakes and Candies; a third on Desserts; will be sent free for a Red Ball Trademark cut from a Lantic Bag or top panel of a Lantic Carton. This is the most complete collection of Recipes for Sweet Dishes, ever published. Send for it to-day.

ATLANTIC SUGAR REFINERIES LTD.,
Power Building, Montreal.

A DAY OFF—DOING THE EXHIBITION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

LIKE a portion out of some fairy palaces of the East. But our friends gave out a cursory glance at these and hastened on to an inner room wherein was enshrined a collection of Canadian etchings, photographs, and sketches. Here she lingered looking about her, until her eye was caught by a small figure of Eve, holding the apple in her hands and glancing, half affrighted, across her shoulder at the spectators At once his wife seized "Henry" by the elbow and conveyed him outside the room with neatness and despatch.

"I shall lay a complaint with the Exhibition authorities," she said hotly. "The idea of allowing such pictures to appear on their walls. Corrupting the minds of innocent people like that! Why, when my Willie joined a designing class," she paused, looking round for an audience to listen to her tale of woe. We murmured sympathetically, and she went sweeping on." The first thing they gave him to draw was a female, going in swimming. Aphrodite, I think they called her. I took him away at once and told them what I thought of them for putting such objects before children. The idea!"

She was so carried away by her righteous indignation that she had forgotten all about "Henry," who had disappeared

Perceiving that he was nowhere to be seen, she moved hastily off in search of him, and finding it was growing late, we adjourned to the Manufacturers Building, there to join with many others in making a light tea upon the samples given away by the various manufacturers of food stuffs.

CHIEFLY CRACKERS

THERE is a monotony about such meals. After trying crackers and Ingersoll cheese, crackers and Maclaren cheese, crackers and various pickles, crackers and different jams, several cereals, a hot biscuit, crackers and maple butter and a cup of Postum, our appetite was satiated and we went out into the grounds again to see what we could see.

Here we picked up a small child of our acquaintance who had, so she informed us gleefully, been given "a nickel to get in with and a nickel to spend." The latter she had evidently invested in an ice cream cone, much of which was adhering to her features and was in the act of being removed by what seemed to us an unnaturally elongated tongue.

"Aren't you afraid it will never go back?" we enquired anxiously.

She grinned cheerfully. "Oh, no, I can stretch it ever so much further than that. I can put it right down to the bottom of my chin. Look!" The demonstration looked so dangerous that we promptly bribed her with an offer to take her to any show on the Midway, if she would only refrain, whereupon she proceeded to reduce it to its proper length again and we set forth to find an attraction, but were halted before long at the entrance to the Children's Playground by an imperious "Come in at once. I's the gate-opener."

The "gate-opener" proved to be a delicious dimpled baby boy of about three years old, all yellow curls brown eyes and white knickers. Who could resist such a command? So we passed the gates which closed behind us with great promptitude, but their guardian refused to enter into conversation.

"Go away. I's busy," he said, with a do-not-talk-to-the-man-at-the-wheel air. "Go and swing *her*," which we promptly proceeded to do while babies of all ages swung and slid and teetered all around us.

THE FASCINATING MIDWAY

WHEN the fascination of the playground had palled, we set out once more for the Midway, pausing only for our small charge to drink from every bubbling fountain on the way. Presently we were swallowed up in the crowd of all ages and sizes that were passing along that popular thoroughfare. Here even the person who is destitute and penniless may be sure of finding entertainment, for does not each tent run a small free show at its doors in order to call attention to the excellence of the performance inside? Are there not two of the smallest and most delightful of ponies outside one show, for small hands to feed and caress—ponies that meet all advances by rubbing coaxing, velvety noses against your cheek and can answer all sorts of abstruse mathematical problems correctly?

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 32)

BUY Hallam GUARANTEED FURS
BY MAIL DIRECT FROM TRAPPER TO YOU

No matter where you live, you can obtain the latest styles and the highest quality in Fur sets or garments from Hallam's by mail. All Hallam garments are high quality Furs—yet can be obtained by you direct by mail at lower prices than elsewhere for the same quality—every Hallam garment is guaranteed

Why We Can Sell at Such Low Prices

Because, in the first place, we buy our skins direct from the Trapper, and sell direct to you for cash, saving you a great share of the middlemen's profits—high store rent—bad accounts—salesman's salaries. Then you are sure of satisfaction when you buy by mail from Hallam. You see the articles in your own home and can examine them without interference—if the goods do not please YOU in any way—you can simply send them back AT OUR EXPENSE, and we will cheerfully return your money—you are not out one cent—we are thus compelled to give extra good value, as we cannot afford to have goods returned.

The articles illustrated in this advertisement are fair samples of Hallam's great values and will be sent promptly on receipt of price.

1506—Driving Coat of Fine Muskrat, 45 inch length, beautifully designed. Skins are of fine quality; even, dark colors, carefully matched, and workmanship is faultless. Lined with heavy guaranteed brown satin—new style collar, which can be worn as a high Chin-chin or flat as in small illustration. Finished at waist line with half belt. In sizes 32 to 42 bust. $75.00, delivered to you.

1686—Handsome Manchurian Wolf Set. Newest design, made from fine, jet black silky skins. The large stole is in two skin style, wide across the back and shoulders—trimmed with heads, tails and paws. Muff is large and comfortable, made over soft down bed—has wrist cord and is trimmed with head and tail—lined with corded silk poplin. Exceptional value. $13.50 per set, delivered to you.

1508—Muff to match in new melon shape (as illustrated), or in pillow style, $11.50, delivered to you.

1507—Hat to match, silk lined. $7.50, delivered to you.

FREE

A beautifully illustrated Fur Style Book—giving advance information on furs and fur fashions and containing 125 illustrations of up-to-date Furs and Fur Garments. All these illustrations are photographs of living people—thus showing how the Furs REALLY appear; it shows Furs for every member of the family.
Don't fail to send for this book TO-DAY—it is now ready for mailing and will be sent as requests are received.

HALLAM'S 1917-18 FUR STYLE BOOK

Don't forget to send for Hallam's Style Book today—it's FREE—Address, using the number as below.

John Hallam Limited
833 Hallam Building TORONTO
The largest in our line in Canada.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
BUT YOUR NOSE!

In this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "TRADOS" (Model 22) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 852 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.

HORROCKSES

are

Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers

with experience and reputation of over a century and a quarter. As they have always maintained the reputation of producing

the very best

you may rely on all goods which bear their name on the selvedge.

For information as to the nearest store where procurable, apply to agent, John E. Ritchie, 591 St. Catherine St., West, Montreal.

What Did Little Mary Plant?

What vegetables do these pictures represent?

TELL US AND

Win a Motor Car, Piano, Pony Bicycle, Phonograph

Range, Watch, Sewing Machine Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Little Mary did National Service Work this year—had her own garden What did she plant in it? The pictures tell you! Put your wits to work, and make out the secrets of the pictures! Those who send us correct or near correct, answers qualify for these

BIG PRIZES

1st prize 1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, completely equiped—Electric self-starter, electric lights, speedometer, etc.; value **$750**

2nd prize—Sweet-toned Ennis Piano; value **$350**

3rd prize—Lovable Shetland Pony and Cart; value **$100**

4th prize—Gilson Gas Engine (or cash)

5th prize—Famous Clare Bros. High Oven Range (or cash)

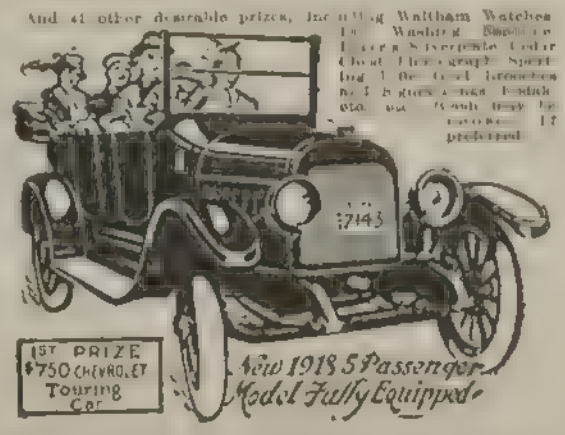
6th prize—Singer Sewing Machine (or cash)

7th prize—Standard Cream Separator

8th prize—Hoosier Beauty Kitchen Cabinet (or cash)

9th prize—High Grade Bicycle (or cash)

And 41 other desirable prizes, including Waltham Watches for Men, Washing Machines, Electric Irons, Kitchen Cabinets, Gramophones, Sporting Goods, Cornet, Trombone, Bicycles, Kodaks, etc. (Cash may be substituted for any prize preferred)

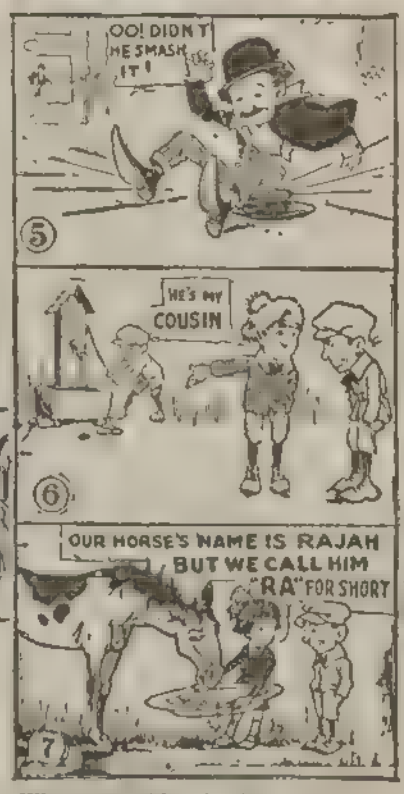


MARK this interesting Contest your entertainment for these autumn evenings. Let all the family try to solve the pictures. Remember that every qualifying contestant gets a fine reward, or cash; and stands a chance to win, in addition, one of the fine Big Prizes—perhaps the Chevrolet Touring Car. Send your entry now—get in first!

Big Complete Prize List Sent Free.

Address Solutions to

The Contest Editor, RURAL CANADA . No. 1 Continental Building, Toronto



What vegetables do these pictures represent?

YOU WILL BE PAID A REWARD OR CASH

EVERY qualified contestant will receive surely a valuable reward or cash, as may be preferred (send for list) for introducing the new magazine, **Rural Canada** for Women, to some of your friends and neighbors. These rewards, or cash, are *in addition* to the Big Prizes which may be won

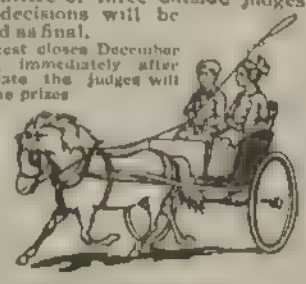
So begin right now to solve the puzzling pictures. Tell us what Little Mary planted in her garden

To help you get rightly started. Picture No. 1 is Cauliflower (Call-eye-flow er); and picture No. 8 is Beets (Bee ets) So you see how to study the pictures. Can you get them all right? Try!

RULES

Please observe these simple rules:

1. Write on only one side of the paper
2. Put your answers on one sheet of paper, with your full name and address (stating Mr. or Mrs. or Miss), in the upper right-hand corner. Anything other than this must be written on a separate sheet. Remember only those over 10 years may compete.
3. Qualified entries will be judged by a committee of three outside judges whose decisions will be accepted as final.
4. Contest closes December 27, 1917, immediately after which date the judges will award the prizes



3rd Prize Value $100

NO MONEY REQUIRED TO ENTER

YOU do not have to pay a cent, or buy anything, to enter this interesting contest, and to qualify for one of the Big Prizes. All you have to do is to send in your answers. Then you will be promptly told how correctly you have solved the pictures and whether you have qualified for an opportunity to win the Big Prizes (full list on request). Also you will receive post free a copy of "RURAL CANADA for Women," the new magazine for women, and will be asked to show your copy to some of your rural friends or neighbours, to make them acquainted with it and interested in it.

The Prizes will be awarded to the duly qualified contestants whose entries have the greatest number of correct or nearly correct, names, which are considered by the judges to be the neatest and best written (proper spelling, punctuation, etc.

The Competion is open to all persons over 10 years of age, men and women, boys and girls. All members of a family or household may compete, but not more than one prize will be awarded any family or household

So send along your entry and try for one of the 9 big prizes. YOU may win the $750 car or the piano, or the pony.

2nd Prize Value $350

A DAY OFF—DOING THE EXHIBITION

And is there not a band which plays wild music while gaily clad ladies dance and sing, and a small monkey sits on a post and stretches wistful little paws to the passers by for gifts of chocolate and peanuts?

Yet our small friend passes all these attractions in favour of a ride on the merry-go-round, whose gaily painted horses not only revolve rapidly to shrill music, as do those of the common or garden merry-go-round, but prance wildly up and down and demand skilled horsemanship to control their fiery spirits.

She gets her ride and goes away happy, while we proceed to visit Tiny Tim, the smallest and most unamiable horse in the world. He is an old frequenter of the Midway, but his temper does not improve with age. Neither does his appearance—he looks each year, more like an unprepossessing Mexican burro than ever, and receives all advances with a disgusted grunt, only softening a little when we produce a large red apple, which he chews mournfully into fragments, receiving our pats meanwhile with a cynical patience He is not in a conversational mood, so we leave him and go on to visit the electric lady and the other weird phenomena that dwell in her tent and whom we ourselves should find exceedingly unpleasant companions. But then the electric lady's habit of suddenly giving forth a shower of blue sparks must make her also at times difficult to live with, so we suppose that things are pretty even.

The beautiful female who lives in the den of snakes is very kind to us, and lets us wind her pets round our arms and neck and points out their beauties in quite an animated manner. She has a brother at the war she tells us and so far he has not been touched. "But that's too good to last," she remarks pessimistically and answers our cheerful prognostications with unbelieving sniffs, so we return to the topic of her pets. No, she never was afraid of them, nor her mother before her. She guesses it comes natural to like them. She couldn't see why people hated them so. Didn't we think they were beauties?

As we looked at the rich coloring of their skins and the symmetry of the smooth slim bodies we quite agreed with her, but a glance at the cold, lidless, inhuman eyes made us understand the general horror of mankind for the serpent. They are uncanny creatures at best with their sinuous, silent movements and weaving tongues. We wished her good luck and left her to her meditations, with one great bull snake coiled lovingly round her neck.

THE WANING LIGHTS

BY this time it was growing dark and lights were twinkling out all over the grounds. The great fountain gleamed ghostly through the darkness, a pillar of shifting silver, and the melodious tinkling of the water mingled pleasantly with the sound of voices and children's feet hurrying towards the Grand Stand for the evening performance. When we reached our seat the Grand Stand was already packed to its utmost holding capacity and little squeals of laughter could be heard at the antics of clown and acrobat and Japanese juggler. The fat policeman was greeted with thunders of applause, and when the Indian choir sang the "Songs of the Sixties," many a voice in the audience joined in the familiar words. Wild clapping greeted the spirited Musical Artillery Drive and the various military manoeuvres that followed and when the last fireworks had died away in stars of gold and crimson and green, it was a tired and happy crowd that sauntered through the breezing night to the great gates and passed out into the quiet streets where from every roof top the cats of the city were chanting the requiem of another year's Canadian National Exhibition.

FRIENDSHIP'S GIFT - - - $1.00

GIVE your rural woman friend a magazine as a gift of good will. Give her **RURAL CANADA** for **Women**—a monthly magazine fascinatingly interesting, helpful in a hundred ways, adding comfort, encouragement, culture and ease to the life of women. The price is $1 a year. A small sum to spend on your friend, out of all proportion to the worth of the gift.

Send remittance and your friend's address to the publishers; address—

RURAL CANADA, No. 1 Continental Building, Toronto.

The crowning touch

—to a beautiful costume, is a pair of white kid gloves.

But they must be *absolutely clean.* As clean always as when new.

To send them constantly to a dry-cleaning shop will soon wear out even the best kid.

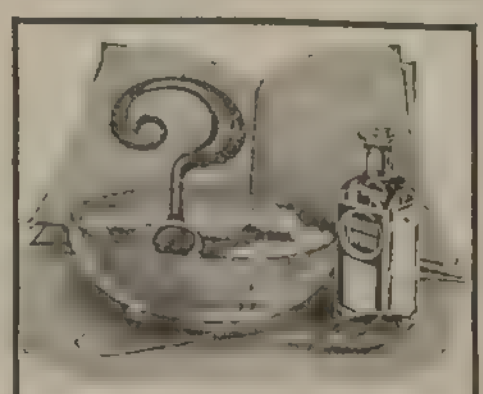
Do it yourself with a little

CARBONA Cleaning Fluid

Use it day or night

—it cannot explode

15c.—25c.—50c.—$1.00 bottles. At all druggists



Flavor It With

Crescent Mapleine

"The Golden Flavour"

This is the new—the popular flavor. Staple as lemon or vanilla. Already used in 1,000,000 homes. No other flavor is as rich—none as economical. A few drops go as far as a teaspoon of other flavorings. Don't let another day pass without knowing its goodness. Use just enough—too much makes foods too rich. 2 oz. bottle, 50c. Send carton top and 4c for Mapleine Cook Book. **CRESCENT MFG. CO., Dept. C.W., 25 Front St. East, Toronto, Canada.**

In Good Company

His height was only five feet, but he had a great, big heart in his little body, and consequently when the recruiting officer turned him down he was more than a little upset.

"Wot's the matter about me 'ight?" he queried, crossly. "Lord Roberts, 'e was no bigger nor me!"

"Oh, I know that," answered the recruiting officer, with a smile. "But then, you must remember that Lord Roberts was a Field-Marshal!"

"Well," retorted the other, indignantly, "wot abart it? I don't mind joining that lot!"

THE LATEST METHOD

of grafting skin over a severe burn or scald is by the Zam-Buk process Zam-Buk contains herbal ingredients that literally grow new skin. How much safer, simpler and cheaper than the old method, which was by surgery!

Mrs. George Currie, of 194 Waterloo Ave., Guelph, Ont., writes: "My baby sustained a very severe burn, and although he received medical attention for eight weeks, he got very little better. Finally the doctor told me that skin would have to be grafted.

"Meantime I had heard of Zam-Buk and decided to try it first. This soothing balm soon drew out the inflammation, and in a short time I could notice a great improvement. New skin began to form, and in three weeks' time the burn was quite healed over, without having to resort to surgery."

Zam-Buk is equally good for cuts and bruises, as well as for eczema, old sores, blood-poisoning and piles. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 50c. box, 3 for $1.25.

Zam-Buk

HORLICK'S

Malted Milk for the Home

A nourishing food-drink for All Ages. Anywhere at anytime. Delicious, sustaining. No cooking.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I don't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't all right and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

Our "Gravity" demonstrator gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, *before they pay for them*, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a free power, quick!

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

State whether you prefer a washer to operate by Hand, Engine Power, Water or Electric Motor. Our Free Book is very complete and cannot be fully described in a single booklet.

Better address me personally.

F. W. MORRIS, Mgr.,

"1900" Washer Company

357 YONGE ST. - - - TORONTO

We Nominate as Leading Woman in Alberta—Nellie McClung

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

ACTION, they will be the most potent influence that there is in the country to keep political parties sensitive to public opinion, there is a growing feeling in favor of independence in political matters which the advent of women who also possess open minds will greatly augment.

"The greatest force to-day to impel politicians to act is the impact of public opinion, and it is in the formation of this that women will find the field of their activity. I hope, I like to think of women forming their own opinions uncontaminated by party hypothesis, and refusing to swallow a ready-made policy.

The second question read: "If they do not identify themselves with the political parties, how can they take any part in putting forward parliamentary candidates, and in determining platforms?" And Mrs. McClung expressed herself in reply as follows:

"I am not worried about the absence of women in the caucus when the candidates are being picked out, for, if all we hear is true, there are many men absent too, and the selection is made by an inside ring, the rank and file of the party having nothing to do with it. If the women will remain independent, there is not the slightest danger of any party electing a candidate who will not be favored by women. All parties will be thinking of that great body of independent voters when they are making their choice, and will choose accordingly."

IN reply to question 3, "What do you consider the best method of organized study of political problems?" Mrs. McClung said:

"Attendance at political meetings, all kinds, close reading of newspapers, particularly those of independent thought. Meetings where special themes are presented and freely discussed. We need more light and less heat in all our political discussion, and this seems to be a good time to inaugurate a campaign of free-speaking, combined with a large charity which assumes that all men, even politicians, are honest until they are proven otherwise. A greater use made of our newspapers to give information to women along political lines; I even have a vision of a good day when the woman's page will not deal solely with descriptions of women's dresses and recipes for taking stains out of table linen, but will aim at guiding the thoughts of women in the direction of better citizenship. It has come already in many places, and then women are measuring up well to their responsibilities."

MRS. McCLUNG'S fearless independence has won her way for her. Through it she has MADE GOOD. She has been criticized, at times almost laughed at—by her opponents, but she has never resorted to the "mud-slinging" attitude. Some of her gentlemen (?) opponents took refuge in this on several occasions. But Mrs. McClung's belief was always that one could not "sling mud" without be-smirching one's own hands.

Combating the liquor traffic has been one of her life missions. She has not dealt with the subject with kid gloves on. She has put the issue fairly, and squarely to audiences—immense audiences—of which the biggest percentages were men. They went there curious and left convinced. All through the West, Nellie McClung fought "tooth and nail" for prohibition. The impetus she gave the promotion of the cause, extended east, and the *partial* measure now in force in Ontario, may be credited, to a great extent, to her influence.

She had come in contact with the results of the accursed traffic as no man, probably no evangelist had. Because she had had insight into the lives of her fellow-women who had suffered from it. Because she UNDERSTOOD

NELLIE McCLUNG continues to understand. Understanding, she knows how to act. Canada needs women who know how to act—needs them at the head of national affairs. Needs them in the Government.

In every province there is surely a woman who stands out alone, stands through the very fact of her prominence, for all the ideals of womanhood, of modern feminine efficiency, in that province.

In Alberta, we say it is Nellie McClung.

We nominate her as the candidate for that exalted place in the minds of the people of Canada. The most potent factor there, in the betterment of society.

—M. M. M

Keep Your Children Warm

Yet,—

don't overburden them with a lot of heavy clothing.

"Bob Long" Brand of Woollen Teddy Bear Suits are the ideal outdoor suit for little Tots—sensible, stylish and warm.

Sold in all the popular colors, either brushed or plain.

All Merchants from Coast to Coast Can Supply You. If Yours don't Write us direct.

And when you want a Sweater Coat or Jersey for yourself, husband, wife, brother, sister, sweetheart or friend, the woven label of the Bob Long Brand in every garment is the mark of identification that you should go by as your guarantee for quality and honest value.

All Bob Long Brand Garments are made under the most hygenic conditions.

BOB LONG BRAND REGISTERED

Known from Coast to Coast

R. G. Long & Co., Limited

TORONTO, CANADA

MAGIC
BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

Users of this well known article have the assurance that food is made more wholesome and nutritious by its use.

"Magic" is a pure phosphate baking powder, and it is a well known fact that phosphate is a necessary constituent in food, while alum is a dangerous mineral acid.

"Magic" Baking Powder contains no egg albumen or other added ingredient for the purpose of making unfair and deceptive tests which have no value as a constituent of baking powder.

For economy buy the full weight 1-lb. size.

E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

EVEREADY
DAYLO

The light that says
"There it is!"

First Aid behind the First Line constantly calls for Eveready DAYLO.
In the gloom of the dressing station, in the still darkness of the hospital tent, in the interior of the ambulance van moving swiftly through the night, and whenever darkness might hamper the work of mercy, the portable electric light has proven invaluable.
For it combines with the convenience and dependability of *instant* light, the *safety* that makes possible its use anywhere.
There are 77 different styles of Eveready DAYLO—a style for every purpose. Every genuine Eveready DAYLO is fitted with an Eveready TUNGSTEN battery and Eveready Mazda lamp. On sale by the better electrical, hardware, drug, stationery, sporting goods and jewelry stores. Prices from 85c up.

"Don't let your soldier boy go to camp without an Eveready DAYLO—the light that may save his life."

Canadian National Carbon Co.
Limited
Toronto, Ontario

when dressing a wound.

when preparing a sedative

when reading a clinical thermometer

when making an entry on the temperature chart

when the patient wishes to summon the night nurse.

whenever you need light in its safest, most convenient and efficient form, you need an Eveready DAYLO

Mystic Myths for Hallowe'en

ONCE upon a time there were no pea-shooters, no pumpkin-lanterns, no false faces, no mischievous little boys and dressed-up little girls—at least not on the last night in October. That was when the Hallowe'en of to-day meant the "All-hallowed even" of the days gone by—when the night was one of prayer and contemplation. Later, superstitions arose among the less informed and to them the night became one of considerable awe. Witches and ghosts were abroad! Gruesome were the tales that were told at the firesides of the goblins that would get you if you didn't watch out.

The trend of the times has substituted a more frivolous view of Hallowe'en. The superstition provides amusement that is yearly becoming more unique. Despite the unlimited supply of this, the demand arises frequently for "something new."

The most prominent feature in Hallowe'en parties is the absence of formality. The invitations for such can be made very fascinating. Black cats with green eyes, heads fashioned from illustrations of pumpkins, mounted on the cards are most suitable. The wording itself, written backwards, so that it must be read in a mirror adds to the mystery of the event.

The decorations should all "smack" of the occasion. Bats, owls, kettles, skeletons, pumpkins, and witches may be cut out of paper and touched up with brimstone, a few moments before the guests arrive. When the lights are turned down, which must occur sometime throughout the evening, these become demonstrative of the weird. Fish globes, which cost but five or ten cents, make novel decorations when treated as follows. Hold over a lighted kerosene lamp and blacken inside. Draw grotesque faces in them by rubbing off the soot. Light by dropping in an electric bulb, and the result will be weird enough for the bravest.

THE THREAD MAZE

THE thread maze has proven genuine amusement at all times. All over the house, in unusual nooks, tie bows of red and yellow ribbon under which hide two threads which lead from cellar to attic in astoundingly complicated mazes. Of course, at the end a fortune will be found in the shape of a scroll, red for the girls and yellow for the boys. For example, "You will keep a peanut stand and speculate in bananas.—"You are destined to become a man of letters" (letter carrier), etc.

Probably one of the oldest games known is that of melting lead or tinfoil, the shapes assumed by the metal testifying to the fate of the holder. Secure some old tin or iron spoons and some cups of water—one for each guest. Also have a quantity of tinfoil made up in solid little balls about the size of a marble. Let each guest hold this tinfoil and the iron spoon over a gas blaze or the blaze from an alcohol lamp. As soon as the tinfoil is melted, drop it into the cup of cold water, and, when it is cool, which will be in a moment, let each one take the melted foil out and lay it down where all will see. For the young ladies this tells the occupation of the man they will marry; for the young men it foretells what their lifework will be. If the molten metal is perfectly flat, and round it means "banker." If it assumes the shape of a boot it means shoemaker or cobbler. It has sometimes been known to look like a single note of music in which case the man will be a musician, etc. The numberless forms the tinfoil will shape itself into can best be named by the merry-making onlookers when the sport is at its highest.

GHOSTS

THE use of alcohol may have its weird effect as well as brimstone. Place a large dish of alcohol and salt on a table around which the guests are seated. Turn off the lights, and set a match to the alcohol. This gives the faces of all present a ghastly look. Just at this stage have someone enter (a man), covered by a sheet, waving his arms, in view of all. Let him have prepared a brief but "squeamish" ghost story, which he must tell in a sepulchral tone, devoid of all expression. While relating it he should take stealthy movements around the table, now touching one person, now another. If carried out in the right way, there is no ghost game more effective.

Hallowe'en is an ideal time for masquerade parties. The wearing of masks itself lends an air of mystery, and combined with the various other weird customs, is very timely. Costumes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

Canada Needs Nurses
YOU CAN LEARN AT HOME

a call goes forth for women to take up this interesting and fascinating work. It is the need of the hour—both in Canada and for overseas. It gives unlimited scope for your talents and personality. The deadly monotony found in most lines of work is absent here. The frequent changes bring you into constant touch with new conditions of life, new phases of human nature, and new types of cases. Travel, too, is brought within your reach, as frequently nurses accompany health-seekers on trips to various parts of the world.

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The Royal College of Science has a Dominion wide reputation and is the only Canadian institution teaching this course. Hundreds of its graduates are practicing throughout Canada, enjoying respect and financial independence thanks to the thorough ness of the R.C.S. course.

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You will benefit from the study of this course, even as hundreds of others have done through knowledge gained and added earning power. Fill in the coupon below and send it off right away.

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Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

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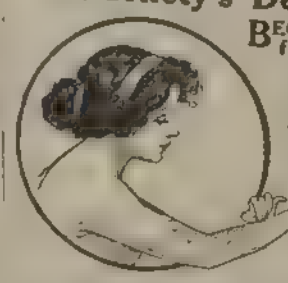

BECAUSE it is perfect in every way, being composed of ingredients that are of the highest purity and quality, and prepared discriminately as well as scientifically; truly a depilatory that will without irritation or unpleasant after-effects remove quickly and safely the most stubborn growth of superfluous hair.

It has brought comfort and cleanliness to thousands and is highly recommended by everyone who has tried it, as it has not a repulsive or nauseating odor like the majority of them.

Money Refunded if not Satisfactory.

A 2 oz bottle of M. TRILETY'S DEPILATORY together with a liberal trial size of M. T.'s Natures Beauty Cream will be sent to you direct from the factories upon receipt of 50 cents.

M. Trilety Toilet Requisites, Dpt. 19 Binghamton, N.Y.

NEED OF THE HOUR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)

hour?"—through sermons that exhort to faithful to the realization of deeper things.

POLITICAL BICKERINGS

"IF our politicians would stop their bickering and get busy as they should, they could help answer many a mother's prayer for her boy at the front," said Rev. Dr. Jas. Henderson, pastor of Eaton Memorial Church, Toronto, in the course of one of his sermons.

The point impressed his hearers as vital. Playing politics is so very much easier than achieving results!

Dr. Henderson struck a different note when he mentioned prayer as the great crying need of the moment—the prayer that asks not for material things but that makes for real communion with God.

"You may know that the sun is shining when you waken in the morning," he says, "but it is only when you open the shutters and let the sunshine flood your room that this knowledge can affect you personally. So it is with real communion with God, it floods the whole life with radiance."

Dr. Henderson concluded his eloquent appeal by quoting Tennyson's—

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day,
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

GETTING CLOSER TO GOD

REV. DR. GEO. C. PIDGEON, of Bloor St. Presbyterian Church, Toronto who will leave soon for overseas service, included among his parting messages of the past few weeks, these words of inspiration.

"A change in the Church's outlook is the great need of the hour a deeper realization of the fundamental needs of mankind. In these days, more than ever before, man's capacity for devotion is shown. It is shown in his devotion to his country and to his country's cause. The Church cannot let the nation get ahead of her in her own particular sphere.

"The great source of enthusiasm must be a *personal* knowledge of God. As it is written in the prophets, 'They must all be taught of God.'

"How may we be taught of God? By God's entry to the individual soul. By an individual awakening to the Divine. St. Augustine's whole life changed when God entered his soul. The lives of Luther and John Wesley show us how the entry of God into the soul kindles a great enthusiasm which results in endless service.

"The individual must realize his lack of a *personal* knowledge of God; once fully realized he will make a most diligent search and seeking he shall find."

The Bunny Club Competion for August

The six prizes in Uncle Peter's Bunny Club Competition in the August issue have been sent to the following Bunnies:

Marie James, Carstairs, Alberta.

Paul B. Mitchel, Radisson, Sask.

Jack Read, Welland, Ontario.

May Paddington, Westerleigh, Sask.

Dora Irvin, Stayner, Ontario.

Annie Molander, Erskine, Alta.

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The Perfection gives clean, odorless, cheerful heat—eight hours of it—on a gallon of ROYALITE COAL OIL. Always economical. Especially so when coal and wood are so high.

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BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

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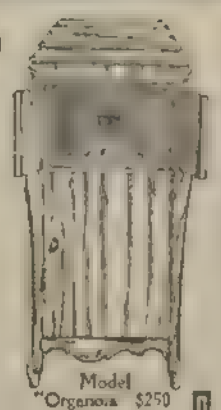

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the best sound-reproducing instrument of the age. Made in Canada. Plays all disc records. Prices range from $15 to $250. Write to-day for illustrated descriptive catalog and new catalog of records. Mailed free.

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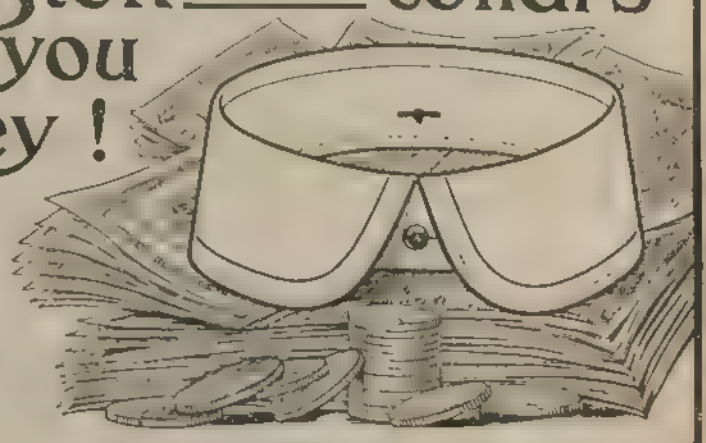
YOU may have enjoyed other farm magazines, but **RURAL CANADA for Women** is the best yet—it is distinctly for the home.

Arlington washable Collars save you Money!



If you add the cost of ordinary Linen Collars to the cost of Laundry in a year you'll be surprised at the total.

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And that its benefits to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion have been proven.

"After every meal"

24

The Flavour Lasts!

Uncle Peter's Christmas Puzzle

TURN to page 44. There you will find one of the most interesting Competitions ever devised. $100.00 in Cash will be divided among 53 boys and girls who solve this puzzle correctly.

SEE ALL ABOUT IT ON PAGE 44

BRUCE'S FLOWERING BULBS

For Winter Flowering in the House and Spring Flowering in the Garden

Exquisite colors and fragrance—EASILY GROWN—Must be planted this Fall.

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No. 1, indoors,	30 bulbs,	postpaid	$0.90	No 3, indoors,	110 bulbs,	postpaid	$2 75
No. 5, outdoors,	50 "	"	.90	No. 7, outdoors,	200 "	"	2 75
No. 2, indoors,	60 "	"	1.50	No. 4, indoors,	200 "	"	5.25
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ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

COLONEL GEORGE HAM, who has travelled throughout the length and breadth of Canada probably more than any other man and knows the peculiarities of each place, has a decided antipathy for a certain important town in the West. Arriving there one morning with a party of ladies whom he was piloting across the continent, he looked around for some one to carry the luggage. Not a porter, not a red-cap, not a stray out-of-work was in sight. Weighed down with two heavy bags the Colonel started for the hotel, grumbling in his own inimitable good-humored way.

"Always like this," he growled. "Never saw it fail. Can't get a man here for love or money. I'll tell you what," and the Colonel brightened up, "the next time I come to this town, I'm going to hire a small boy and kick him—just kick him—for satisfaction!"

A "SAFETY RAISER"

A RATHER humorous story is told of Mrs. Donald Edwards, of Toronto. At a patriotic bridge party she was placed at a table with a stranger. "Do you mind a risk or two, Mrs. Edwards?" asked her youthful and gushing partner. "You will soon find out that I play a bold and dashing game."

"I should think," returned Mrs. Edwards, "that we should enjoy the afternoon more if you were a 'safety raiser.'"

FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND

DR. CHARLES MORSE, whose daughter married Sir Charles Tupper, was commissioned by the Canadian Club in Ottawa to meet Ian Hay when he came to the Capital as a guest of the Club. There was some mix-up as to trains, and Dr. Morse, who had never seen Ian Hay, had to return to the Club without him, although he had approached, practically, every man who alighted from the train. Later the Captain arrived, having come by quite another route. No one met him, and as general explanations were being made all around, Dr. Morse said:

"Well, at least I tried to find you. I interviewed the First Hundred Thousand!"

OF ALL RANKS

MAJOR KETCHISON, Belleville, Ontario, has no fewer than sixty relatives in khaki. They range from a Brigadier-General to a private, and the Major is as proud of the youngest recruit as he is of the Brigadier-General.

"SOME PLUNGER"

LADY POPE, wife of the Under Secretary of State for External Affairs, enjoys a keen game of bridge and has the well-deserved reputation of being a sporty bidder. Meeting the Rev. W. T. Herridge at a patriotic function they entered into a violent discussion on conscription. Lady Pope, as she went upstairs for her wraps, exercised a woman's prerogative of having the last word, and leaning over the balustrades, hurled a last argument at her opponent.

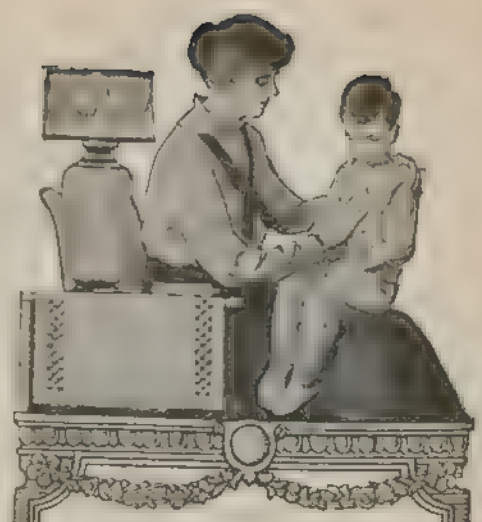
"Stand out from under, Dr. Herridge," warned a friend, "Lady Pope is some plunger!"

A WILD IRISHMAN

MRS. R. F. UNIACKE, whose husband is a great-grandson of Captain Richard John Uniacke, to whom the honor of first suggesting Confederation of the Provinces is generally accorded (1808), tells an amusing story that vouches for the boasted strength, convivial spirits, and gay carelessness of the brilliant young Irishman who became the attorney general of his adopted province. A light-hearted crowd of Haligonians, spending a social evening, found time dragging in spite of "parlor games" and a very adequate supper. Some one suggested a dance. Every one clamored for a dance, but the house had no piano. Indeed, the whole town could claim but very few. "I'll go over to Aunt Nancy's," volunteered Captain Richard John, "and bring one over!" He dashed off, and arriving at Aunt Nancy's, hammered on the door, proclaiming:"

"In the King's name, open! The Honourable Attorney-General knocks!"

"I might have known it was some wild Irishman," exclaimed Aunt Nancy, as she watched the happy young giant carry her spinnet out on his shoulders. Richard John Uniacke was the founder of the Charitable Irish Society. His body lies in old St. Paul's at Halifax, which contains so many of Nova Scotia's distinguished dead.



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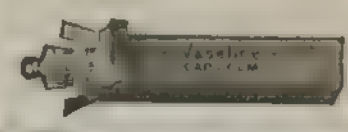

Pearl Wrist Watch FREE

The most exquisite little watch ever made, just the size of a quarter. A genuine little beauty that may be worn as a wrist watch on a chain or pinned to your dress. The back and front of the watch are **genuine mother of pearl** of a beautiful creamy color that glows and shimmers with a soft, warm radiance. Has a splendid gold filled extension bracelet, pretty gilt dial and imported Swiss movement. **The quantity of these dainty watches is limited,** so hurry if you want one! This chance will not occur again. As an extra special offer you can get this lovely watch regular $10 value for selling just $7.50 worth of **grand, big, beautifully colored** pictures at only 10 and 15c each. **Stirring patriotic** pictures, **thrilling battle scenes;** also superb sacred and art pictures. Every one a **perfect work of art** they sell so easily—you just show them and take the money. Maude Carter Yarmouth North N.S., says, "I sold 20 pictures in 45 minutes. Please send 40 more. **You can do the same!** Then send us the $7.50 and we will immediately send this **beautiful pearl watch,** with all charges paid. Don't wait—send your order now.

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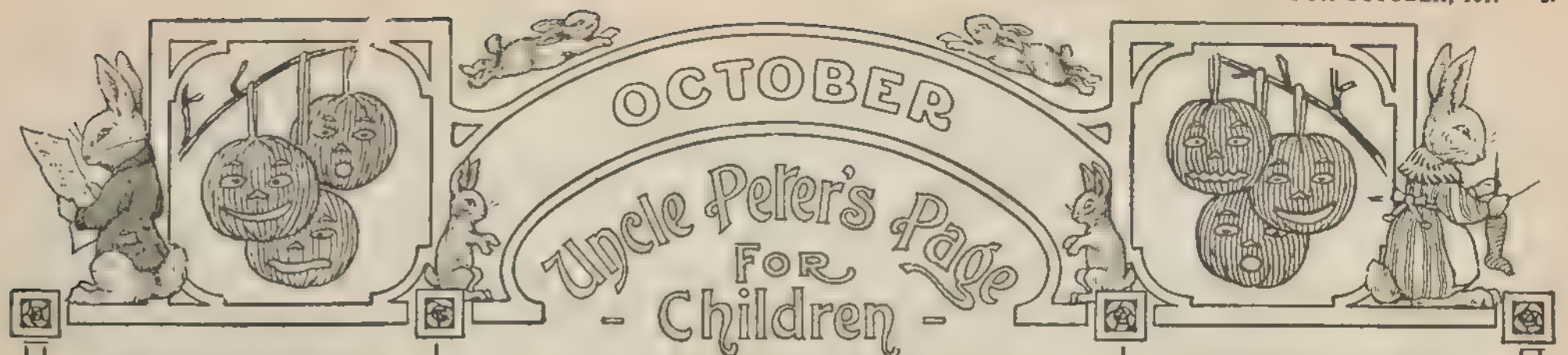


UNCLE PETER'S MONTHLY LETTER

My Dear Bunnies:

Here is the Bunny Club Motto which Uncle Peter has picked out for you—

"EFFORT WITH CONTENTMENT."

What does this motto mean? Just this, that while we should all be contented, this should not prevent us from making an effort towards better things every day of our lives. The idea is this, let us be contented with what we have to-day, and yet try for something better to-morrow. In the story I have told you this month of the magic glasses, Johnnie is a discontented boy at first. When he learns to look at things properly he becomes a contented boy; but you see, he is happy because he sees in his opportunities the chance of learning and improving in the future. So I think that although our motto is quite a short one, you will agree with me that it is a pretty good one to remember.

Times are not so good now as they might be, and there is lots of trouble in the world, but this Thanksgiving we can be thankful for the many blessings we have, and thankful too, that things are no worse with us than they are; something like the Irishman, who when he fell out of the second storey window, picked himself up and said he was thankful that he hadn't been on the tenth floor instead.

Bunnies who look will find the names of the winners in the August competition on page 35.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,

Uncle Peter.

COMPETITION

Bunnies, here is quite a new kind of competition for you. You will see that I have written a verse, and that I have left some of the words out. Wherever I have left out a word I have put a dash in its place. Six prizes will be given to the six bunnies who write this verse out and fill in the missing words most correctly. Prizes will be given according to age, as usual. See what you can do. All letters must be addressed Uncle Peter, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Bunny Club, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, and must reach me not later than November 20th. Here is the rhyme—

Two little Bunnies took one day
A — beneath the trees
They found a hive, but, — to say
They also — — —
Two — — went back home
With faces — — pain,
Those — will more — be
When — — — again.

Your affectionate Bunny,
Uncle U. P.

Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act for Everywoman's World

The Magic Glasses

Listen, Children, listen well
To the tale John Bunny has to tell.

I CAN'T understand why the children are not ready to go to bed when the time comes," said Mrs. John Bunny one cool evening in October. "To-night, John, they want you to tell them a story before they go."

Our old friend John Bunny was sitting by the fire reading a copy of Everybunny's World, which he found just as interesting as Mrs. Bunny did, but although he was right in the middle of it, he laid it on one side, and called all the little bunnies round him. And what a family they were!

"I will tell you a story about a little Bunny-boy," said John.

"One day quite an ordinary little boy was going on his way to school. He looked at the road. It seemed *such* a long r ad. He thought of the school, of his lessons and of his teacher. He didn't want to go to school at all. Nothing seemed right. Although it was Hallowe'en, the evening seemed a long way off, *such* a long time before the day would be over. Little Johnnie didn't care much about anything. I am afraid he was not a very contented little boy that morning.

"Suddenly as he dragged along, he saw a funny little man by the roadside. 'What is the matter?' asked the little man.

"'I don't know,' said little Johnnie. 'I don't want to go to school. I don't like school. I don't like anything!'

"'The world lies before you, just as you see it,' said the little man. 'There is the schoolhouse, 'way up the road; the day and your lessons are ahead of you. Here are two pairs of glasses, one of them is of blue glass, and the other of brightest crystal. Put these blue glasses on first, and tell me what you see." Johnnie did so:

"'I see a dark road, with hills to climb, a dark and dismal school, and many hard tasks. I see a day of work that I do not like, and a tiresome journey home. It is Hallowe'en, but I don't care about that or anything else.' And Johnnie sat down sadly by the roadside

"'Take off the glasses of discontent,' commanded the little man sternly, 'and put on the bright glasses of contentment,' and he handed Johnnie the other pair. He put them on and sprang to his feet with a cry of gladness. 'I see my school ahead,' cried he. 'I see a bright road leading to it, the road that makes it possible for me to get there. All is bright. I see the other boys and girls going to school. My teacher is there, waiting to teach me the things which will fit me for my place in the big world. My tasks I cannot see, but in their place I can see opportunities, the chances of learning, of improving, and of getting ahead a little more every day. At the end of the day, when I have done my best to please my teacher and to learn, I can see a bright road home. It is Hallowe'en, and there will be lots of fun and lots of smiles. And to-morrow the same road will lead me back again to my own school, my own teacher and my own opportunities.'

"'The world,' said the little man, 'is just what you make it. Without my glasses, it meant nothing to you. You were drifting towards discontent. Through my glasses of discontent all was blue, your troubles looked bigger than ever, and you could see no brightness in anything. But through the glasses of contentment the world is fair. Keep them and wear them always. They are invisible, but through them you may shed light on your own path and on the paths of others.' And the little man vanished as suddenly as he had come.

"Children," said John Bunny, "it was a bright and happy little boy, who, wearing the glasses of contentment, raced merrily along the road to school. If he always wears them, as he grows older, he will be able to see through them a silver lining to every cloud. This is the month of thanksgiving, but if we are all contented, we shall all be happy, and *every* month as it comes along will be a month of thanksgiving for us."

What do you think of John Bunny's story, all you children of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD?

BUNNIES' HALLOWE'EN

It was an ancient Bunny,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"To-night, methinks, is Hallowe'en
And we'll have some fun," said he.

"So seek and find a pumpkin,
A pumpkin big and fat,
And we will cut a funny face,
A face worth looking at."

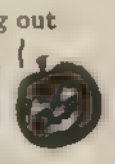
Then off went all the Bunnies,
A pumpkin big they found,
And as they could not carry it
They rolled it o'er the ground."

John Bunny seized the carving knife
A gleam was in his eye;
He emptied out that pumpkin,
And Mrs. B. made pie!

And then he cut a funny mouth,
A nose, and then two eyes;
It was a face that filled the little
Bunnies with surprise.

They set it up beside their door
And put a candle in it;
"Now go," said he, "and bring a match,
I'll light it in a minute."

Now Mr. Fox was walking out
(As foxes often do),
He thought he'd like some rabbit,
To make some rabbit stew.

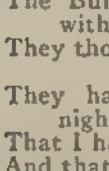


The Bunnies saw him coming,
And ran into the house;
And Mr. Fox came creeping up
As quiet as any mouse.

"What's this," said he, "with features strange—
It surely is a freak,"
The pumpkin went on staring,
For of course it couldn't speak.

Then Mr. Fox came up quite close
And at the face he stared,
And then our wise old Bunny
A clever plan prepared.

'Twas now quite dark. He seized a match
And to the pumpkin came;
He lit the candle in it—
The pumpkin turned to flame!



Two flaring eyes faced Mr. Fox
With nose and mouth as bright,
And Mr. Fox, so I've been told,
Sat frozen up with fright.

Then up he jumped and ran away
As hard as he could run;
The Bunnies laughed and jumped with glee—
They thought it lots of fun.

They had the finest games that night,
That I have ever seen;
And that is how the Bunnies spent
The Bunnies' Hallowe'en!

So children, if you have a care
That seems to spoil your play,
Light up your faces bright with smiles
And drive it far away

Mr Fox came up quite close

O Pumpkin Big they found.

CANADA'S BEST BREAD AND PASTRY

is Baked from

PURITY FLOUR

the Perfectly Milled Product of the World's Best Wheat

NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

THE PURITY FLOUR COOK BOOK—a general purpose publication on the culinary art, containing between its handsome grey and gold covers the latest advice on food preparation.

A real service to the housewife. Not a publication to exploit the sale of any one food product, but a collection of tried and tested recipes from the pen of Miss E. Warner, food specialist and Domestic Science Expert, for the preparation of all manner of dishes for the daily menu, as well as economical suggestions for preparing delicious confections and dainty dishes, which add the necessary variety to the ordinary meal.

Mailed postpaid to any address for 20 cents.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO——————WINNIPEG

233

There is BIG MONEY IN TRAPPING when you ship your RAW FURS To John Hallam Limited

144 HALLAM BUILDING, TORONTO.

FREE

Hallam's Trappers' Guide—96 pages; illustrated; English or French; tells how and where to trap; what bait and traps to use; is full of useful information.

Hallam's Trappers' Supply Catalog—86 pages; illustrated; rifles, traps, animal bait, headlights, fish nets, and all necessary trappers' and sportsmen's supplies at low prices.

Hallam's Raw Fur News—Gives latest prices and advance information on the raw fur market.

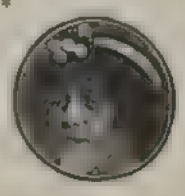
Write to-day. Address giving number as below.

With Canadian Song Writers

EMMELINE STUART GODFREY, in her songs and ballads, shows that artistic symapthy, beauty of thought and expression, that must have characterised the associations of her ancestor, Judge Lindesay, with his friend, Jonathan Swift. Mrs. Godfrey is poet, musician, philosopher, and possesses the gift of presenting the simple things of life with a naturalness that makes a strong appeal to human sympathies.

"The Recruit's Farewell," her latest published song—words and music—is dedicated to her nephew, Hugh Howard Lindesay, who fell in action at Langemarck. The airs of a number of her songs are by noted English composers.

* * * *



IRENE HUMBLE, Toronto is a phenomenal success as a writer of Canadian patriotic songs. She awakened one morning with "We're from Canada" in her mind, and words and melody came almost without effort; over one hundred thousand copies have been sold. It has been sung all over the world, played by famous bands, sung for the Victor record, eulogised by the late General Mercer, adopted by the Toronto Board of Education, and its stirring melody has throbbed from the throats of more than twelve hundred children at one time.

Miss Humble sang "We're from Canada" before the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at the Canadian Club in New York. "Tipperary Tommy," and "My Little Sweetheart, Marie," followed.

* * * *

MRS. F. S. GOODWIN has the distinction of organizing the first I. O. D. E. Chapter in New York. She is well known as a press writer and has an enviable reputation as lecturer. Among other addresses she delivered an attractive talkalogue on Mexico for the New York Board of Education.

Mrs. Goodwin is a niece of Mrs. Bonnycastle, who wrote "The Recruit," and, with the help of a master musician, she simplified the rather difficult accompaniment and adapted the song for use in the United States. The Navy Yard Band frequently plays this popular selection, and it has been recited at many large public gatherings. It is also played in Governor's Island, where troops are stationed; and the Edison Company had it rendered by their vocalist and band for reproduction on an Edison Record.

* * * *

"LONG Live the King," "The Recruit," and "The Canadian Volunteer," were born in a family steeped in military traditions and activities. These stirring songs—words and music—were composed by MRS. R. H. BONNYCASTLE, of Campbellford. Mrs. Bonnycastle is a daughter of Captain Cassan, whose ancestors fell at Waterloo and Sebastopol. Her husband, MAJOR BONNYCASTLE, was a veteran of the Fenian Raid, and the North-West Rebellion; his grandfather, Sir R. H. Bonnycastle, Royal Engineers, was sent to Canada to superintend the building of fortifications; he built Old Fort Henry at Kingston and the Martello Towers in New Brunswick.

* * * *

THE love of music is an inheritance handed down to MURIEL BRUCE, as is also her talent for writing verse. She intended specializing as a pianist, but strained her right hand; she then took up voice culture. She won a scholarship and took the Associate degree at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and the Licentiate from the University of Toronto.

Miss Bruce sings her own songs in a rich mezzo contralto and has given a number of concerts in co-operation with Boris Hambourg. "Twilight Dreams," "Flowers of My Heart" and "The Garden of the East," are among her published works—both music and words are her own. But the best known is the patriotic song "Knitting," of which the words only are hers; the music is by Baron Aliotti.

Mouth Organs

10 holes, 20 reeds, made in U.S.A., hinged box, postpaid . . Each **45c**

Better quality, Swiss make, postpaid, Each **80c**

Everybody Wants One

Have us send one to your Boy overseas - Same Price — order quickly only Limited supply.

Special Agents Famous "Gibson" Mandolins and Guitars

Write for large Free Catalogs of all musical instruments to

THOS. **CLAXTON** LIMITED

251 Yonge St., TORONTO

BAGPIPES

Sent Anywhere

Get one of our practising Chanters costing $2.85, and Instruction Book at 40c., and you will soon learn to play the Bagpipes.

Write for complete catalogue to 189C Sparks St., Ottawa, Canada.

C. W. LINDSAY LIMITED

You begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. Send at once to your nearest store for a bottle of

LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER

Sold Everywhere

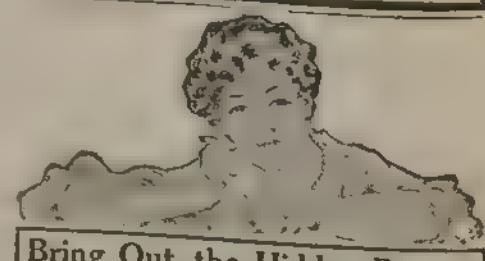
Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural color. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.

For Dust Prevention USE DUSTBANE

Use This

When swept ahead of the broom Dustbane prevents dust from rising, and kills all germs. It leaves carpets and floors looking all spic and span—almost like new again!

Order a tin today from your dealer. You will be delighted with the results of your next sweeping!!



Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax In one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

News About Our Baby

We Could Not Keep It to Ourselves We Just Had to Tell You About It

WE mothers fairly burst with pride when the neighbors flock in to admire the new baby. Often, perhaps, they admire to please baby's mother!

But this has not been the reason—at least we hope not—why our friends from all over the Dominion, and in the United States as well deluged us with letters—letters so full of the deepest appreciation for the joy that this new-comer has brought them already! We cannot keep it all to ourselves. We simply must tell you and let you share the joy with us.

From Edgerton, Alberta, comes this, a letter that warms our heart:

EVERYBODY WANTS IT!

EVEN though many will have so written you I wish to add my voice to the chorus of praise that is greeting your new magazine for women; Rural Canada for Women fills a long felt want and fills the want well.

"It was not with a friendly feeling I first learned this magazine was to be published, "Heaven help us," was what I said, "as if there were not already enough, too much, advice being given from both press and platform for the pretended benefit of the farm dwellers." But on receipt of my first copy I saw that my fears were groundless and the respect of the whole family for both it and the far-seeing men who are responsible for it had reached the highest notch before it was many hours in the house. The whole scheme for giving rural Canadian women a paper they can call their own is pertinent and well chosen and bound to find unlimited support.

"Even our baby evinced interest in it. The cover picture, that bonnie baby, took her instant fancy. Not a mother in the land can pass that baby by without giving a second and third look either.

"Though specially for women, the men are not behind in interest and admiration for Rural Canada for Women. The notes on farm work, etc., being interspersed with other interesting material both wise and otherwise makes the whole blend into and form the rural home magazine, the growth and development of which will mark an era in the lives of the farmer women who are learning to think and act, yet have much to learn before our lives can know that broad outlook that raises one out of the old rut.

"We thank you for help already received, and look to your magazine to give us the necessary stimulus to advance."

"Our Baby!"

● *THAT PERSONAL NOTE*

THERE is a "something" about Rural Canada that grips every one who reads it.

This "something" is its *personality*. Some have called it "that intensely human touch." Here it is referred to as "that personal touch":—

"After looking through my sample copy of "Rural Canada" I feel constrained to write my appreciation of this new magazine, chiefly on account of the PERSONAL TOUCH which I experience in the matter therein contained.

"It seems to me that this is just such a magazine as to fill a long though perhaps unconsciously, felt want of our farm women throughout Canada.

"You are to be congratulated, and I am proud to know that such an excellent and up-to-date magazine can be, and is being published in Canada today

"The matter is all so good, I cannot mention any particular article in preference. With all my heart I say, may there be long years of success to 'Rural Canada.' I mean to subscribe at once, and will recommend the magazine to my friends."

KEEPS JOY TO THE FRONT

FROM Huntingdon, Quebec, comes a message, altogether different:

"The illustrations are 'lifey' The freeness from war pictures makes us give a sigh of relief. We are glad for a few hours in pleasant recreation and instruction as we peruse the pages of 'Rural Canada' and can obliterate from our minds the seriousness of the present time."

And this from a place on the broad prairies:—

"Allow me to most heartily congratulate you on the model, up-to-the minute, most progressive and best farm magazine published in Canada or the United States."

Another letter from the prairies says:

"There are enough good things in it about the house and garden to make us want to see it every month.

"I think it very good as a general family paper as well as a farm paper.

"There is so much of general interest that we almost wonder why you announce it as a 'rural' paper and 'for women.'

JUST DELIGHTED WITH IT

A VERY busy lady in Kings Co., Nova Scotia, snatches a few minutes to write us this message:—

"I had made up my mind even before I was half way through it to write to let you know how delighted I am with Rural Canada. I find on every page something of interest.

"Our whole family are eagerly looking forward to the monthly visits of Rural Canada.

The mothers find a boon in our department, "What I Am Learning at College." One mother says:—"So glad these articles are appearing. The children said their teacher had told them some of the things that are in this issue. You know we try to teach at home but if others speak of these things too they remember so much more.

"I have loaned Rural Canada to that teacher as it confirms what he has been trying to teach."

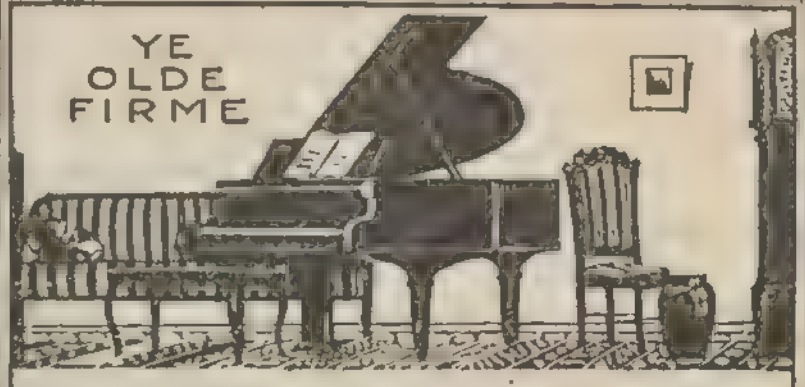
We are getting no end of appreciation of our stand on Prohibition. A reader in Saskatchewan sends this message:—

"'Forward Dominion-Wide Prohibition!' that's what we want. Editors fight it to the bitter end. Yield not an inch. We will stand by you through thick and thin. Only fight it out!"

JUST WHAT THEY NEED

I HAVE just finished reading a sample copy of 'Rural Canada for Women,' and think it is just the kind of magazine the country woman needs. It is so thoroughly practical and the different departments should be of the greatest help to all progressive farm women; and not only to the farm folk in these times when National thrift is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40)



Just To Give You an Idea

THESE few bargains are just to give you an idea of the wonderful values we have to offer. We have scores of these bargains—instruments taken in exchange on sales of New Heintzman Pianos. They have all been renewed and are now guaranteed. Mail the coupon for complete lists and terms.

BELL cabinet grand upright piano, polished rosewood case, folding fallboard, beautiful plain panels in top door, long over-strung scale, 7 1-3 octave. keyboard. A splendid bargain at..... **$255.00**

DOMINION large cabinet grand upright piano, handsome walnut case with Boston folding fallboard, long music desk, has full metal frame with over-strung scale, 7 1-3 octave keyboard, 3 pedals. Equipped with Mandolin attachment. A snap at **$268.00**

ONE ONLY, sample upright piano in polished mahogany case, Louis XV. design with Boston folding fallboard, long plain music desk, has full metal frame with bushed tuning pins, long over-strung scale, 7 1-3 octave keyboard, 3 pedals. A magnificent instrument worth $375. Offered as a special bargain at **$295.00**

HEINTZMAN & CO. Grand square piano, nicely polished rosewood case, handsome carved legs and lyre with two pedals, serpentine Base, full metal frame with long over-strung scale, full length keyboard. A bargain at **$145.00**

KARN six octave organ, piano case model, walnut case, rail top with mirror, 3 panels in top door, centre swing music desk, with music cabinet, lamp stands; has 11 stops including Bass and Treble Couplers, Vox Humana, Forte, Melodia, etc Grand organ and knee swell, mouse proof pedals This instrument is in perfect condition, has a very rich tone and is offered special at **$74.00**

SOLD ON VERY EASY TERMS

Heintzman & Co., Limited

Heintzman Hall

193-195-197 Yonge Street, Toronto

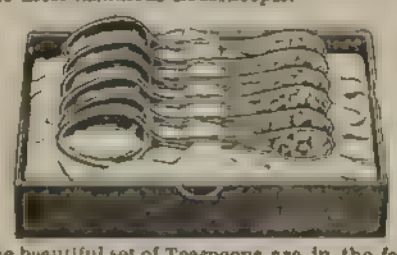
Mail This Coupon

Please mail me complete list of your bargains in pianos and organs as per ad. in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, October, 1917.

Name ..... Address.....

FREE COMPLETE 97 PIECE DINNER SET AND LOVELY SET OF SILVERWARE

LADIES—You can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent complete 97-piece English Dinner service and a lovely set of half-dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons. Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, its 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 soup plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 2 oval covered vegetable dishes, a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, a gravy boat, pickle dish, and a salad bowl. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious housekeeper.



The beautiful set of Teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers French ornation design with French grey handles and brightly polished bowls.

Read our Wonderful Offer

We are determined to establish a national reputation for [illegible] and Tone and Service [illegible] we are spar[illegible] to secure reliable [illegible] in all parts of Canada who will help us [illegible] to their friends and neighbors that is why we offer to give away these [illegible]

Will you sell just 12 boxes among your friends at only 25c. per box?

You can easily do this because every one you know will be glad to learn of this grand remedy It is one of the world's best known prescriptions, a tried and proven remedy for weak and impure blood nervous [illegible] constipation and anaemia In all run-down conditions of the system it will be found a grand [illegible] builder and restorer and as a general tonic for [illegible] it is [illegible]

Send No Money—Just send your name and address to-day and we will send the 12 boxes postage paid. You will be able to sell them quickly and easily because every purchaser of a box can claim a beautiful gift of fine silverware from us free Then return our money, only $3.00, and we will promptly send you, all delivery charges paid, the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK You do not send a cent of your own money We trust you with our goods until sold and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a big cash commission on the quantity you do sell Write to-day if you wish to take advantage of this liberal offer It gives you the opportunity of a lifetime. Address

The International Mfg. Co., Dept. D, 4 Toronto, Ont.

EDISON WEEK

October 21st to 27th

OCTOBER 21st, 1917, is the 36th anniversary of the invention of the incandescent electric light by Thomas A. Edison. The entire week of October 21st will be observed by a number of the industries founded by Mr. Edison.

Mr. Edison's Favorite Invention

It is well known that the phonograph is Mr. Edison's favorite invention. He has steadfastly refused to dispose of any of his phonograph patents; nor will he permit outsiders to become interested financially in the manufacturing laboratories where the Edison Phonograph is made.

In the United States and Canada there are 3700 merchants who have been licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

These merchants will observe Edison Week in various ways that will be announced by them in their local papers.

$2000.00 in Cash Prizes

A great deal has been said about the New Edison in the newspapers. This new Edison invention has been tested before one million music lovers in direct comparison with thirty great singers, for the purpose of determining whether the New Edison's Re-Creation of an artist's voice can be detected from the artist's real voice. Similar comparisons have been made with instrumentalists. The music critics of 500 of America's principal newspapers have attended these tests and described the results in their respective papers. Prizes are now offered for the best patchwork advertisements composed entirely of quotations from these newspaper accounts. You do not write a single word yourself. Instead you read what the newspapers have said about the New Edison and then piece together a complete advertisement from that material. Perhaps you will quote from a dozen different papers; possibly you will confine yourself to two or three. That is for you to determine. The prizes are as follows:

$1000 Cash for best patchwork advertisement
500 Cash for second best
250 " " third best
100 " " fourth best
50 " " fifth best
10 " each for ten that earn honorable mention

Professional advertising writers and persons connected in any way with the manufacture or sale of Edison Phonographs are not eligible to the competition.

No advertisement should contain more than three hundred (300) words. Nothing will be considered except the actual text of the advertisement. It is not necessary to send what is technically known as a "lay out." The prizes will be awarded solely on the "wording" of the advertisements. Even "headings" do not count.

You pay nothing to enter the contest and assume no obligation by doing so.

The Edison Week Bureau will give you complete instructions and send you the booklet "What the Critics Say," from which you can select material for *your* "patchwork" advertisement.

The Edison Dealer in Your Locality
Will Help You Win a Prize

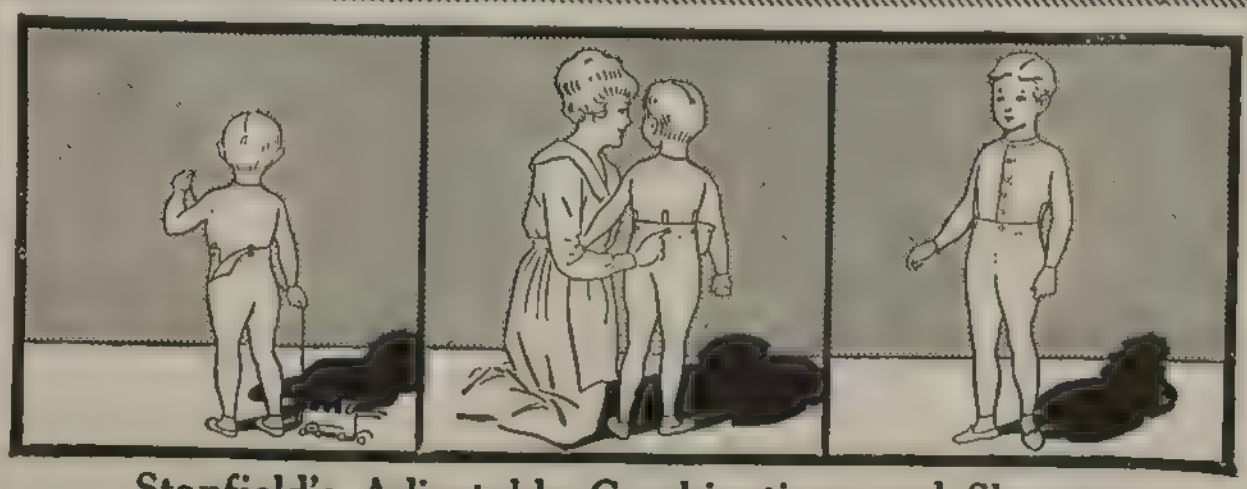
Go to his store and hear the New Edison. He may be willing to lend you an instrument for a few days, so that you can study it at your leisure in your own home. He may also be able to give you some good tips about your advertisement, but don't ask him to help you compose it, as he will have to certify that he did not do so.

The Contest Closes October 27th

Edison Week ends October 27th and the contest closes the same day. Write today for Instruction Blank and copy of booklet "What the Critics Say." Address Edison Week Bureau, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

Do You Enjoy Mystery?

If you enjoy mystery, you will welcome a clever puzzle. It is very much akin to the mysterious puzzle on page 44, will not disappoint you.



Stanfield's Adjustable Combinations and Sleepers grow with the Children and always fit!

Stanfield's Adjustable Combinations are regularly worn as single garments, but in case of need the lower part can be quickly taken off and replaced. They can always be kept the right length by adjusting the buttons and give double protection to abdomen and kidneys.

Made in 3 sizes:
2 to 4 years—
4 to 6 years—
6 to 8 years.

STANFIELD'S
Unshrinkable
UNDERWEAR

for grown-ups has earned the reputation of always fitting as it should, and of giving at least one season's extra wear. These new adjustable Combinations and Sleepers, invented by Stanfield's, offer the same advantages for the children.

By simply moving four buttons sewed to tapes on the waist, each size can be lengthened, little by little, so as to fit the child properly for at least two years of growth. There's no question about their wearing that long, either, for they are real Stanfield quality. This practically saves an outfit every other year.

Stanfield's Adjustable Sleepers are made just like the Adjustable Combinations, with the addition of feet. They give the most complete and certain protection at night to even the most restless children—and in emergency the lower part can be changed without uncovering the body.

Made in 3 sizes:
2 to 4 years—
4 to 6 years—
6 to 8 years.

Write for Free Sample Book showing the beautiful Stanfield's-knit fabrics used in Stanfield's Underwear for Women, Children and Men

STANFIELD'S LIMITED - - TRURO, N. S.

NEWS ABOUT OUR BABY

(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)

urged and needed so much. Really, it has such useful and well chosen subjects that I should like to see all women reading it. I have not yet subscribed for it myself but intend doing so soon and shall surely tell my friends about this excellent new magazine for women, and I believe it will be a boon to the men as well.

"Wishing 'Rural Canada' every success and as wide a circulation as EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD."

Yes, that is just the way they feel—they want to have "all women reading it." Certainly if you live on a farm you will want "Rural Canada." And if you have a friend on a farm you'll want her to have it too! For see,—one great big ideal that is being worked out in this new magazine is that it shall bring joy to its readers, not just practical, technical farm talk all the time.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

FOLKS on the farms—especially the women folk, get too much talk about work—about cows and pigs and the things they know all about. Surely there is something else quite necessary too, really more important. And "that somthing" is what "Rural Canada" supplies. Try it and see. We'll send you a sample copy for only 2 two-cent stamps to cover postage; or, better still, send along one dollar (at our risk—the Canadian mails are safe, and have "Rural Canada" for a year. If you do not like it we'll send your money back on request. We take all the risk.

If you have two friends who would like "Rural Canada" too, send $2.00 for three subscriptions,—or, if you are a member of a Women's Institute, send the money through your secretary. Institutes and clubs that send us 10 subscriptions or more at once may have the special club-of-10 rate, which we have quoted to the secretaries by mail.

WHAT LOVING HANDS ARE DOING

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

them. At first we attempted to lick all these stamps, but found that we had no appetite for dinner afterward; so henceforth we applied the necessary moisture by means of a soft little brush dipped in water.

"Each box is carefully weighed to make sure that it will not be overweight. If it is a little underweight some lumps of sugar are tucked in the corners, 'For,' say the ladies, 'we are paying postage on four pounds and we are going to send four pounds if possible.'

"We know our boys appreciate and need the boxes we are sending but we began to wonder if it were really necessary to go on making pyjamas and convalescent robes. We wondered if the Red Cross really needed our contribution. It takes so much time to make the garments and we are all busy people in our own homes.

"One day I decided to write to Headquarters. I asked them, 'Is it really worth while?' The answer came back, 'Do all you can. If you stop working the soldiers will suffer'—so what else can we do!"

WOMEN SHIRKERS

AT the canning demonstration held by the Women's Institute in St. George in August, Mrs. Kitchen made a plea for more workers.

"We must anticipate the need of the the winter," she said, "and there is so much to be done. How many of you women who are here to-day are helping us? There is not an able-bodied woman here to-dav, who can do plain sewing, who has not the time to make at least one pyjama suit a month. If she cannot do plain sewing it is time she learned. If a man will not do what he can we call him a shirker.—I am not going to call you any names!"

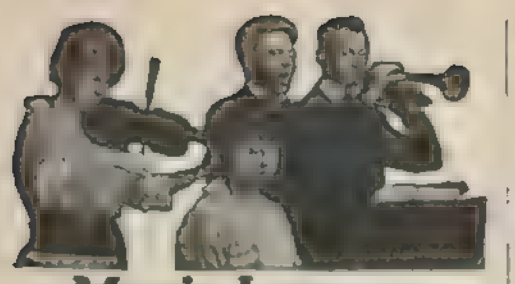
S. O. S.

Nobby: "I hear Jimmy Ball is doing fine in groceries and vegetables since he got invalided."

Dusty: "Yes, but he can't forget his old wireless trade about. I notice he has a big board hanging out with 'S. O. S' in large letters on it."

Nobby: "Yes, Jimmy always was in distress; what's his trouble now?"

Dusty: "Why, it's a good ad. Everybody [illegible] says 'Short of Sugar,' 'Short



Music Lessons

Book Sent FREE Wonderful home-study music lessons under great American and European teachers given by the University Extension Method. The lessons are a marvel of simplicity and completeness, endorsed by Paderewski and other great authorities.

Any Instrument or Voice

Write, telling us the course you are interested in, age, how long you have taken lessons if at all, etc., and we will send you our Free Book containing text and illustrations covering Lessons in PIANO (students' or teachers' courses) by the great Wm. H. Sherwood, HARMONY by Dr. Protheroe and Rosenbecker, VOICE COURSE (with aid of Phonograph) by Crampton, PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC by Frances E. Clark, VIOLIN, CORNET, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, REED ORGAN, CHORAL CONDUCTING, by equally eminent teachers.

Send NOW for Free Book and learn how easily you can become a fine singer, or a skilful player. Our Free Book tells you how. Write for it today. A few Special Introductory Scholarships now being awarded by our faculty. Full particulars with Free Book. Investigate without cost or obligation. Write today.

University Extension Conservatory
Proprietor Siegel-Myers School of Music
1244 Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Ill.

"And this is only one of five I've made this Fall. I bought new material for two, the others I made over from last year's dresses. All in the very latest style, of course, and better made than any I could buy. Now, thanks to the Woman's Institute, I save half on everything I wear."

Learn Dressmaking at Home

By our fascinating new method of teaching by mail you, too, can quickly learn in spare time, in the comfort and quiet of your own home, how to make dresses, skirts, waists, suits, coats, lingerie, children's clothes—in fact, garments of every kind. With this training you will be able not only to make all your own clothes, but to take up dressmaking as a business—secure a good paying position, or open a shop of your own.

Send this coupon or a letter or postal today for handsome illustrated book and learn from the experience of 7000 students what the Woman's Institute can do for you.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 6-X, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Please send me a copy of "Dressmaking Made Easy."

Name_____
Specify whether Mrs. or Miss

Address_____

FREE TO GIRLS

BIG DOLL AND DOLL CARRIAGE

This Big Doll is 15 inches tall, has jointed legs and arms and natural head, hands and feet. The Doll Carriage has steel frame and wheels and the seat, back and hood are made of leatherette. It is 24 inches high and is just the right size for the Big Doll.

Just send us your name and address and we will send you 20 of our new lovely 16 x 20 inch colored pictures to sell at 15 cents each. When they are sold send us our money (three dollars) and we will send you the Big Doll with all charges prepaid and we will also send you the Doll Carriage without any charge if you will show your Doll to your friends and get just three of them to sell our Pictures and earn prizes too. Send us your name and address to-day so you can get your Doll and Doll Carriage quickly.

Address—
HOMER-WARREN COMPANY
Dept. 28
TORONTO

"Just What I've Been Wanting!"

THAT'S what every woman says who has seen the Connor Ball Bearing Washer! The hardest job in all housework is no more!

Here is the really practical washer, that will thoroughly and quickly wash your clothes to snowy whiteness, without any of the usual drudgery.

Connor Ball-Bearing Washer

will do the hard part of your washing. It will do away with half of your work and ALL of the drudgery you now have to put up with on washday

This washer works on a set of large perfected ball bearings; two motor springs reverse the motion of the tub as it is swung from side to side. This gentle motion forces the hot suds through every thread and fibre of the clothes, leaving them thoroughly clean.

Booklet is free—Send for it

Don't do another washing until you get our booklet fully illustrating this machine. No matter [illegible] how you can have a Connor Ball Bearing Washer delivered to you!

J. H. CONNOR & SONS, Limited
OTTAWA, ONTARIO

WHISPERING WINGS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

or material suffering to another human being. Never will I—"

Just here, Peter's eyes wrenched themselves from the book. The dearness of her! Her wonderful white soul! Was there such another girl in the whole wide world? What other would—could have——written that? She was something rare and precious.

He was kneeling before her in spirit when suddenly through and through him some arresting current of thought threw him back upon the last sentence he had read: "Never to be part or party—an act that could cause—suffering."

He felt like swearing. And swear he did but in a muffled voice. In this transcendent hour to have a foolish little notion whispering to his conscience! He grew impatient at himself. Why what he had done, was doing, was just the customary thing current in everyday business life, working itself out along the time-worn lines of the survival of the fittest.

A key was being fitted in the lock. The door opened. But Peter's exuberance of half an hour ago had disappeared and making the most desperate effort failed to bring it back. The glad news had soured in his mouth as it were. Fortunately he could still be glad on other scores.

"I beat you to it, sweetheart!" he sprang forward and caught her to him. Ah, but that was a wonderful moment each evening when he got back to his girl.

For a minute they stood just so. Each felt the other's heart beat. And then—Well it always required another kiss to accomplish such a necessary thing as separating. After it Grace said gravely:

"You'll be amazed to hear where I've been, Peter!"

As she spoke a curious expression emerged from the far depths of her eyes—Peter could have sworn she was searching his soul—but the next instant it cleared away before that glance of pure loving, the wonder and mystery of which he could never get over. She added immediately:

"Peter dear, I've been to the Hemmingways. Mrs. Hemmingway called me on the 'phone—woman's impulse. She was half frightened at her temerity after she had done it. But I went there."

A SHADOW crept over Peter's face. He knew, because he felt it, like foreboding. So she had been to the Hemmingways, people she had never met. He stirred himself to impart his news.

"I'm to get Hemmingway's place but what did they want with *you*? Poor old Hemmingway! Well it's an ill wind that doesn't blow someone some good. And think of it, Grace, fif-ty—dol-lars—a—week. What do you say to that? eh, sweetheart?"

To his dismay she said nothing. Then to his further dismay she gently removed his hands from her shoulders, and walking to the window, stared out.

"Why—Why—" he was after her as soon as his consternation would let him. He meant to ask her if she wasn't happy over his luck, instead he said unevenly:

"I—maybe I understand, but tell me about it."

So Peter listened while she told him about her afternoon visit. Like music beating on his ears sounded the many little references she made to his character and kindness. Even the Hemmingways had balanced things according to the fortunes of luck and business. Neither Grace or they dreamed that he was as he was. Well was he?

As Grace stopped talking he took her face between his two hands, and holding her off looked deeply at her with unwavering eyes. Something had stirred his smothered self, that self which judges our every act when we open the gates of conscience to it.

"Yes," with thoughtful mien he was answering the last question she had put to him. "I think I could get him back. And then—well, I just could lend him a hand now and then to keep him up to his end." He added, smiling ruefully:

"Gone are the fifty, sweetest!"

"Pouf!" With abandonment she threw her arms about his neck. "Dearest, dearest, what difference can that make to us? And to have it at their expense! I couldn't, knowing what I know. A widowed daughter and three babies depend on him, his wife and his old mother. A man his age can't get a position very easily. But you — you'll have other chances. Besides, Peter dear, we are rich! For as mother used to say: Riches are measured only by the heart."

Over her shoulder Peter glanced at the little book.

Mr. Edison's Wonderful New Phonograph

The world's greatest inventor has made the music of the phonograph lifelike at last. Success—after years of labor on his favorite invention. Read our offer on his wonderful new phonograph. Now that you can have *the best* on this liberal offer, you need no longer be satisfied with anything less than Mr. Edison's great instrument.

Only $1 and after trial

Yes, we will send you the New Edison, the product of the world's greatest inventor's genius, the phonograph with the wonderful diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of the latest Diamond Amberol Records on *free trial without a penny down.* On this offer, you can have the genuine Edison, the instrument which gives you real, life-like music, the finest and best of all phonographs at a small fraction of the price asked for imitations of Mr. Edison's great instrument. *Seize this opportunity.* Send the coupon—today—now for free catalog.

Rock-Bottom Offer Direct

If, after the free trial, you decide to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, send us only $1.00. Pay the balance on the easiest kind of monthly payments.

Think of it—a $1.00 payment, and a few dollars a month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all the musical results of the highest price outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes the greatest value for only $1.00 down, balance on easy monthly terms. Convince yourself—free trial first! No money down; no C. O. D., not one cent to pay unless you choose to keep the instrument. Send for free catalog.

Get the New Edison in Your Home on Trial

Entertain your family and friends with the latest song hits, with your favorite old time melodies, with everything from grand opera to comic vaudeville. Roar with laughter at the side-splitting minstrel shows. Then, after the trial, send it back at our expense or keep it on our great, rock-bottom offer. *Send the coupon today—now!*

A Happy Home

Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a *real home* I do not mean a house with a yard or farm around it. Oh, no! A real home is the place where the happy and united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation. And the Edison makes this possible, for it stands supreme as the greatest home entertainer. It will mean more than entertainment and merriment, more than an hour of amusement, yes, it will mean genuine pleasure of the lasting sort—helpful entertainment and culture of the most beneficial kind. It will mean the family united—a new home.

New Edison Catalog Free

Your name and address on a postal or a letter (or just the free coupon) is enough. No obligation in asking for catalog. Find out about Mr. Edison's great new phonograph. Get the details of this offer—*while this offer lasts,* Write today—now!

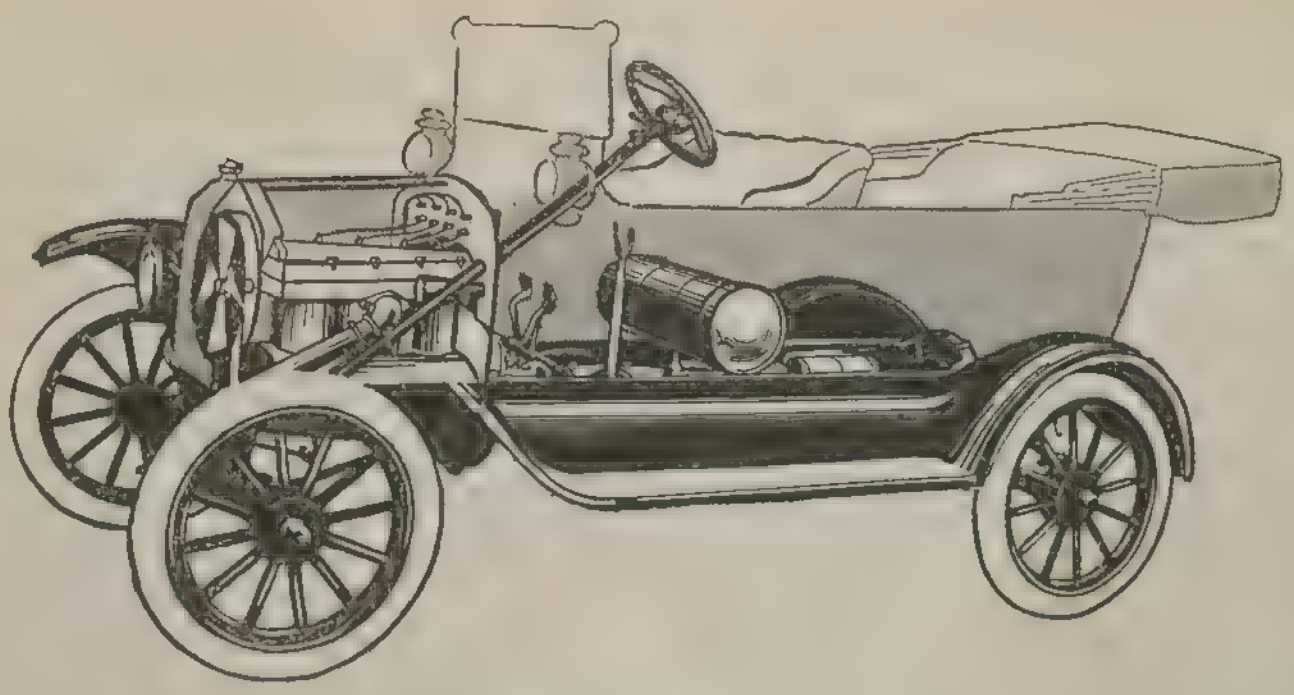
F. K. BABSON,
Edison Phonograph Distributors
355 Portage Ave. Dept. 137 Winnipeg, Man.
United States Office, Edison Block, Chicago, Illinois

To F. K. BABSON
355 Portage Avenue,
Dept. 137 Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen: — Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

Name_____

Address_____



Quality In The Right Place

Expensive upholstery doesn't prove that a car excels in quality. The real quality of the car is determined by its chassis—its power plant, transmission, axles, etc.

Both by laboratory tests and actual service tests, the different parts composing the Ford chassis have proven themselves superior to those used in other cars. Ford Vanadium steel has never been surpassed in quality and strength.

Over 700

Ford

Service Stations in Canada.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited

FORD - - - ONTARIO

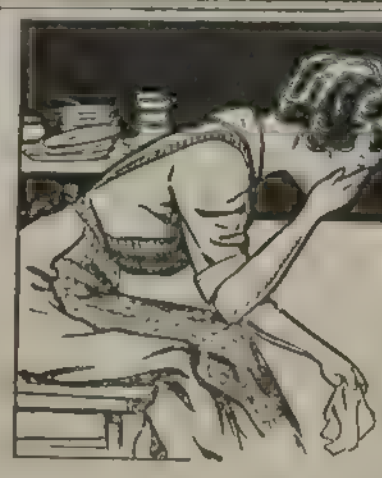
38

SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE. When you see a series of pictures marked "cut-out" you have an irresistible desire to "get busy" at them. Uncle Peter's Puzzle Contest on page 44 will affect you just this way.

Watch & Brooch FREE

YOU'LL "JUST LOVE" THIS WATCH! It's the daintiest prettiest little watch you could wish for, just the size of a quarter. Has a genuine gold-filled bracelet and cute pretty gilt dial and imported Swiss movement. The bracelet is the popular new extension link style and will fit any wrist. YOU CAN OWN THIS LOVELY LITTLE WATCH WITHOUT A CENT OF COST and get this beautiful cameo brooch besides. You'll be proud to wear this brooch. The rare charm of the cameo is artistically brought out. The head is in white relief on a coral background set in a pretty gold-plated frame. This dainty brooch is yours for selling just $6 worth of grand, big, beautifully colored pictures at only 10 and 25c each. Stirring Patriotic pictures, thrilling battle scenes; all beautifully tinted and just the thing. Everyone a perfect work of art. They sell so easy, so justly worth the money. Miss Mildred C. Weldon, Holdfast, Sask., says: "Sold $6 worth in half an hour. They are the best ever." You can do the same. Then send us the $6 in part we will immediately send your brooch, show it to your friends, get only four of them to earn a present as you did and THIS BRACELET WATCH IS YOURS WITHOUT A CENT TO PAY. Don't delay—send your order now.

EMPIRE ART CO., Dept. 10B., Toronto, Ont.



Get Rid of the Blues!

A great many people are only half alive. Are you one of them? Exchange that down-and-out, what's-the-use feeling for the strength of better health, abundant nerve force, and keen relish for your meals.

One of Canada's most eminent physicians has expressed the opinion that the systematic keeping clear of the intestinal tract would save hundreds of thousands from that semi-insane state, melancholia.

For this purpose nothing can quite equal Chamberlain's Tablets. They also possess tonic properties which aid in establishing a natural and healthy action of the bowels.

25 cents at all dealers, or from

CHAMBERLAIN MEDICINE CO., TORONTO

42

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

Helping One Another

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

SOME enterprising Women's Institute, will some day meet—if it has not already done so and declare in favor of a "Re-Distribution of Energy," with a view to national service. It will lay down a few general principles such as the above, regarding worry, unkindness and unprofitable conversation, telephone and face-to-face useless fussing over trifles, etc., and then it will lay down a few rules for future guidance something like this,—

DIVISION ACCORDING TO FITNESS

FIRST, inasmuch as our various members have talents differing, one from the other, and yet all greatly needed at this time, we have made a careful survey of each member's ability to serve our country, with a view to the elimination of waste, and overlapping, and find that some member is an expert dress-maker; another is an expert mender and darner, another delights in canning and pickling; another makes a specialty of children's suits; another makes the finest bread in the neighborhood. So be it resolved that we have a get-together session right now and divide our work according to fitness. We will trade labor for the purpose of saving energy, and try to work out a plan whereby each woman is employed at the work she can do best.

2.—Inasmuch as there is a great and growing need for economy and thrift, we will try to eliminate all unessential things, and discard all labor which does not directly contribute to the country's wealth. We will knit and make bandages in the time formerly spent on embroidering and crocheting, we will cultivate vegetables instead of flowers, and put all money that we are able to save into war bonds.

3.—We will further pledge ourselves to abstain from the various luxuries in which we formerly indulged, such as candy, ice cream, motor-rides for pleasure, silk hose, gloves in summer, new suits, if the old ones are still warm enough, new hats, if the old ones will still "turn the sun," all expensive stationery, calling cards and other frills.

We have decided to conscript ourselves—to pool our energies—for the good of our country. Individually, we have accomplished considerable, now we are going to see what we can accomplish as a nation, beginning with our own Society.

There are no Societies better qualified to lead the way than the Woman's Institutes.

Mystic Myths for Hallowe'en

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

may be made of crepe tissue paper. Witches, scarecrows, ghosts, may be represented in costumes of various colored tissue.

HALLOWE'EN MUSIC

SUITABLE music for Hallowe'en entertainments is often a potent factor of the programmes. For instance, during the enactment of ghost scenes weird music, played softly in another room, especially while the "ghost" is relating a "creepy" story, makes things more real. No better music for this can be found than parts of the score of the "Gingerbread Man."

The entrance of "Fudge" or the "Incantation" from this opera brings before one shadowy figures, skeletons, goblins:

"Vipers, scorpions, and lizards,
Thunder, lightning, sleet and blizzards,
Toads and adders, poisoned potions,
Grizzly gadders, loathsome lotions."

There is also the celebrated "Witches' Dance" and scores of others that would add to any Hallowe'en party.—M.M.M.

Perfect Feet — Free From Corns

Dancers Can't Have Corns
Many Use Blue-jay

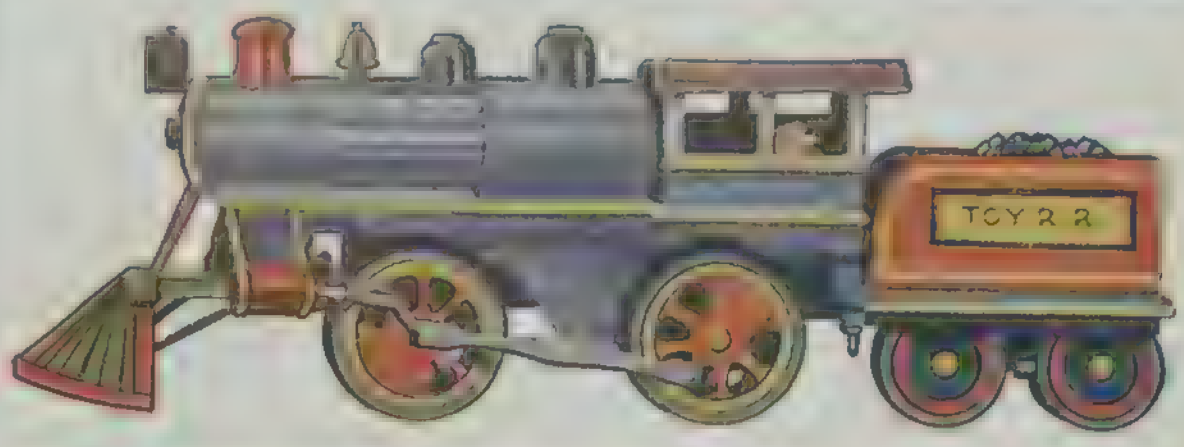
Blue-jay

Stops Pain — Ends Corns

IMMEDIATE relief—then the corn comes out in 48 hours. That has been the experience of millions of users of Blue-jay. This gentle, easy way removes the dangers of paring or harsh liquids. Prove it yourself—suffer no longer. Free yourself tonight. Blue-jay is for sale at all druggists.

25c the Package

BAUER & BLACK, Limited, *Makers of Surgical Dressings,* **TORONTO, CANADA**



Cut-Out Puzzle

for Our Boys and Girls

No. 1

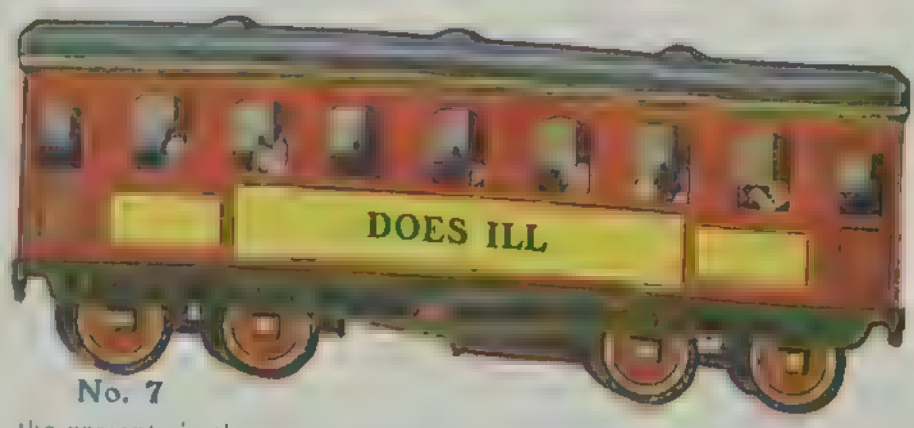
No. 2

No. 3

No. 4

No. 5

No. 6



No. 7

A TRAIN LOAD OF TOYS

Who does not enjoy a real good page of cut-out puzzles? They educate while they amuse, and none of us are too old to enjoy them. This page is different from anything you have cut-out before. It will provide for you a good hour's entertainment. Cut out your cars! Make up your train! You may be one of the few who can solve it!

HOW TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

Uncle Peter has a Great Puzzle for You.

This train load of toys for boys and girls may contain boxing gloves, candy, baseball, animals, bicycle, building blocks, skipping rope, engine, skates, dollies, games, ring, Noah's Ark, perfume, lantern, nine pins, tools, football and a host of other fine Christmas presents for young people.

Uncle Peter, however, only put one kind of present for boys and girls in each car. Nobody but Uncle Peter knows what these cars contain, but on each car has been written the name of the presents, in the car. For example,—Car No. 7 "Does Ill" contains Dollies. Not only are the letters in the name on the cars all mixed up, but Uncle Peter put the cars in the wrong order too.

First you must be clever enough to discover the correct names of the presents in the seven cars. If you are, then arrange the cars behind the engine in their proper order. If you succeed, you will find that the first letter of the name of each Christmas present in the cars, when all these first initials are put together, will spell out the name of a great Nation in Europe;—a nation whose navy controls the oceans of the world and in whose country many of the fathers and brothers and uncles of our Canadian boys and girls are serving Canada to-day

HOW CLEVER ARE YOU?

To the few girls and boys who are smart enough to decipher the correct answers to these cut-out puzzles, the opportunity is open to enter a special prize competition more interesting and less difficult than solving this puzzle.

How To Enter The Competition

On Christmas Day, Uncle Peter, who edits our page for boys and girls, will judge the answers and award the big prizes as above to the boys and girls complying with the conditions of the contest whose answers are all correct or nearly correct and neatest and best written.

$25.00 Cash
to the Boy or Girl sending the best reply.

$15.00 Cash
to the Boy or Girl sending the second best reply.

$10.00 Cash
to the Boy or Girl sending the third best reply.

Dollar Bills
50 bright, new, crisp $1.00 bills to the fifty next boys or girls with the fifty next best replies.

Contest Closes Christmas Day

You Can Go Into This Competition

Write your answers in pen and ink, using one side of the paper only. Put your name and address in the upper right hand corner. Only boys and girls under seventeen years of age may send answers and each boy or girl desiring his or her entry to compete for one of these fine cash prizes is required to perform a small service for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for which an additional valuable reward or cash payment will be given.

Address your answers to

Uncle Peter, c/o Everywoman's World
1 Continental Building, Toronto, Ont.

The Vagaries of Fashion

Chic Modes for the Coming Month

THE straight narrow silhouette is upon us again. Couturiers generally, agree upon this. We are to lose our billowy width! We are to be extended to be mere shadows in chic attire—but oh, so smart!

The designers heap upon us creations that smack of the Orient. We find in this frock the suggestion of the Chinese kimona, with its rich embroidery; in that a quick transit to the Directoire mode—but all straight. Yet, though we get but one silhouette, we have an infinite variety of design and detail.

We shall have tunics and cape cloaks of rare comeliness. Fur trimmed fox will be of cachemire d'Inde, of velour delaine, velvety jerseys and the innumerable variety of vure. The most wonderful plaids imaginable and checks and tapestry galoons will adorn the window of premier modistes.

And the skirts! How we must readjust the comfortable stride that has so grown upon us in the past few years of width and comfort. Some of the new skirts measure hardly more than a metre at the hem. One of the new designs is scantily pleated at intervals from a shallow yoke. Another is adorned with two loose panels which are tucked three times crosswise and fall, one over each hip, almost to the skirt edge, where they are weighted with fur bands. The belt is rather closely drawn about the figure and the resulting silhouette is very smart.

In many of the modes designed in "Maison Lanvin" the waistline is a trifle, only a trifle high. Some of the new Worth models, too, show the high waist line. In one design a skirt of white mousseline falls in soft folds from the high girdle to the ankles. The brief corsage is decorated with an embroidery of pearls and strass and ropes of pearls are attached to the wrists; the ends of these ropes are again attached to the corsage.

Hats this season achieve climaxes. This, however, is chiefly in the crowns—they do what they like with their brims. They are distinctly progressive and up-to-the-moment. Soft materials, which may be velvet, velour, or velvet and metal cloth, are arranged into the most distracting pans, turbans, pokes and helmet-like effects. The brims may be wide or narrow, drooping or buoyant, but the crowns are invariably high.

The high-stepping goose and the haughty ostrich will play leading parts in the trimming. They must, however, be ably supported by ribbons embroidered in metal, in wool, and in crystal beads—for velvet and metal threads go together this year. Often, a stiff pheasant's breast is so arranged that it has a soft crushed effect.

Woman's latest crown of glory is her new Autumn hat.

There is no doubt that the charm of the blouse this season, like Cleopatra, lies in its infinite variety. Its most outstanding feature lies in the high collar. Re-enter the high collar! It is again come into its own. The new designs give an air of trimness to the costume not obtained by the comfortable open neck. Health specialists may talk against them, may put in their claims of a decrease in throat troubles since the exit of the high collar, but if Dame Fashion decrees for the re-appearance of the style, as she has, one may safely bet she'll win out.

Conservatism is the keynote, in all the new designs, conservatism to the ninth degree. This is even true of the Fall colors. They are irresistible! Gray, in every shade is fashionable. Smoke, mist, steel, chinchilla, and the gray-browns, such as castor and beaver are the dominating colors for the street costumes. Munition gray, rust brown and terra cotta are especially smart. Blue still holds its own, however, in all the ever-popular shades. Beige, too, is being widely worn. Favorite combinations are, navy blue and black or beige.

A fashion prevails in Paris just now, of naming the variegated colors and designs after war luminaries. There is Joffre brown and Haig blue. There are also stunning costumes known as "The Wilson," "The Roosevelt." The latter ideas undoubtedly originated because of the presence of so many Americans in France. The modistes know the value of playing on their sympathies! Be that as it may, the styles are irresistable and the colors restful.

War conditions still affect the variety of fashion design. They exert their influence even more this season than last, and in fact, each succeeding month will produce more and more the necessity of home-design creations. But the vagaries of fashion are limitless and for originality and scope these Fall modes leave nothing to be desired.

DELATONE

Removes Hair or Fuzz from Face Neck or Arms

DELATONE is an old and well known scientific preparation, in powder form, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growth—no matter how thick or stubborn they may be. You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water; then spread on the hairy surface. After two or three minutes, rub off the paste and the hair will be gone. When the skin is washed, it will be found to be smooth and hairless—as smooth as a baby's. Delatone is used by thousands every year, and is highly recommended by beauty authorities and experts.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original one ounce jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL COMPANY
330 So. Wabash Ave. Dept. CV Chicago, Illinois

Try Making Your Own Cough Remedy

You can save about $2, and have a better remedy than the ready-made kind. Easily done.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you would hardly have in them all the curative power that lies in this simple "home-made" cough syrup which takes only a few minutes to prepare.

Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. The total cost is about 55 cents and gives you 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for $2.50. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and sugar syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and heals the sore, irritated membranes that line the throat, chest and bronchial tubes, so gently and easily that it is really astonishing. A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma, it is splendid.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

NORTHERN ONTARIO

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c an acre in some districts—in others Free.

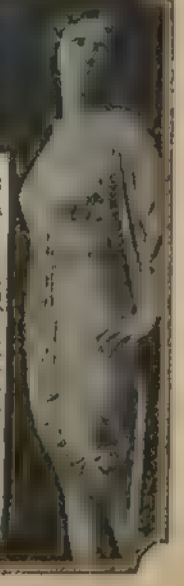
Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

H. A. MACDONELL,
Director of Colonization,
Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, Canada

Hon. G. HOWARD FERGUSON,
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines

TREO ELASTIC GIRDLE



The Corset Without Laces

Made entirely of porous woven surgical elastic web which gives "freely" to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure. It lends grace with absolute comfort at all times. Our patented methods of construction, and character of material used, make it equally desirable for street, dancing, evening or sport wear, also bathing and make unnecessary use of corset laces. In short and long lengths, white and pink. Retails $3 to $7. If local dealer cannot supply you, write for illustrated free booklet. Refuse substitutes.

EISMAN & CO.
Sole Licensees for Canada
Toronto

Knox Grape Juice Sponge

Soak 1 envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one pint of grape juice 10 minutes, then heat in double boiler until gelatine has dissolved, add ½ cup granulated sugar and juice of one lemon (if you use the Knox Acidulated Package take ½ envelope of Lemon flavoring found therein instead of using juice of a lemon.) Strain into a bowl, allow to cool, stirring occasionally. When mixture begins to thicken beat with a wire spoon until frothy, add whites of 2 eggs that have been beaten to a very stiff froth. Turn into a mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove from mold and serve plain or with a custard sauce made from the yolks of the 2 eggs, or serve with whipped cream.

TO better appreciate the tang of luscious grapes combine their juice with

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

into a Grape Juice Sponge—then you will have created a dessert that looks and tastes so good that the most weary appetite will be satisfied.

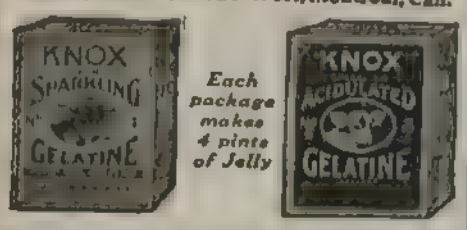
This is one of our exquisite Desserts that even the after-thought of which "makes your mouth water."

Mrs. Charles B. Knox.
President.

FREE Recipe Book

containing recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices and Candies sent free for your grocer's name. If you have never used Knox Gelatine, enclose 4c in stamps for enough to make a Dessert or Salad.

CHAS. B. KNOX GELATINE CO. Inc.
Dept. F, 180 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, Can.



Each package makes 4 pints of Jelly

MTG

NO MORE GRAY HAIR!

The free trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER proves how quickly gray hair disappears when this scientific restorer is used. Simply applied with special comb; leaves hair clean, fluffy and natural; does not interfere with washing. Make this test on a lock of hair and you will never accept a cheap imitation. Then buy a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me. But be sure that the bottle you buy is the *real Mary T. Goldman's.*

Send for trial bottle today and say whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible, send a lock in your letter.

Mary T. Goldman
518 Continental Bldg.
Toronto, Can.
Goldman Bldg.,
St. Paul, Minn.
Established 50 Years

Free Trial Bottle

Hundreds Learning Millinery at Home

Delighted students of the Woman's Institute are surprising their friends with stylish hats they have made themselves at little cost. Miss Mapes of New York writes: "Have just completed the most beautiful hat I ever had. It cost three dollars and my friends say it looks like twenty." Miss Turner, Pa., says: "Have made hats for all the family from materials I had on hand." Miss Johnson, N. C., "I have made, trimmed and *sold* hundreds of dollars' worth of hats during the past month to satisfied customers."

You, too, can quickly learn at home to make your own hats or become a milliner. Send today for handsome booklet, "Millinery Made Easy."

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 6-KM, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Charm of Youthful Simplicity

Dress 7986
Transfer No. 851 (15 cents)

Dress 7734

NO. 7986, MISSES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; suitable for small women; in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch gabardine, and 1 yard 40-inch satin. Width of skirt, 2⅛ yards.

No. 7734, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 42-inch striped material, 1 yard 36-inch for waist, and ⅞ yard 36-inch for gathered sleeves. Width, 2⅛ yards.

Dress 7786
Transfer No. 744
(10 cents)

Dress 7998
Transfer No. 811 (15 cents)

No. 7998, MISSES' DRESS. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 4 yards 50-inch fabric.

No. 7786, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 45-inch material.

No. 7966, MISSES' SEMI-FITTED TUNIC DRESS. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch dark satin.

Dress 7966

No. 7748, MISSES' COAT, in two lengths; suitable for small women. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch material, and ⅞ yard 36-inch checked silk for collar and cuffs.

No. 7974, MISSES' COAT, in two lengths, suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires, shorter length, 4 yards 54-inch velours.

7974

7748

Coat 7974

Coat 7748

Everywoman's World advises you to order these patterns through your local dealer, or direct from the McCall Company, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada, in order that you may eliminate unnecessary delay.

Designs Which Feature All That's New

Dress 7996

Dress 7963

Dress 7953

For the accomodation of Everywoman's World readers to save time for them, we have specially arranged that they may get these premier patterns through their local dealer, or direct from the McCall Company, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada.

Coat 7944

No. 7994, LADIES' COAT; in 52-inch length; with or without side pocket sections. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 54-inch velours and ⅝ yard 48-inch fur cloth as shown.

No. 7963, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; three-piece skirt, instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch velours. The width of the skirt is 2⅛ yards. The dress trimmed with braid is especially favored for the fall and winter season. The model above makes an excellent street dress.

No. 7953, LADIES' DRESS; instep length. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 50-inch wool jersey, and ⅜ yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs. Width, 2 yards. A new line is shown in this design, with the skirt rising to a point which almost reaches the neck-line in front.

No. 7996, LADIES' DRESS; straight skirt with or without straight band, attached to underbody, instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch velvet, 2⅛ yards 36-inch Georgette crêpe, ½ yard 40-inch organdie and 5¼ yards organdie ruching. Width of skirt, 2¼ yards.

No. 7993, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; one-piece tunic pleated or gathered, and two-piece skirt in instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 40-inch satin, and ½ yard 40-inch contrasting satin. Width of skirt, 1⅞ yards Transfer No. 819 (10 cents).

Dress 7993
Transfer Design No. 819

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Nos 1970 1967 in the Catalog

BLACK WOLF SET

Wherever you live between Halifax and Vancouver you can benefit by the bargain we describe here. The picture above shows the beautiful Black Wolf Neckpiece and Muff which we offer at $40. The Neckpiece (Catalog No. 1970) is made from skins of high quality. It is trimmed with heads and tails and beautifully lined. The Muff (Catalog No. 1967) is in the plain pillow style. The Muff has an eiderdown bed and is lined with best soft silk and has new bracelet wrist cord. If you just want one piece—the Neckpiece or the Muff—you can get it for $20. The set for **$40**

MORE BIG SPECIAL VALUES

439 — Canadian Muskrat Coat; 50-in. long; made from fine quality, full-furred skins, with large shawl collar and deep cuffs; loose full box style; best lining and trimmings. Price **$95**

426 — Hudson Seal Coat; 45-in. long; made from best quality skins, in full box style with wide ripple skirt; extra deep cape collar, wide cuffs, seal buttons; all silk pussy willow linings. Price **$240**

310—Canadian Mink Stole; full animal style, plain round back; finished with heads and tails; made to fasten up closely at neck; beautiful quality dark mink skins; soft silk linings..... **$55**

1849—Natural Alaska Sable Neckpiece; made from best quality skins; wide over shoulders; deep pointed back and front finished with two silk ornaments; soft silk linings... **$35**

1710 — Canadian Beaver (Plucked) Stole; wide over shoulder, plain around back; fronts finished with two silk ornaments; best quality soft silk linings..... **$40**

330 — Arctic White Fox Neckpiece; full animal style; finished with head, paws and large natural tail; made from beautiful quality full-furred skins; paws fastened across front. These are made up single and double styles making a handsome fur **$50**

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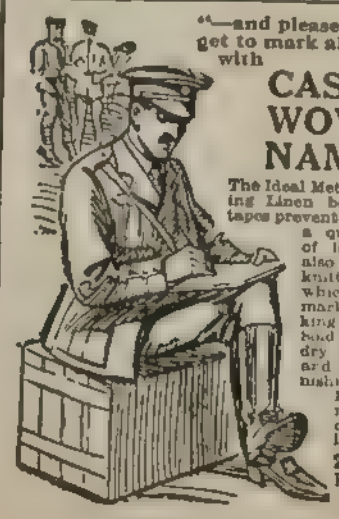
Do not lose any time taking advantage of these enormous bargains. Decide what you want and order at once. In ordering mention the number—it will help us to fill your order more quickly. We protect you against disappointment by our guarantee—"Satisfaction or money refunded." Write today.

Our Catalog will be sent free on request. Every person considering the purchase of furs should have a copy. It is crammed full of bargains from beginning to end. You will be delighted with a copy of the fur book. It's free. Write for your copy today.

Sellers-Gough Fur Co.
Limited
244-A Yonge St., Toronto

"—and please don't forget to mark all my linen with



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Prices for any name not exceeding 22 letters.

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12 doz. 2.25
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3 doz. 1.00

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or 301 St. James St., MONTREAL

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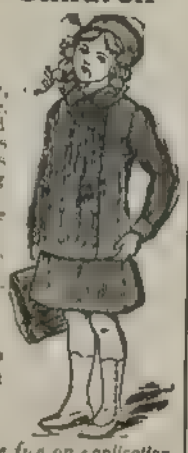
Is the Best for Children



Because it is healthy, soft, comfortable, durable, absorbs moisture and perspiration quickly thus preventing colds. It is the only natural covering for the little one's body. For the children there is underwear, stockings, caps, coats, sweaters, nightdresses, night shirts, pyjamas, slippers, dressing gowns, etc.

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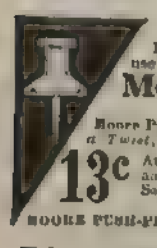

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Pictures, Photos, Pennants, Draperies, etc., use the world-famous, strong and dainty
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MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 2 of a Series of

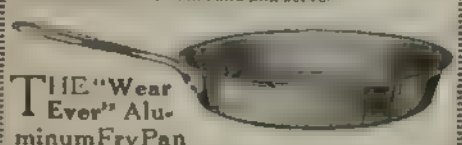
Recipes by Famous Domestic Science Experts Who Use

"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils

Recipe by Janet M. Hill
Editor of "American Cookery"
Author and Lecturer on Domestic Science

Photographed as prepared personally in the "Wear-Ever" Fry Pan by Janet M. Hill.

Corned Beef Hash Set slices of Bacon in a "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Fry Pan and cook slowly until amber color on one side, turn to the other side. Remove to tissue paper to drain. Chop fine equal measure of corned beef and potato; add white onion, any cooked carrot, bits of cooked meat, vegetable or Macaroni. Turn part of bacon fat from frying pan into chopped mixture and a few spoonfuls of brown or tomato sauce, broth or water; mix all thoroughly, spread evenly over pan. If more fat is needed, cut bacon on one side and then on other and add bacon fat. Cover and let cook slowly until browned beneath. Fold and turn on hot platter; place slices of bacon around and serve.



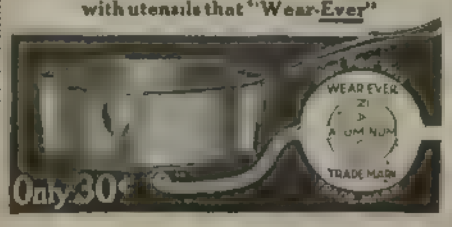
THE "Wear Ever" Aluminum Fry Pan is an invaluable aid to good cooking.

The hard, thick aluminum of which it is made is a wonderful conductor of heat. As a result, the heat is instantly and evenly communicated to all parts of the pan, searing the meat immediately and cooking it thoroughly.

The enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines makes the metal in "Wear-Ever" dense, hard and smooth, insuring lasting durability.

Because made in one piece, "Wear-Ever" aluminum utensils have no soldered parts or joints and seams. They are pure and safe—cannot break, crack or chip.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"



Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Dept. 48, Toronto, Ont.

Send 1 coupon and 1 qt. (wine measure) "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed is 30c in stamps—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until Nov. 20, 1917, only.

Name.....

Address.....

Fashions That Come with Falling Leaves

Dress 7839
Transfer Design No. 846 for Bag

Waist 7707
Skirt 7795
Transfer Design No. 385

Waist 7745
Skirt 7767

Coat Suit 7937

Dress 7976
Transfer Design No. 851

Coat Suit 7978

No. 7976, Misses' Empire Tunic Dress; suitable for small women; three-piece tunic; two-piece foundation. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch serge, ½ yard 27 inch silk. Skirt's width, 1⅝ yards. Transfer No. 851 (15 cents).

No. 7978, Misses' Coat Suit; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet. Width of skirt at lower edge, 1¾ yards.

No. 7745, Ladies' Waist. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 40-inch flesh-colored wash satin, and ⅝ yard 36-inch white wash satin for the collar, cuffs and facing of front.

No. 7767, Ladies' One-Piece Straight Skirt; pleated or gathered; 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 2½ yards 46-inch material cut crosswise. Width, 2⅜ yards.

No. 7839, Ladies' Semi-Fitted Dress; 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 50 inch material, ⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette. Width of gathered flounce, 2⅞ yards. Transfer Design No. 846 for bag (15 cents).

No. 7707, Ladies' Waist; with or without vest. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 38-inch foulard, ⅝ yard 36-inch satin, and ½ yard 36-inch chiffon. Though extremely simple in style, this waist, developed in Satin or Georgette, would be very smart in combination with a velvet or satin skirt.

No. 7795,—Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt; in 39- or 37-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 39-inch length, 3⅞ yards 36 inch velvet. Width, 2⅝ yards. Transfer Design No. 385 (10 cents). Black velvet for skirts is more popular than ever this season, especially when trimmed with a touch of embroidery.

No. 7937, Ladies' Coat Suit; two-piece skirt in 39-inch length. In 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 54-inch tweed. Width, 2 yards.

For the accomodation of Everywoman's World readers -to save time for them, we have specially arranged that they may get these premier patterns through their local dealer, or direct from The McCall Company, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada.

Who Work at Home

Home Duties Are These Costumes

No. 7865, LADIES' APRON. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Small size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material, 1¼ yards 30-inch contrasting.

No. 7827, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch material.

No. 7961, FRENCH APRON. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 22 to 24; medium, 26 to 28; large, 30 to 32 waist (15 cents).—Medium size requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material for apron made with straps.

Apron 7865

Waist 7827
Apron 7961

Dress 7901

Overall Suit 7860
(Patent applied for)
Sunbonnet 7850
(10 cents)

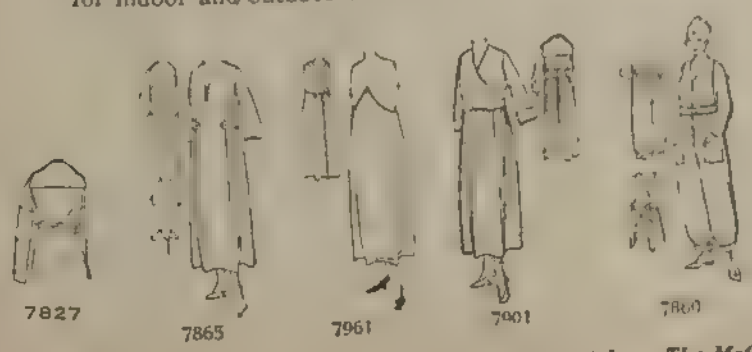
7970

Official Food Conservation
Uniform 7970

No. 7970, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS APRON, Official Food Conservation Uniform. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (10 cents).—Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch gingham and 1⅛ yards same width contrasting for collar, cuffs and cap. Skirt's width, 2¼ yards.

No. 7901, LADIES' TIE-ON HOUSE DRESS; instep length. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Small size requires 5 yards 32-inch dotted percale, and ⅝ yard 36-inch plain. Width at lower edge, 2⅛ yards.

No. 7860, LADIES' AND MISSES' OVERALL SUIT. Pattern in 6 sizes; 32 to 42 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 7 yards 32-inch gingham and 1⅛ yards 36-inch contrasting. Overalls are now used by women for indoor and outdoor work.



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Try this test to know why LIQUID VENEER is used exclusively in thousands of Canada's best homes.

Use any other method or polish — go over any surface thoroughly, and when it appears perfectly clean and polished, then take

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and go over the same surface again with a clean cloth. You will find it has picked up and removed black dirt and grime still on the surface

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There are a hundred proofs of LIQUID VENEER'S superiority in a new booklet "The Proper Care Of Your Furniture" by Walter K. Schmidt, recognized authority on the finishing of woodwork. The booklet is valuable and FREE. Write for it.

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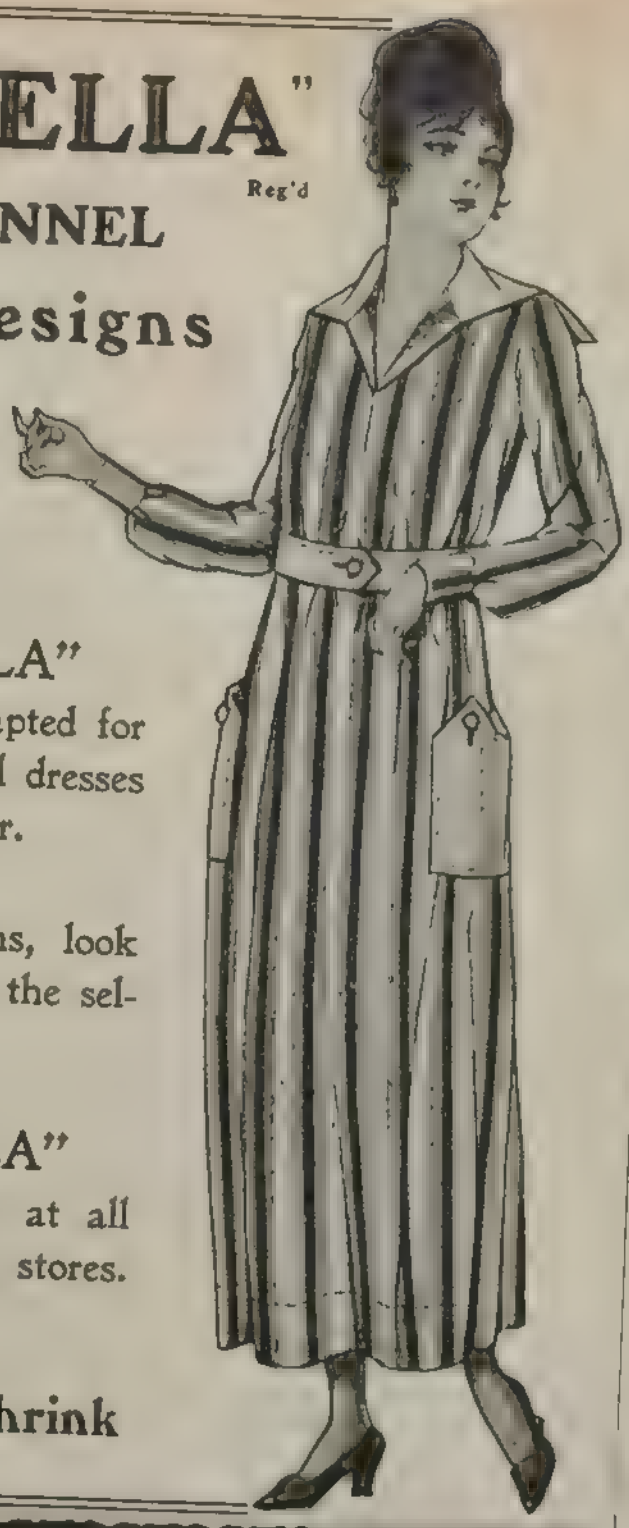
"VIYELLA" Reg'd

FLANNEL

Fall Designs



"VIYELLA" is especially adapted for children's school dresses and infants wear.

Avoid imitations, look for the name on the selvedge.

"VIYELLA" can be obtained at all high class retail stores.

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The Passenger to the Pacific Coast is to-day offered a choice of route that renders it unnecessary to retrace his steps, and opens up a wealth of new scenery and outdoor sport.

Do not fail to visit Jasper and Mount Robson Parks, with their wonderful mountains, gorges, glaciers and cataracts. Here the protection given to game has increased the quantity and reduced the fear of man.

Mountain sheep and goat, the most wary of animals are seen feeding on the hills, and coming down to the railroad in view of passing trains. For further particulars see our booklet "Canadian Northern Rockies," or apply to General Passenger Departments:

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

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New Designs for Children

No. 7962, CHILD'S DRESS. Pattern in 4 sizes; 1 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires 1½ yards 38-inch plaid, ½ yard 38-inch plain material, and ⅛ yard 27-inch contrasting material for collar.

No. 7810, CHILD'S ROMPER OR BEACH SUIT; suitable for boy or girl; body and sleeve in one; dropped back. Pattern in 3 sizes; 2 to 6 years (10 cents).—Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards 36-inch material, and 1 yard 27-inch material for trimming. Galatea, gingham, rep, poplin, chambray, duck and drilling are the materials generally used for every-day suits.

No. 7952, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Pattern in 3 sizes; 2 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires 3 yards 32-inch khaki. With soldiers everywhere, is it not natural that the small boy should like a military suit?

No. 7958, GIRL'S FANCY DRESS COSTUME (Martha Washington or Shepherdess), straight gathered skirt in two lengths; with two styles of pannier. Pattern in 5 sizes, 8 to 16 years (20 cents).—Size 10 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material for the skirt, 2⅜ yards 44-inch figured material for the panniers, waist and sleeves, and 1⅛ yards 36-inch net for fichu and sleeve ruffles. The width of the skirt is 3⅛ yards around the lower edge.

No. 7790, CHILD'S ROMPER AND ONE-PIECE SUN-HAT. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 2 requires 2 yards 36-inch material and ⅜ yard 27-inch material for the collar. An unusually attractive little garment is this romper. Transfer Design No. 318 used on sun-hat in small view. Price, 10 cents.

Everywoman's World advises you to order these patterns through your local dealer, or direct from the McCall Company, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada, in order that you may eliminate unnecessary delay.

SHALL WE BE PUT ON COAL RATIONS?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

"I burned less coal with better results by adding in smaller amounts rather often instead of large amounts infrequently. At night, of course, it is necessary to put on enough coal to last till morning.

"By building the fuel bed in the form of a mound the hottest part is next the furnace walls and more heat is taken to the rooms.

"We do not find it convenient to store several different sizes of coal but a friend of mine tells me that he uses 'grate' coal, which is a trifle cheaper than 'stove' coal, during the day and for the last firing at night uses 'pea' coal. The larger coal keeps the smaller from falling through and by next evening it is practically all consumed. He shakes the grates just before the last firing at night and not again for twenty-four hours."

The shaking of the grates is quite a study in itself. By shaking with a rapid movement and through a *small* angle one gets the best results. If the stroke of the shaker is through a *large* angle unconsumed pieces of coal fall through and any coal appearing in the ash represents waste.

PRESERVING HEAT

IN some cellars there are long hot-air pipes running horizontally. The amount of heat given off into the cellar from these pipes is considerable. These should be wrapped with good asbestos The cheap asbestos paper commonly used for this purpose is practically worthless yet costs just as much for installation labor as a more serviceable material.

"We have two rooms that are particularly hard to heat when there are strong winds from the north. We found that by operating a small electric fan in front of the hot air ventilator a larger amount of hot air is drawn into the room."

One hears just such hints occasionally which, if put into practice, bring real results.

"We find that we can save by using a smaller amount of coal in the fire-box. We used to think the coal box had to be filled right up to the top but we have found that by using the heat from the first burning of the coal the oven can easily be made as hot as desired with the fire-box only half full of coal.

"Too much fire warps the stove and cracks the lids, and very few things that are cooked on top of the stove require intense heat. Water, no matter how fast it boils, is only at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and vegetables do not have to be boiled at a gallop to be properly cooked."

HAVE you had an experience in running your furnace whereby you learned how to get satisfactory heat from two to four tons less coal during the season than you formerly used? Send us full particulars, also description and size of your house, (photo too if you have a good one) all contributions used will be paid for at regular space rates.

SAVE MONEY ON COOKING FUEL

FROM a home where meals are prepared for a large family comes this story of how one mother and her daughter save fuel by careful management of the kitchen range.

"Often we would forget to watch the drafts," said the daughter when telling the story, "and a good bit of coal went up the chimney without giving the best results in heat.

"Our indicator on the oven door guards against waste of fuel.

"Several of our friends are saving coal by using either oil or gasoline stoves for cooking. Coal oil costs only seventeen cents per gallon. One of our friends finds that her oil heater, moved to the room where extra heat is desired, saves putting on a big fire in the furnace. This same little lady uses her fireless cooker when preparing food that requires long, slow cooking and saves many gallons of coal oil."

All of which goes to show that no matter how serious the dearth of a commodity, there is in each individual home some little pet remedy—some idea that helps solve the problem. If these are systematically carried out, there can be effected a great measure of economy.

WORRY *Upsets the* NERVES

Far more women than men suffer from nervous disorders. And little wonder, when you come to think of the thousand causes of worry and anxiety which come daily to the woman in the home.

Particularly to those who are nervously energetic the many demands of society, the numberless details of home life, and the exacting attention required by the children, sooner or later wear on the nervous system.

You begin to worry, and worry upsets the nerves. The more irritable the nerves become the more you worry. And thus is formed a vicious circle, and there is no end to your troubles. Since the nervous system holds in control all the functions of the body there soon arises a thousand little ills to make life a burden.

Nervous headaches, spells of indigestion, irritable temper and attacks of the blues tend to make you feel miserable. You cannot rest by day or sleep at nights, and what reserve force you have rapidly disappears.

It may not be convenient for you to get away for a change and a rest, but there is within your reach Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and there never was found a nerve restorative which could be compared to it.

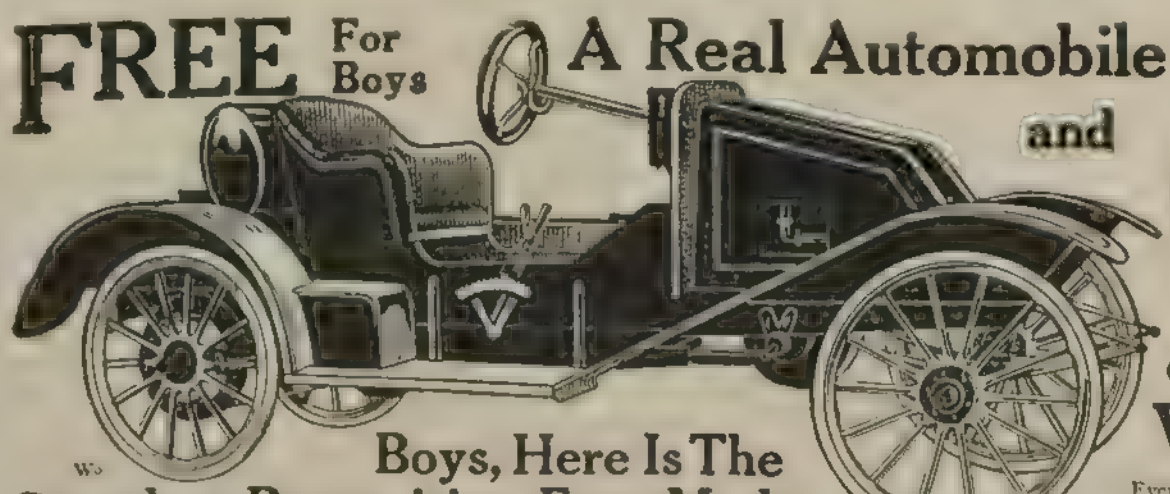
Use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food regularly and you will soon be able to take a cheerful view of life, enjoy your daily work and forget to worry. For with good health comes new energy and strength, new hope and courage, happiness and success.

Women everywhere are praising this great food cure, because it lifts them out of this terrible nervous, irritable condition, and by its reconstructive influence enables the bodily organs to properly perform their natural functions.

50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

FREE For Boys A Real Automobile and A Guaranteed Watch



Boys, Here Is The Grandest Proposition Ever Made

YOU can have a real 5 horse power automobile with an air cooled 4 cycle gasoline engine that can be beat. This is the Canadian boy's cycle car and it's yours free, besides a crackerjack guaranteed watch in the bargain.

If you have ever wanted an automobile, now is your chance to get one for nothing. This car is just big enough for one person. It is built exactly like the big autos on a small scale. It has artillery wheels and solid rubber tires, steering gear and wheel two kinds of brakes, starting crank, upholstered seat, tool box, tools, cone clutch. It will run 75 miles on one gallon of gasoline. This is the real thing for the real live boy, and besides the great auto we are going to give you a daily guaranteed watch that any boy would be glad to own.

If you think you are a live boy and not afraid to run a real automobile, just send us your name and address. We want you to help us advertise and increase the demand for our new great household boon—CHINA-MEND—the world's greatest ever 5 minute broken china. Saves housekeepers thousands of dollars annually by repairing positively broken china, no matter how badly smashed. CHINA-MEND put up in handsome packages and sells like wildfire at 10 cents each.

THIS IS FOR REAL LIVE BOYS ONLY

Every purchaser receives free from us a piece of valuable jewelry or a reversible wire. You can't tell if you do, you can return the goods to us and we will pay you for the work you've done. Our agents are earning scores of valuable premiums selling CHINA-MEND. We will send you post paid and trust you with only 40 PACKAGES TO DISTRIBUTE AT 10c. A PACKAGE. As soon as you have sold them return us $4.00 YOU WILL RECEIVE IMMEDIATELY AS A REWARD for your work the magnificent watch, and the automobile is yours too without selling another cent's worth of goods, just by sending us the names and addresses of eight boys who will be our agents and earn our fine premiums too. Send your name to-day to

HOME WELFARE PRODUCTS CO. Dept. E.W. TORONTO, CAN.

CLASSIFIED·ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange. Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

Agents and Salesmen Wanted

MRS. COPE, MAGGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $102.00 in ten days. Sold to every home in Maggrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

WE ARE REMITTING many ladies $10 to $15, $20 per week to obtain orders for Personal Christmas Cards in their spare hours. If you wish to add to your income write now for full details. Beautiful Sample Book free—nothing to buy. Toronto Card & Label Co., Limited, Art Publishers, Winnipeg.

MANY BIG ADVERTISERS first started with a little ad. this size. The cost so small, and the results so big. We will gladly send you full particulars. Drop us a postal to-day. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

EVERY HOME ON FARM, in Small Town or Suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal oil) Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One Farmer cleared over $500 in six weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning $400 to $800 per month. No capital required. We furnish Goods on Time to reliable men. Write quick for distributor's proposition, and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 512 Aladdin Bldg., Montreal, Can.

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The Truth About The Fish Situation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24)

EVERYBODY? No, not quite. There were "conscientious objectors"—dealers who objected seriously to a limit on their margin of profit. Very annoyed some of them were! "Ten cent fish, indeed! It's been selling right along for eight."

Funny, but Toronto's housewives don't seem to have run across that eight cent fish in the past!

PUBLIC SPIRIT vs. PRIVATE SPLEEN

BIG fish dealers have proved themselves big men in the way they have co-operated with the government. After arranging for the transportation of the fish in special through cars to these wholesale dealers, and limiting its final price to the consumer, the government has had nothing to do with the fish. The fish dealers have *assumed the rest of the responsibility.*

Has Mrs. Ontario appreciated the augmented opportunity to supply her table with fresh, cheap fish?

Just to the extent of increasing her consumption of fish 60,000 pounds a week! The total amount of fish brought into Toronto (for home use and for distribution to other points) averaged, until the new arrangement came into force, 10,000 pounds a week. It is now 80,000 pounds.

Some dealers have refused their help to the scheme—because as before stated, their profits were fixed.

How should the woman meet such a stand? Should she not put it to her dealer straight that *she wants that fish?*

If enough of his customers bring pressure to bear he will stock it.

And he should be made to keep its quality up to the highest standard. He has every chance to do so, and any failure is *his* failure—not that of the scheme.

A shrugged shoulder can be more damning than strong words.

It behooves us, therefore, to be firm before suggestion, to learn the motive behind the shrug, and to make our own experiment.

Women know, (or can soon learn to know), good fish. If your dealer hasn't got good fish, he can get it; if he won't, another will. The main point is—we can have fish in our local markets if we *will* to have it.

REAL GOVERNMENT FISH

THE catch-title, "government-fish," has been given the fish that Toronto has been getting by the intervention of the Food Controller. But this has been incorrect. These shipments have been in no sense the government's—they have been the very same fish that the dealers have always bought. Carrying facilities have been arranged and the price has been set by the Food Controller—as we look for many prices to be set.

But the Ontario Government has started a plan of its own to provide the province with fish—with *Ontario* fish.

This plan is to develop the possibilities of two of Ontario's big northern lakes—Nipigon and Nipissing.

The idea grew in an interesting fashion: the Canadian fisheries already operating in the great lakes, export more than half of their catch; a total of only about two million pounds a year is sold at home.

"We must keep all of this fish in Canada," said the government. But it was quickly proven that it would take a lot of time, work and machinery to divert this trade—and would cause a great deal of dissatisfaction because the American buyers pay a higher price for what they purchase.

"There is a better plan," said the commissioners who were wrestling with the problem. And plans were immediately set in action to open up Nipissing and Nipigon.

COMPLETE GOVERNMENT CONTROL

THE fisheries on these lakes will belong entirely to the province. They will be developed to the utmost advantage. Hatcheries will be installed and the roe from the entire catch will be theirs for restocking not only these lakes, but *others* where the supply has been depleted.

The government will sell the fish to Ontario's dealers at a profit sufficient to finance the proper development of the industry and the fish will reach the tables of Ontario at a reasonable price.

What of the village and small town whose dealers can only turn over fifty or a hundred pounds of fish at a time? Will they get a share of the big Ontario catch?

Yes, if they want it.

In every district there is a distributing centre—some town from which there is train service in several directions. The plan is to equip such centres to handle the fish for their districts—to receive the large quantities, re-ice the boxes in which the fish are packed, where necessary, and send them off to the various towns along each road.

Sounds simple—but is not actually so very easy.

It means that there must be some sort of cold storage facilities in that distributing centre, and that the details for taking care of such large quantities of perishable food must be perfectly in hand. This will take a little time, and a great deal of co-operation.

FISH FOR VILLAGE TRADE

"WILL we get the fish as cheaply," asks the village woman.

To answer one question with another: "Can you buy your flour as cheaply by the pound, as you can by the sack, Madam?"

The dealer who can buy only a small quantity, has to pay a higher rate per pound for delivery, storing, icing—all the incidentals—just as the hundred bags your separate pounds of flour would have to be put in, would cost more than one sack big enough to hold a hundredweight.

But everything will be done to keep handling costs as low as possible, and you should be able to buy the finest fish at a lower price than has hitherto prevailed, which will still show your dealer reasonable profit—approximately three cents a pound.

"The former spread was seven or eight cents," said one man, "but organization of the fish trade is changing all this."

"But I have no way of handling fish in my shop," objects the butcher or grocer who has not a great deal of imagination and less initiative.

Easily managed.

The government has had a special fish case designed that is easy to make, cheap, and is a whole fish shop in itself. These cases are popping up all over the country, wherever there are merchants of the live, progressive type.

HOW YOU CAN GET FISH

IF you want fish, fresh fish, cheap fish, in your town, here is a suggestion for getting it.

Call a meeting of your townswomen, or bring up the subject at the next meeting of your most influential women's organization. See how much fish you, the women of the town, will use, say on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

Then go to your dealer and say to him, "You can count on us for one hundred pounds of fish, twice a week"—or whatever you estimate that you will require.

If he is unfamiliar with the best sources of supply, have him write to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—or you can get this information for him. We will give him a list of the distributors who will supply him.

Simple?

Very.

The only vital point to be decided is—do you, do the women of your district want fish?

If you do, then speak, with a united voice.

You should be answered—in good fish.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON HEALTH AND BEAUTY

MANY NEW, SOME IMPROVED AND ALL USEFUL

The Problem of Wholeness

IN one of George Macdonald's novels, a silly little miss, who is feeling some of the discomfort consequent on her own selfishness, whimpers self-pityingly, "I don't see what God ever made me for!" To which the well-poised friend replies matter-of-factly, "Of course you don't! God isn't done making you yet!"

The Pitch of the Speaking Voice

The voice is an instrument capable of an infinite range of expression, and it is in keen sympathy with the thoughts and emotions, reflecting them accurately when not repressed by constraint or conscious control. It will require painstaking effort to overcome pernicious habits, replace the voice, and train it to musical utterance; but the reward is a beautiful hourly recompense. When you know that in every normal voice there are seventeen and a half trillion different sounds, you must be convinced that there is hope of improving the most strident. Beautiful emotions, high thinking, and deep feeling, all give depth and beauty to the tone of the voice.

Train your ear to notice pleasant, agreeable voices, and listen to your own critically. In the seclusion of your own room, try the pitch of your voice until you discover its most melodious tone, that upon which you can develop the fullest and sweetest *timbre*—the tone which you determine shall be recognized by your friends as your voice. Determination and perseverance can win for it such a personal charm that its sound will attract friends to you. All this can be accomplished by unaided effort; but, of course, when it is possible, the work of reform is facilitated and progress becomes more rapid with the assistance of a skilful teacher.

Inhaling an atmosphere filled with tobacco smoke is injurious to the voice, affecting it so disastrously that all singers who understand the care of their voices avoid it with scrupulous care. The Arabs restore lost voices by a diet of sun-cooked pulp of apricots; and it is said that inhaling the vapour from hot milk in which ripe figs have been boiled will sweeten the tone of the voice. Milk and buttermilk are both good for the voice; and a raw egg beaten up with a little lemon juice and taken before breakfast will strengthen and clear it.

Oriental women make a delicious paste of figs and apricots which sweetens and softens the *timbre* of the voice marvelously. The fruit is pared and cooked with an equal quantity of sugar, very slowly, till reduced to a thick jam, when it is poured into small flat boxes and dried in the sun.

A woman or girl can accomplish a wondrous change with her own unaided effort when she sets about the task with the characteristic determination which a desire to be attractive incites. Just as the touch of her hand should be like a caress, so a woman's voice should fall upon the ear as gratefully as a benediction. "When life is true to the poles of nature, the streams of truth will roll through us in song."

"Show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

Effect of Thought on the Complexion

Through the telegraph system of nerves, the brain receives messages and issues its instructions to all parts, regulating the action of the muscular coats of the blood-vessels, as well as all other tissues.

The body contains two kinds of muscular tissue—the one obeys our thoughts, directed through the nerves, by will, as is the case with the large muscles of the body; and the other, as the tissues in the blood-vessels, obeys our emotions, and not our thoughts. Thus the muscles of the arms can be moved at will, but those of the blood-vessels are controlled only by thought and emotions, directed by the delicate vaso-motor nerves.

The involuntary muscles of the capillaries being elastic, by some emotions dilate and allow the blood to flow freely, giving the red glow to the skin; by other emotional impulses, they contract, forcing the blood out, and the skin blanches or turns pale; thus an emotion can contract the blood-vessels and blanch the cheeks, or by opening them can diffuse the face with a blush

It is the contraction of the involuntary muscles in the capillaries of the skin which causes the peculiar condition known as "goose flesh."

If one becomes extremely angry, the minute capillaries contract, the blood flows out of them and is sent bounding back to the large arteries and through them to the heart and brain. This sudden reversing of the blood-current is unnatural; it produces unpleasant sensations, and thus extreme anger often causes severe illness.

Extreme fear acts in the same way, and the injurious effect on the health of children, in frightening them as a means of punishment, is apparent.

It must be borne in mind that when a thought contracts the capillaries of the outer skin, it contracts also the skin which lines the stomach, intestines, and all internal organs; hence fear, anger, worry or displeasure directly affect the stomach, intestines, kidneys, and all of the vital organs.

These emotions, if long continued, so interfere with the assimilation and absorption of nourishment and fat, by their effect on the nerves, that the reserve fat stored in the system is consumed, and the body becomes thin. It is probably because of the damaging effect of such thoughts on the body that they have been termed unpleasant thoughts.

Thoughts of kindness, joy, happiness, and good-will will put the nerves in a normal condition. It is through this control of the blood-vessels, through the nerves, that the health is materially and directly affected by the character of thoughts. This physiological truth is the basis of the so-called "Mental Science" belief.

Disagreeable thoughts, resulting in unpleasant emotions, if persisted in for a long time, keep the capillaries of the skin contracted, drive the blood from it, and the skin becomes habitually pale, because of lack of nourishing blood.

Illness, causing nerve tension, sometimes acts in the same way—even when there is sufficient blood in the body, the face is pale. Perhaps one of the most frequent causes for pale faces is worry.

Thus do our thoughts affect our complexions.

Suggestions for a Clear, Smooth Skin

Keep the bowels regular, the stomach, intestines, liver, kidneys, nerves, lungs, and heart doing their work strongly, and the blood circulating forcefully, by a few well directed exercises for the vital organs which you practise daily.

Breathe fully and deeply.

See that the air in your room is pure day and night.

Eat moderately of simple, easily digested food. Avoid fried foods, much candy, pickles, pastry, hot breads, tea, and coffee.

Drink water freely.

Massage and exercise your face a few minutes a day, to keep the skin pores active and strong and to bring blood to the surface.

Bathe the entire body and rub it briskly each day so as to bring a glow to the surface and to keep all pores open.

Get regular rest; tired nerves very quickly affect the nourishment to the skin. Hold pleasant thoughts; worry and disagreeable thoughts contract the capillaries and interfere with the blood supply.

Keep the pores of the skin of the feet active; the pores here must eliminate many bodily impurities. Keep the hose fresh and dry to readily absorb impurities.

Do not wear tight collars or tight clothing of any kind.

Learn of a pure face cream suited to your skin and then cease to experiment.

Study yourself under the careful guidance of an educated teacher for the skin, to correct any existing facial blemishes, and then the above directions for exercise of the body and vital organs, bathing, diet, and daily massage and exercise for the face will keep it in condition.

Be careful to learn how to wash your face without deepening wrinkles—a wash cloth is one chief enemy to a smooth skin. The hand, or a soft camel's hair brush is preferable.

Learn how to move the hands on the face to avoid making lines both in washing and wiping the face.

Astringents, skin foods, bleaches, antiseptics, etc., should be prescribed by a skin specialist, who studies your case with you.

If one is exposed to dust, or is much in the open air, a mild cream should be put on the face each night to soften it.

Each skin needs careful study to know just what agrees with it, and one needs individual directions just as one needs individual directions for correction of figure or of physical ailments; only general suggestions can be given here.

Soft water is better than most face beautifiers, and city dwellers who must do much for the face and hands to correct the effects of hard water, dust and smoke, would do well to spend a part of the money expended on creams, skin foods, etc., in buying distilled or soft water for cleansing the skin. There is nothing much more disastrous to a smooth skin than hard water.

Be careful to use a pure soap. Avoid highly perfumed soaps and those containing free alkali.

Red Faces

There is a difference between rosy cheeks and what are commonly termed "red faces." The latter are occasioned by an unusual dilation of the capillaries of the skin. Injudicious food, stimulants and too tight clothing are predisposing causes. The condition can be corrected by establishing a uniform circulation throughout the body by exercise, by the use of cold water baths, by regulating the diet, and by full breathing to insure combustion of waste. An astringent wash for the face contracts the distended capillaries after the causes are relieved.

Pale faces may be occasioned by deficiency of blood supply, by a deficiency of red-blood corpuscles, or by an undue tension of nerves which causes the capillaries to contract, so that the blood cannot enter them.

The relief from the latter is in nerve relaxation, and of the former in exercise, deep breathing, forceful circulation, and proper diet to build up the blood. As previously stated, worry or disagreeable thoughts, by reason of their effect on the capillaries, almost always cause pale faces.

Strength in a woman is just as important as it is in a man. Strength to a large extent indicates physical perfection. It means strong organs and vigorous nerves. It ensures that the instincts and emotions ordinarily associated with a perfect human organism are normal in every way. Therefore, a strong woman is more likely to possess normal feminine instincts.

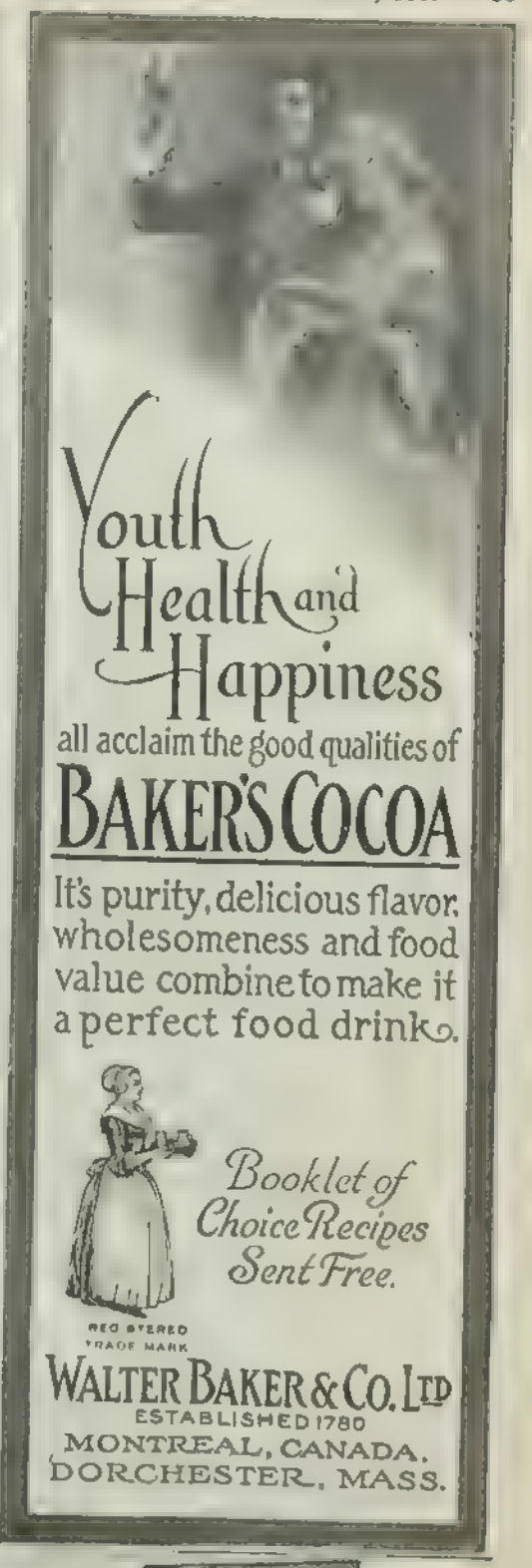
Evils of Paint and Rouge

I believe the day is not far distant when artificial make-up, the *maquillage* of the French, will be left to the stage and certain class women who announce their "calling" by its use. Could respectable women but grasp the thought in all its clearness, that to strangers their own social position appears more than dubious when they join the "painted and bedizened" sisterhood, they would not hesitate long about risking such misjudgment, but fling the paint and rouge pots far away, and devote themselves sedulously to the recovery of a naturally beautiful skin.

That the task would be attended with some difficulty goes without saying. But the longer the pernicious practice is continued, the harder it will be, for the inevitable penalty for the constant use of the injurious substances which enter into all these compounds is that the skin even in youth becomes more drawn, wrinkled, and sallow than it would be in extreme age if given hygienic care. It must, indeed, have reached a sad state though, to be beyond recovery, given time and diligent care; and the earlier the reform, the sooner the cure.

Always the beauties of Oriental harems have been devoted to cosmetic arts, but while they have frankly adopted certain artificial methods of enhancing their attractions, they have always had too much regard for the preservation of their beauty to jeopardize it by coating their skins with the deleterious enamels and paints which their Occidental sisters have used.

Many girls complain of ugly finger nails. Of course that is a remediable fault. Three times a week, after soaking the hands and rinsing, rub over each nail a bit of cold cream, into which powdered pumice stone has been mixed. There is a clever little pair of tweezers on the market made to hold some tiny rubber pads for rolling back the cuticle at the base of the nail. It is a most effective way of training the half-moon to show. The hands should be washed again, after this treatment.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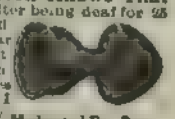

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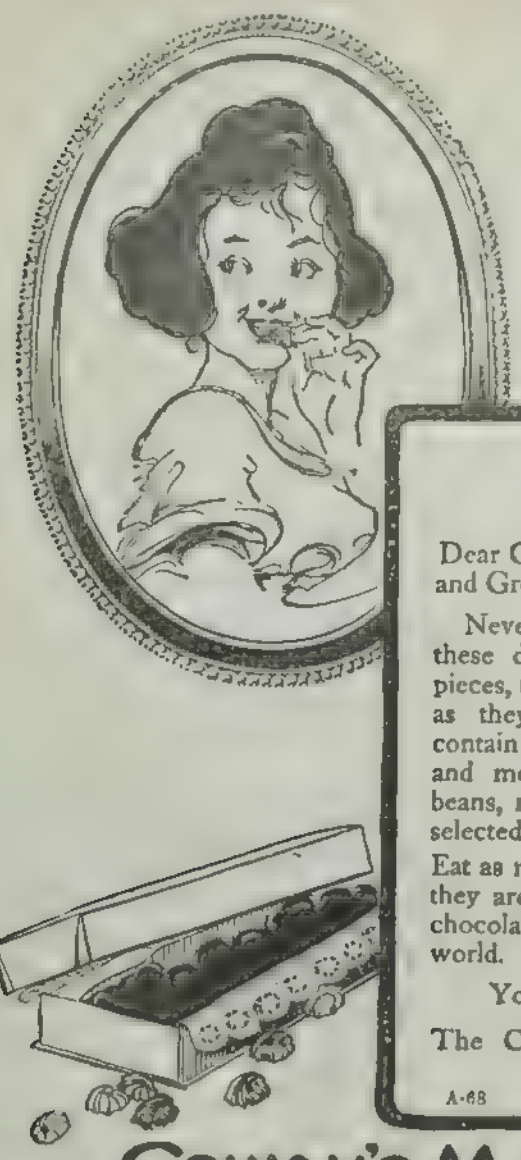

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THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

And she deserved a breathing space, and now Hope, for whose sake she had labored. . . Where was Hope? When she found her she would—she would beat her. Ruefully, Mary admitted it would do herself good, whether it helped Hope or not.

PANIC fell on her suddenly, like the unexpected contact of icy water; her lethargy departed.

So Mrs. Hamilton found her, gazing about the room with a look of bewilderment and alarm, as if she thought to discover someone concealed under the sofa.

"I've been looking for you, Mary," said Mrs. Hamilton, who was always calm, as a mother of four must be if she would escape shrewishness. "My, you look done up; you've been working late again."

"No, I've been dining with Mrs. Shane," said Mary. "Worse. Where is Hope?"

"She went out, with a suitcase, at seven o'clock. Just in time for the West train. Mary, I don't think that child looks well lately, and she ought not to be running around so. No sleep this week; out with that Kirby boy last night, and sitting up half the night before with a book. Don't say I said so; I know you girls can manage your own affairs. But I didn't like to see her going off that way without any dinner. I was bringing her some, but she'd gone. You get her to rest up . . ." Probably she said more, but Mary did not hear. Once Mary opened her mouth to say: "But Allen Kirby left days ago."

"I *will* beat her" she remarked instead. "She should have waited for me. That train is a local; it only goes to Banff. Mrs. Hamilton, be a darling, and help me pack. I've got to catch the Limited. No doubt, Mary reflected afterward, she made other explanation, but she could not remember what Mrs. Hamilton never asked questions. She did not even look a question, but thanks to her Mary found herself aboard the Limited with the half of a split second to spare.

She had three hours to reassure herself that there had been no other train than the Banff local for Hope to take. As a side issue, she could reflect on the fact that Edgerton might be in Banff, rather than Laggan, where he had said he was going. And all the world goes to Banff. It is to Canada—to America almost—what Port Said is to the East. Wait there long enough and *tout le monde* comes to you. So all the world might already be apprised of what Mary hoped to avert. Of course none would guess except their own little world—but there it was. Everyone—but everyone—from their own town week-ended at Banff. Though eighty miles distant, it amounted to a suburb. It was their one playground.

EDGERTON was in Laggan, however. There was nothing for Hope to do but wait for the Limited, anathematizing her own stupidity. She was eager to go on. When the Limited drew in with a great discord of bells and whistles, and the platform filled with yet more and more people, coming or going, these were still unreal. Then Mary came toward her out of the crowd, one vividly alive among all these ghosts, and she saw and seized on Hope with a sort of angry affection and a great relief.

"Where have you been?" she demanded absurdly. "You—you—Oh, I was distracted! But I've found you."

"I'm going away," said Hope, determinedly, bracing her shoulders with an air of one refusing discussion.

"You're going back on the next train," announced Mary. "I'll see to that."

"Oh, Mary, please don't bother me," said Hope, with an unexpected pleading note. "I'll go mad if I have to ever see that town again. I *want* to go."

"Now, see here," began Mary, vehemence overcoming clarity of speech, as she dragged Hope off toward a wooden bench out of the swirl of traffic. People were elbowing them politely; a few stared for a moment in passing.

"But I must catch the train."

"Wait, wait a minute!" She sought for a tactful beginning, and then flung herself at the heart of the matter; there was no time for tact. "You're going on to meet Edgerton, aren't you?" Hope merely looked at her, like an obstinate child which will not say it is sorry. "Well, what has he ever done to you?"

"I like him," said Hope, which again was not what Mary expected.

"Very well, you like him! And you're going to make him miserable the rest of his life to prove it!' Trusting to blind feeling, Mary knew it was useless to ask Hope to consider prudence and her own side of the case. "What'll he do with you? What will you do with him? You've got what he wants, but you can't give it to him. He'd give you what you want, but he hasn't got it. His life is made for him; he has made it himself; you'll be taking him away from everything he's used to. He isn't your age; he'll get tired of everlastingly 'yearning beyond the skyline, where the strange ships go down.' He'll want his work, and the men he knows. He hasn't your tastes; he'll be bored. After a while he'll see you growing up, and away from him. And you'll be no nearer anything else. You'll always be on the outer edge of things, outside of the game; you won't have conformed to the rules. And by and bye you'll leave him, find yourself . . . and he'll be sorry all his life." She paused for breath; Hope stared at her searchingly, with a little strange laugh.

"Well," she said. "Really! Oughtn't he to know what he's doing? Why—why—what about me?"

"Settle that with yourself," said Mary gravely. "You'll have to anyway. But don't take out your unhappiness — your spite—on someone who never hurt you. What about me? Haven't I been fond of you? Why do you want to leave me to face what you've done? Do you think your friends will be spared?"

"MY gracious," said Hope inadequately, "whose business is it but mine? Leave me alone, please. No one cares."

"That's what you thought about you and Tony," said Mary inexorably. "Nobody plays a lone hand."

"Oh," said Hope disdainfully, "you mean that someone is always looking over your shoulder and telling you how to play. But you pay your own losses. Oh, Mary, I want to go! And who on earth would know?"

"Everyone," insisted Mary. "His wife might learn, and spread it all over the country in the newspapers. Or she might exact half his fortune to keep silent. You'd be the flaw in his armor; you might cost him all he has spent his life building up. Then if you did marry. . . ."

"I don't want to marry him, or anyone," said Hope goaded into utter truthfulness.

"Well," said Mary, "then you'll take a great deal and give nothing. After all, a man's got his name too, Hope, what if your own people should hear?"

"Would *you* tell them?" asked Hope stormily. "Well, I'll go back. . . Please be quiet, Mary." She dropped to the bench, and leaned her head against the station wall, closing her eyes. The purpose went out of her face; she looked spent again. "I can't do anything," she muttered. "But I must, I must."

"Come to the hotel and rest till the next train," said Mary, gently. "And get something to eat."

"No. I must explain to him. I will go back if you will go on up and tell him why I didn't come. He's looking for me on this train. Here's the rest of my ticket; you use it," said Hope, practically. "And give him this." She went into the telegraph room, wrote and sealed a message. "Hurry, the train is starting; I won't go unless you do." Mary began to protest, thought better of it, kissed Hope, and ran. Perhaps Hope needed to be alone. And in spite of all her arguments, Mary was sorry for Edgerton. Hope went back to her bench sat down listlessly, and felt herself going, very far away, to the poppy fields of her childhood—but now the poppies were black. She did not want to live. No man lives by bread, but by faith in whatever gods he had. Hers was broken, and its pitiful clay feet forbade her weeping over the shards. Her tears, she reflected sardonically, would reduce it to the utmost of absurdity. So she sat, gazing into the dark. And when Ned Angell stopped before her, he had to speak twice before she seemed to hear.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Sold by all druggists at 25 cents a tube and guaranteed

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CLEANSES
WHITENS
PREVENTS
DECAY

Necessary to Good Teeth

To-Day's Food Problem

They have sent to the editors a multitude of intelligent questions. They want to know about food values, about food substitutes. They want recipes. They want to economize—to assist practically the Food Controller in his fine efforts to prevent waste and conserve our national food supply—this that the cost of living may be reduced at home and that our fighters overseas may be better fed. And so EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is earnestly concerned with "To-day's Food Problem" and is furnishing its 125,000 family readers with information, suggestions and real help—the exact kind of help needed at this time.

More than ever before readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD are studying the whole broad subject of Food Conservation.

A series of excellent articles on Food Values is now appearing in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—in this month's issue, in last month's issue, in our November issue. These articles are scientific in their essence, but are written in the simplest, plainest way. Read them and let them guide you. They will help you to be thrifty, and to solve your own Food Problem, as this relates to your pocket book and the National Duty.

Study also the Food Advertisements appearing in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. From them you will get suggestions and guidance.

N. B. If you have any questions to ask, send them to the Editor of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and they will be answered for you; and perhaps the answers to your questions may help others.

Solve To-Day's Food Problem

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Everybody's Favourite Table Syrup

In 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. Tins ——— and "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars.

Write for Free Cook Book

The Canada Starch Co., Limited - - Montreal

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Rural Canada

Canada's Great Farm Magazine

FOR

Your Sister On the Farm

ONCE the woman on the farm was rather pitied because it was believed—or known—that her life was full of drudgery. To-day she is probably envied, for her life may be freer and less exhausting than that of city women. They, for instance, may be weighted down with domestic cares, because they can't get "help." Certainly they are groaning over the high cost of living.

BY contrast the woman on the farm is enviable. Her day's work is made easier by many contrivances. Her home may be as well furnishd as the urban dweller's and made happy with many pleasures.

She has frequent and sufficient contact with her neighbors by Institute meetings and by the aid of the telephone. Perhaps a motor car gives her visiting a wider range. She is no stranger to big cities; and her daughters go to college. Her daily labors are eased by cream separators and churns operated by engines. Washing and ironing are performed with the backache eliminated by machines; and the wood box has given way to the coal-bin.

Now, joy of joys, the woman living on the farm has her own magazine—one really and truly her very own—

Rural Canada

FOR WOMEN

She may be getting EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD just as you are, but she can have a magazine that is very close up—very close indeed—to her several worlds.

What are these worlds, you ask? Well, some of them are the same as yours; some are peculiarly her own. Her worlds are:

Mothers' problems.
Her sons and daughters.
The kitchen, the dining room, the parlor, the bedroom.
The garden.
Poultry and bee-keeping
The Health of the family.
Social activities and joys.
Education, uplift and culture.
Dress, fashions and shopping.
Romance, poetry, books—reading of all sorts.

These worlds of hers are bounded, in their amplitude, by **RURAL CANADA FOR WOMEN.** And these worlds can be lived in and travelled through, and enjoyed for a whole year for a single dollar.

ARE you on the farm yourself, or have you a kinswoman on the farm or some one to whom you are indebted for favors received or kindnesses shown? Perhaps you have spent a week or two this summer with some friends or relatives on the farm. You will want **RURAL CANADA** yourself or will want to repay in part your debt by sending her **RURAL CANADA** for Women.

Perhaps it is just good-will that dominates your desire to send **RURAL CANADA** for Women to a cousin, or aunt, or niece, or friend whose home is in the country. If so, you can add delight upon delight, and provide most stimulating influences by arranging for twelve monthly visits of **RURAL CANADA** for Women to that rural dweller possessing your favor.

Is it a birthday or anniversary or even a wedding gift that you wish to make? Let **RURAL CANADA** for Women put an end to your perplexities. The cost, $1.00, will not be the measure of value the true value will be the joy and comfort and enlargement that will abide with your gift.

A coupon is attached herewith. Use it—for a little gift to yourself, if you so please, or to that friend or kinswoman, near or far, whose days are lived on the farm—on a prairie farm; on a Northern Ontario farm, on a farm in Eastern Canada or on a farm in populous Old Ontario.

Yield to your impulses. Cut out the coupon or copy out the form, attach $1.00 and mail.

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Enclosed find $1.00. *Please send RURAL CANADA for Women for one year to the address below.*

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Two Weeks With Rural Leaders

The Conference at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph

By HILDA M. RIDLEY

THREE striking facts as to what ails the community have been discovered in relation to rural life in Canada and the United States. First, life for the farmer has not been made sufficiently remunerative; second, the social and educational life of the country community has been neglected; third, there has been little or no recreational life.

The questions arising out of these facts formed the subject matter of the series of lectures given by Mr. H. W. Foght, of the Bureau of Education, Washington, D.C., and of other speakers at the two weeks' session of the Summer School for Rural Leadership held in Guelph, Ont., from July 23rd. to August 4th.

WHERE IT PINCHES CITY PEOPLE

THE war has brought these problems very closely home, especially to us people who live in cities and in the towns. For what are we going to do with the continued increase in the price of food supplies—all manner of products for which we are dependent on the farms?

These problems are of grave concern and of great moment at this time, when so many city and town people have been helping in the harvest fields and when so much needed help can be given by leaders everywhere once they understand these problems.

The personality and work of Mr. Foght are of special interest to Canadian people just now. With the permission of his government, he is giving the benefits of his varied experience for a period of four months to the Educational Department of the Government of Saskatchewan to help put their educational machinery in advanced order.

> THE depopulation of the country has resulted in the deterioration of our national life and has directly contributed to the high cost of living.
>
> To keep the rural-minded people on the land—that is the problem!
>
> Life for the farmer has not been made sufficiently remunerative. Economically and socially he has suffered from grave disadvantages. He must have better schools, better churches and greater recreative facilities.
>
> We stand on the threshold of revelation in country life. Our forefathers did not dream of what is opening up before us to-day.
>
> The farmer is coming into his own. The best thought of the age is being given to the redirection of country life along economic, social, educative, religious and recreative lines.
>
> The future of Canada lies in the country. It is for each one of us to do our part in the great co-operative movement which is advancing to develop the resources of rural Canada.

THE PREACHERS ATTEND

THE majority of the men attending the Summer School were ministers. They came from all parts of rural Ontario—anxious to benefit by the interchange of ideas and the "feast of reason and flow of soul" awaiting them at the School.

Situated on the brow of a hill overlooking the City of Guelph, the beautiful buildings and grounds of the Ontario Agricultural College afforded ideal surroundings for the holding of a summer course. Under almost perfect weather conditions, the College flung its doors wide open to all those awake to the need of the "re-direction of rural life along economic, social, educative, religious and recreative lines."

AMERICANS AWAKE TO GREAT NEED

HOW strong the need is for such redirection was well brought out in the lectures of Mr. Foght. The alarming depletion of the country districts—the trend ever and ever toward the cities—awakened the American people to the realization that the very foundations of their national life ran the danger of being sapped. Our leaders in Canada have awakened also to the fact that the same conditions are calling for adjustment here in Canada.

In 1908 the United States began to make a study of the resources of country life—and it was discovered that there was a country problem. The problem was how to keep on the land those who were "rural minded" and had the right kind of American ideals.

Of vital concern in this connection was the place of the school in rural life. No sooner had the American people awakened to the realization that there was a country problem than they saw the need of good schools as a factor in keeping people on the land.

Mr. Foght's lectures dealt with this aspect of the question. As he pointed out, the story of educational conditions in the United States is largely our story, and hence the interest and suggestiveness of all that he had to say regarding the American rural school.

A TYPICAL FAMILY LOST

THE pathos of the situation as regards the type of school which, until quite recently has been thought "good enough" in the States, for country districts, was illustrated by Mr. Foght in the story of a typical family who moved into town. The son became a street-car conductor, the daughter a stenographer, and the family, like hundreds of other families, was lost to the country community. It all started because the father, a farmer, was persuaded by his wife to rent his farm, because there was no decent school in the district for the children to attend.

One of the steps taken in the States to provide a better type of school for the country has been the doing away with some of the small, scattered, "one-teacher" schools and establishing in their place one large school. This kind of school is called the "Consolidated School." Good roads have made it possible to convey children for many miles to this larger school.

There they are given the best of available care and teaching.

In connection with consolidated schools there is frequently a home for teachers, which solves the problem of "hoard"—a problem which in country districts is often so acute that teachers cannot be persuaded to remain for any length of time under conditions of almost intolerable discomfort. With a competent staff of teachers, much better results can be accomplished in one large school than in the schools of the "one teacher" type.

THE NEW COUNTRY SCHOOL

BUT although much has been done along these lines, much remains to be done. At the present time a new curriculum for country schools is being prepared by the United States Bureau of Education. A great deal of "rubbish" has accumulated in the school books, and this is to be eliminated.

The tendency has been to teach subjects which lure the heart of the child away from the country to the city. The captains of industry are held up as examples to emulate—and thus the child gets the idea that the only way to succeed in life is to go to the city or town.

In the new curriculum special emphasis will be laid upon agricultural subjects or those which relate to the practical life of the farmer. Attention will also be given to subjects of a broadening and cultural nature

In no better way could the general purposes of the curriculum be summed up than in Mr Foght's own words—"First," he said, "the farmer and his

The O. A. C. Where the Summer School was Held

wife have the right to be born in a good environment in order to become what they ought to be. To this end, sanitation and sociology should be taught.

"Second, the new kind of school must teach the new farmer to recognize his responsibilities in the larger social group. Under this head comes real live problems, such as elementary science and economics.

"The third step is vocational.

"The farmer must make a better living than in the past.

"Agricultural and domestic science must be taught.

"The fourth springs out of the third step.

"He will now have a margin of wealth to invest, and the new school must teach him to invest his wealth in the country in co-operative enterprises, in better houses, schools and churches. Out of this will come the new ethical and aesthetic kind of country life."

TOGETHER IN THE CHURCHES

THAT there has been too much stress laid upon doctrinal teaching in the country churches, and that this has tended to separate rather than to unite them was the big point brought out by the Rev. W. K. Shearer, B.A., of Drumbo, Ont., in his two addresses on "The Mission and Message of the Country Church." He advocated, in place of sectarian teaching, the preaching of the Kingdom of God—as covering *all* relationships of life.

An interesting address on the subject of the country church was also given by the Rev. Wm. Conway, B.A., of Auburn. He spoke of the work of the Sunday school and advocated uniting under it all the organizations among young people.

WHERE TO TEACH SOCIAL SERVICE

THERE should also be in connection with the Sunday school a Parents' Department for the teaching and training of men and women for social service.

Lively discussions followed these addresses. One was impressed by the broad-minded attitude of the ministers. There were representatives from the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Anglican churches, but one and all seemed anxious to sink sectarian differences and get down to a basis broad enough for co-operation.

Indeed the keynote of the whole convention might be expressed in one word, "Co-operation." How to co-ordinate the various agencies—the church, the home, the school—working for the betterment of the community—that was the problem which was endlessly discussed.

The churches seem to appreciate more keenly than they have ever done that it is their mission to save the whole life of man, and that to do this they must work in harmony with the home and the school.

THE CRYING NEED IN RURAL LIFE

GETTING right down to the crying need of the average rural community, Mr. Alex. Maclaren showed that it lay in a greater spirit of co-operation among country people. From living far apart country people had become extremely individualistic.

Mr. Maclaren is the Lecturer in Rural Sociology at the Ontario Agricultural College, and it was on his initiative that this summer school was conducted. Two previous sessions have been held, but the high record for attendance was broken by a big margin this year —a significant fact, bearing witness to the progress of thought along the line of rural leadership.

WE NEED TO PLAY

MR. MACLAREN made it plan that we do not play enough in rural Canada. The taking part in good team games does more than anything else to draw people together. Good roads, rural free deliveries, telephones, magazines, books and farm journals were doing much to break down the barriers of isolation in the country but excessive individualism still persists. Mr. Maclaren advised rural leaders in church and school to study the Y.M.C.A. rules of game.

Athletics, team games, leagues, group games, hikes, relay races and pageants were all splendid sources of recreation.

The importance which Mr. Maclaren attached to games was practically demonstrated at the Summer School during the first week of the session. Five minutes of play between each lecture was the order of the day, and in all the games Mr. Maclaren was an enthusiastic leader. He never wearied. Despite the fact that he acted as chairman for all the lectures, speaking often and continuously, he was the first in the field—or rather the campus —to start some new, all-round game.

ASTONISHING RESULTS IN GRAIN

THE story of the introduction of two new varieties which had considerably increased the yield of barley in Ontario was interestingly told by Professor Zavitz of Ontario Agricultural College in a series of talks on Field Husbandry. These varieties are the Mandscheuri, which the College imported from Russsia in the spring of 1889, and the O. A. C. No. 21, which was started from a single seed of the Mandscheuri barley at the College in 1903.

So great has been the increase in the yield of barley in Ontario from the use of these two varieties, that the entire cost of the College has been far more than paid back to the Province from this one source alone.

About 96 per cent. of all the barley that is now grown in Ontario belongs to the Mandscheuri, or to the O. A. C. No. 21 varieties, and the increase in yield per acre of barley for the last sixteen years as compared with the previous sixteen amounts approximately to $35,000,000.00, or sufficient to maintain the Ontario Agricultural College for about one hundred and ninety years.

ROUNDING UP LEADERS

"WITHOUT vision the people perish." Through all his talks on leadership, Mr. Maclaren made it clear that leaders are necessary in each and every rural community, and the progressive community is always looking for better leaders—individuals with vision, imagination, sympathy, tact and love.

Out of apparently some of the most unpromising material, true leaders are being evolved. They are coming not only from among college and professional men, but from young men and women who have cultivated hobbies, from among tradespeople who have been specialists in their lines, and from others who are awake to the needs of the community in which they live—who have ideas and who have the courage of their convictions.

It was made abundantly plain that there is a place for everyone in any community and that a few should not be permitted to monopolize the positions of leadership.

A NEW RURAL MOVEMENT

AS a result of this year's Summer School, there was organized the Ontario Rural Community Life Movement. The purpose of this organization is to promote the highest ideals of rural community life, religious, social, educational, physical and economic. It has quite a large programme in view, but two of the outstanding features for this year are the promotion of four district community life conferences of two-and-a-half days' duration each, covering Ontario, and the approaching of the educational boards of the various theological colleges to try and have a more thorough course given in rural life interests, economic, social, etc., so that theological students may be more thoroughly prepared for the problems they will meet when they take a position in a country church.

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The smooth, well-finished, rich-appearing surface of this ware commends it to the housewife's eye.

Its excellence and durability after months of usage, commend it to her judgment.

The tub illustrated here is a great favorite. It is the finest bath-tub for the baby—so smooth, and so free from the chill of a metal bath; or it is the best of wash-tubs—light, durable and so clean and serviceable.

The war and consequent high price of zinc, etc., has pushed Eddy's Fibreware to the fore—but it is no mere war time substitute

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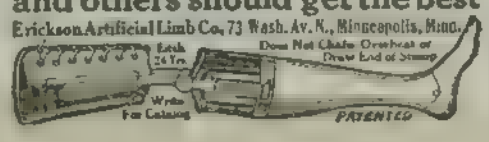

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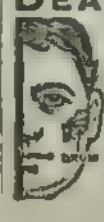

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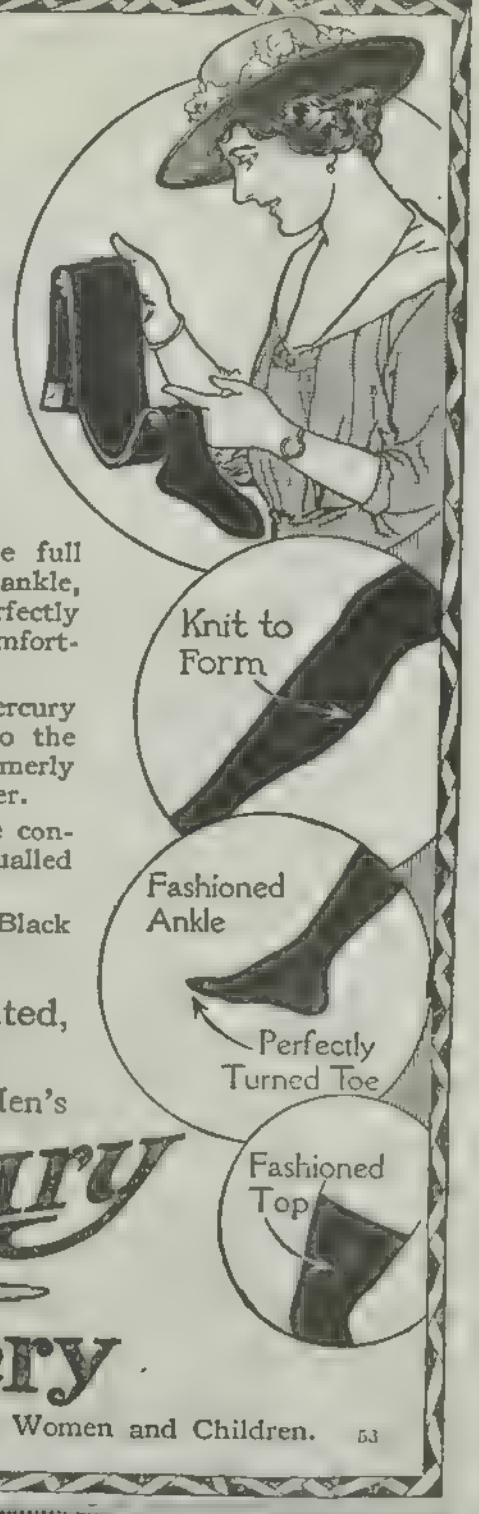

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Mercury Hosiery retains its shape, because it is knitted to "Nature's Last" on new machines.

These machines knit the full fashioned calf—the narrow ankle, fashioned at the sides—perfectly turned toe—wider, more comfortable, fashioned top.

The finish of this new Mercury Hosiery is even superior to the high-class foreign lines formerly imported. The wear is better.

Try a pair and you'll be convinced that Mercury is unequalled for style, fit and wear.

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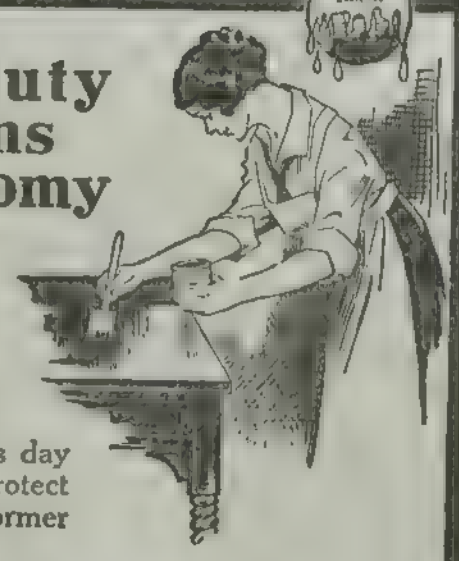

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Old Furniture—like old friends—has a charm all its own. So—if you have a table, dresser, bureau, bookcase or old chairs handed down from great grandmother's day—cherish them; and protect and restore them to their former beauty, with

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They lend their own beautiful rich undertones to the fine old Furniture, that needs but the proper finish to look its best. There is a full family of colors to duplicate all hardwood effects.

SCAR-NOT is the varnish for woodwork — even your best furniture. Dries absolutely waterproof with a finish that protects against scratches and hard knocks and is not affected by hot or cold water. Excellent for dining room table and chairs.

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PAINT, VARNISH AND COLOR MAKERS. LINSEED OIL CRUSHERS,

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THE ALPINE PATH

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

worried because I heard that it might be too rough to stop at Staffa, and I wanted so badly to see Fingal's Cave. But now I did not care in the least for Fingal's Cave, or for any other earthly thing. For the first time in my life I was horribly seasick.

"The steamer did stop at Staffa, however, and two boat-loads went ashore. I let them go. What cared I? The waves would not have daunted me, the pouring rain would not have apalled me, but seasickness!

"However, the steamer was now still and I began to feel better. By the time the boats came back for the second load I was quite well and once more it seemed a thing of first importance to see Fingal's Cave. I joyfully scrambled down into the boat and was rowed ashore with the others to the Clamshell cave. From there we had to scramble over what seemed an interminably long distance—but really I suppose it was no more than a quarter of a mile—over the wet, slippery, basalt columns that fringe the shore, hanging in the worst places to a rope strung along the surface of the cliff. Owing to my much scrambling over the rocks of Cavendish shore in early life, I got on very well and even extorted a compliment from the dour guide; but some of the tourists slipped to an alarming degree. Never shall I forget the yelps and sprawls of the old Frenchman aforesaid

SEEING FINGAL'S CAVE

"NOBODY fell off, however, and eventually we found ourselves in Fingal's Cave, and felt repaid for all our exertions

"'Tis a most wonderful and majestic place, like an immense Gothic cathedral. It is hard to believe that it could have been fashioned merely by a freak of nature. I think every one there felt awed; even those irrepressible French tourists were silent for a little time. As I stood there and listened to the deep, solemn echo of the waves the memory of a verse of Scripture came to me "He inhabiteth the halls of eternity." And it seemed to me that I stood in very truth in a temple of the Almighty that had not been builded by hands.

"We went on to Iona and landed there for a brief, hurried, scrambling exploration. Iona is interesting as the scene of St. Columba's ministry. His ancient cathedral is still there. Of greater interest to me was the burial place of the earliest Scottish kings, about sixty of them, it is said, finishing with that Duncan who was murdered by Macbeth. They were buried very simply, those warriors of ancient days. There they lie, in their island cemetery, beneath the gray sky. Neither "storied urn nor animated bust" mark their resting place. Each grave is covered simply by a slab of worn, carved stone. But they sleep none the less soundly for that, lulled by the eternal murmur of the waves around them.

"I would have liked to have spent several days in Iona, prowling by myself around its haunted ruins and getting acquainted with its quaint inhabitants. There is really little pleasure in a hurried scramble around such places, in the midst of a chattering, exclaiming mob of tourists. For me, at least, solitude is necessary to real enjoyment of such places. I must be alone, or with a few 'kindred souls' before I can dream and muse, and bring back to life the men and women who once dwelt there and made the places famous.

WELCOME LETTERS FROM HOME

WE returned to Glasgow yesterday by water and were glutted with scenery. I was very tired when we reached our hotel. But weariness fell away from me when I found letters from home. How good they tasted in a foreign land! They bridged the gulf of ocean, and I saw the Cavendish hills and the green gloom of the maple wood at Park Corner. Ah! beautiful as the old world is, the homeland is the best."

"July 30, 1912.
ROYAL HOTEL,
Prince's St.,
Edinburgh.

"Monday we went out to Ayr with a Cook guide. As a rule we dislike the Cook parties and go alone wherever we can. But this expedition was pleasant, as there were only two besides ourselves and they were Canadians, Mr. and Mrs. T. from Ontario. We had also a very nice guide. Two things subtracted from the pleasure of the day, it poured rain most of the time and I had a grumbling facial neuralgia. But in spite of both drawbacks I enjoyed myself 'where'er we trod 'twas haunted, holy ground.' We saw the room—the low-ceilinged, humble little room where once a cotter's son was 'royal born by right divine,' and we explored the ruins of the old Alloway Kirk made classic forever by Tam O'Shanter's adventures

POOR, SWEET HIGHLAND MARY!

THEN we went to the Burns monument just because it was on the list of 'sights' and the guide was bound to do his duty by us. I have no interest whatever in monuments. They bore me horribly. But two things in the monument did interest me, a lock of Highland Mary's fair hair and the Bible upon which she and Burns swore their troth in their parting tryst. Poor, sweet Highland Mary! I don't suppose she was anything more than a winsome little country lass, no sweeter or prettier than thousands of other maidens who have lived and died, if not unwept, at least unhonored and unsung. But a great genius flung over her the halo of his love and lo! she is one of the immortals, one of the fair ladies of old romance who will be forever remembered because of the man who loved her. She is of the company of *Laura* and *Beatrice*, and *Stella*, of *Lucasta* and *Julia*, and of the unknown lady of Arvers' sonnet

"Wednesday we went to the Trossachs. This is one of the expeditions I have looked forward to all my life, ever since I read *The Lady of the Lake* in schooldays. Sitting behind my old desk at school I dreamed out the panorama of hill and lake and pass, where *Ellen* lived and *Fitz James* wandered and *Roderick Dhu* brooded like a storm cloud over a Highland hill. And I made a covenant with myself that when my ship came in I should go and see it.

"We sailed up Loch Lomond to Inversnaid and there took coaches for a five-mile drive across to Loch Katrine. Of all the ways of locomotion I have ever tried I like coaching best. It beats motoring 'hollow.' We soon reached Stronachlacher, which, in spite of its dreadful name, is an exquisite spot, and took the boat down Loch Katrine to the Trosachs pier.

BETTER THAN THE REAL

I CANNOT decide whether Loch Katrine disappointed me or not. I think it did, a little. It was as beautiful as I had dreamed it, but it was not *my* Loch Katrine, not quite the Loch Katrine of my 'Chateau en Espagne.' And I resented the difference, as one might resent a change made in his childhood's home on going back to it after long years.

"The lower portion of the lake is certainly much smaller than my idea of it as given by the poem. And the famous 'Silver Strand' is a poor affair now. Since the instalment of the Glasgow waterworks the lake has risen several feet and covered 'the beach of pebbles white as snow.' I brought a handful of them home with me as souvenirs. But I think I shall keep the Loch Katrine of my dream in my geography of the 'Lady of the Lake.' I like it better than the real one.

(TO BE CONTINUED

NOTE—*In the concluding instalment of this fascinating story of the career of L. M. Montgomery, which will appear in "Everywoman's World" for November, will be four more letters from her Journal giving you a further treat by way of realistic description of noted places in Scotland and in England. The story ends with her leaving Prince Edward Island to move to Ontario as her husband was pastor of an Ontario congregation.*

THE EDITORS.

Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

Auxiliary's Chairman

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY of the Resources Committee is perhaps as important an organization as one could find in the country to-day. Its work to carry on a campaign of thrift, the conservation of foodstuff so that our men in camp and field may be fed. The woman instinct is to supply creature comforts; the maternal in her makes her desire to nourish her sons an imperative one. She could bear to have them give their young lives for their country, but not to want bread. And she begins to sense the fact that each soldier son is, in a way, as dependent on her for food at this crisis as he was when he nestled a dimpled babe on her breast. The women of this country fail to rally! Never.

In Mrs. Torrington the Auxiliary has a chairman especially fitted for the part. As President of the National Council she has been a leader for many years. Her motto "Co-operation among women is the key-stone to success" bids fair to become the watchword of organized workers from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A Real Woman's Woman

HAPPENING TO MEET an American legislator not long ago we enquired as to how Miss Rankin was acquitting herself. He was a genial old fellow with a cynical streak in him. "Busiest person that ever came down the pike," he answered promptly, adding with a grin "If it lasts! As Oliver Wendel Holmes puts it—or is it Holmes? —"You can never tell what a woman will do, but you're tolerably certain she won't do it long," or words to that effect. I will say that up to date she has been the new broom, swept clean—and swept everything, and everybody, before her. Her work is all for women. She is interested in her sex, tremendously so. I reckon with the press of work nobody but herself could have carried the campaign for shorter hours for women to a successful issue. She has a dramatic way which tells. For instance when a male member opposed the measure strongly she did not attempt to answer his arguments, not she; she simply got upon her two trim feet, looked him in the eye and in that wonderful voice of hers put the query! "Supposing it were your own daughter or sister would you not think eight hours of hard work enough for her?" He wilted of course. Even politicians have human qualities, and Miss Jean Rankin seems to know the way to reach them.

Thank heaven! We all love a woman's woman —one with faith enough in her sex to see that it gets fair play every time.

Reflections of Annabelle

"THE COUNTRY IS the only place where real old fashioned neighborliness belongs" Annabelle remarks to me—"I mean individual neighborliness, not the composite kind you city folk get by 'massing' your friendliness, sympathy, etc. into Clubs, Councils and Societies. I don't believe it was ever indigenous to the city, an exotic production with too much flash and not enough fragrance. It's different in the country, and even there it isn't what it used to be. I remember when my mother folded her toil worn hands and went away to rest in the sweet fields of Eden and one and all pressed near with: 'She was a good neighbor!' father lifted his white head to say with humble pride 'You could not better praise her'."

"But neighborliness grows out of favor. 'Not time for it these busy days,' you say. My dear, that is an excuse not a reason; the workaday world is the home of neighborliness, it thrives 'mid toil and trouble. The blame—no, let us say the cause of its degeneracy lies in substituting society for individual.

"For instance, I came up here to-day to attend a Patriotic Executive, and was greeted as a unit of the home society. I like to be shaken hands with as myself, Annabelle Smith, wife of James H. Smith, and daughter of old Reeve Munro, mother of three girls (one a Red Cross nurse) and four boys (one an aviator, and one in the Mounted Rifles) and not as a unit of anything. Units are useful, but not interesting—and these societies are mostly units—only the heads can be individuals. It has to be so; union is strength—minus personality. Neighborliness must have the personal touch, and it's my opinion—you won't get cross—that with so much 'fusing' of force and friendliness there's not enough personality to go around, let alone put in the community the heart throb known as neighborliness."

A Borrowed Canadian Woman

BEING THE KIND of woman she is, it was the most natural thing in the world that the Bill providing for the protection of the dependents of soldiers, the wives and children of the men in khaki should be introduced in the House by Miss Rankin, bear the stamp of her personality and be named for her. The Bill calls for an initial appropriation of $5,000,000 for the current year, with a scale of compensation as follows:

"To the wife or dependent mother of a soldier $30 per month; to the wife and one child, $45 per month; where there are two dependent children, $60 per month; and where there are more children, $75 per month.

THANKSGIVING

WE thank Thee, Lord, and not alone
For gold of gladness full success,
The riches that we call our own—
The faith, the love, the happiness;
But for the sorrow and the smart,
The striving and the longing sain,
The song we carolled in our heart
When our poor lips were dumb with pain!

Not for accomplishment complete,
Not for the care-free guarded way,
Not for the pleasant paths our feet
Have safely trodden day by day;
But for the turmoil and the din,
The perilous places safely passed,
For every briar of doubt and sin
That caught, but dare not hold us fast!

For all Thy patience through the years—
The years that come, the years that go—
Thy patience with our faults and fears,
Dear Lord, we thank Thee, kneeling low!

JEAN BLEWETT.

We are neighborly with the people across the line, we lend them the best we have (sometimes they forget to return it) our painters, actors, authors, our Margaret Anglins, Julia Arthurs, Mary Pickfords, our Roberts, Stringers, Bliss Carmans and folk of that ilk. One day we let them have a good Scotch Canadian farmer with red hair and a burr in his speech. His name was Rankin. And it is the daughter of this same Scotch-Canadian who has blazed a trail straight to the National House of Representatives of the United States. Here's to you bonnie Jean! and here's to your work for women! had we kept you here we would have you for a sister. As it is you are a cousin only once removed—which among clannish folk like ourselves means something, eh? We Canadians are proud of you, and of the way you are showing the American woman how to get power, and, better still, how to use it.

Bringing Us Closer Together

WE TALK MUCH about the work we women are doing for the war, but little about the work the war is doing for us. "It is breaking our hearts, that is all," sobs a sorrowful one. True, true, breaking the hearts of some of us with pain, and the rest of us with pity, but drawing us so near to one another that we realize more clearly amid the stress and anguish of war than we did in the piping times of peace the full meaning of the Master's new commandment "Love one another" —We thought we did. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," to be sure. We were a smug lot, with sympathy only for such as would pay us back in kind. To-day we understand. The Arabs have a proverb "A broken bottle spills its wine, but a broken heart holds more treasure than a whole one." And so we find that with the hurt of it comes the expansion, the power to feel for others, comes the "treasure of memories, the priceless wealth of sympathy." Even the heartbreak is helping to make us.

Preaching to Petticoats

WHAT IS THE FIRST duty of the Man of the Hour in whose hands lies the mighty task of seeing that the people are fed?

It is to enact a measure, unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians to the effect that of all the grain grown in this fair land not so much as the making of one loaf of bread shall go to swell the coffers of any trust or corporation.

The women of this country are clear visioned enough to know that in this "battle for bread" not only for their families at home but for the dearest part of their families, the ones overseas, they have been fighting under a handicap. They realize that when they have done their very best—which means a lot—they have not been able to offset the operations of the profiteers. In pioneer days they said of a wasteful wife that she threw away more with a teaspoon than her husband took in with a spade, but economy has become a passion among us. From most larders not enough is scattered to keep the birds plump. We will follow the Man of the Hour loyally, but it is only fair to ask that along with thrift preachments to petticoats we have some momentous performance pertaining to profiteers.

How to Live Long

WHEN THE GOD FREY came a wooing the viking maid Gerda, as told us in the Scandinavian saga, his greeting to her was: "May you live forever and never count the years!" Now, from that more or less mythical Temple of Sunshine at Upsala to our own City Hall is a long call, but, for all that, Dr. Hastings' protest against people "counting the years" or, to put it prosaically, getting old before their time, has in it a far off echo of Frey's greeting.

Dr. Hastings does not maintain that we should live forever, naturally, being human, he does not go so far as the other, but he says we have no business dying off right when we ought to be of the greatest use in the world. And he cites the Floaurence law which places the span of existence at from 125 to 150 years. There is only one excuse for shuffling off this mortal coil, he avers, an absolute wearing out of the system due to old age. Even this is not an excuse, since the old age is due to our insane methods of living—hurry, unrest, disregard of nature's laws. If we would live long we must live sensibly. By living, the Doctor does not mean merely clinging to life, but being vitally alive, like the old man quoted by Dr. Bruce:

"At 62 life has begun; at 73 once more;
And brightly shine at 94,
When 95 shall arrive still wait on God, and work, and thrive."

A Germ to Beware of

ONE REASON WHY we have so many discontented wives is that they live with discontented husbands. Discontent, not the divine kind of which poets tell us, but the mean, common old affliction which makes people hate themselves and envy their neighbors, is catching. This is why we have epidemics of it. A man or a woman with a real grouch ought to be quarantined. "I might have made something of my life if opportunity had ever come my way," growls one. "Why should I be compelled to walk, or take a dusty old street car while my neighbor has her limousine?" complains another. Germ carriers both. One pretty matron spread the contagion broadcast on our street last August. Not that she meant to, but when she saw the lady from the Tower Cottage—the lady who owns the Mary and William furniture and keeps two maids—starting off for St. Andrews by the Sea she felt a sudden and overpowering need for sympathy—which is one of the first symptoms. "Have you ever noticed that it is the person who doesn't work who takes the holidays." was what she said, and the tremble of bitterness in her voice found an echo in most of the voices which, in turn, passed the query on. By and by almost every house in the little row should have had a card on the door, blue to match the occupant's mood, with "Discontent, catching" printed on it.

"Ye Olde Thanksgiving Dinner"

By MARJORY DALE

IF there is one day in the year sacred to old traditions and customs it is Thanksgiving. On all the three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, especially now, we must cultivate the new ideas, and strain every nerve to be up to the minute and doing, to keep watch over our market bills and table fare, making the dollar go as far as possible. But this surely is one occasion upon which the present day economy is unheeded.

So, for Thanksgiving let us go back to the things that are tried and true and to our memories dear. Let this be a real old fashioned Thanksgiving.

Dinner—the kind our grandmothers used to make.

Don't be tempted by novelties when planning the menu, but stand by the old-fashioned dishes. Every family has traditional specialties connected with Thanksgiving—be sure to have them.

Follow the old custom of setting the table, put the cranberry sauce, celery, and pickles right on the table, and set the "Royal bird" uncarved before the host.

Follow the old custom of letting all have a "finger in the pie." The girls may set the table, while the boys crack the nuts, and the little ones shine the red apples until they can see their own rosy cheeks reflected in them. The artistic one of the family should arrange the centre piece, which should be a great mound of beautiful fruit as it is really more appropriate than flowers.

Gather the autumn berries and place twigs here and there between the dishes. This is a pretty decoration.

Two of the following menus will appeal to those wishing to preserve "ye olde tyme" ideals of Thanksgiving. The others will lend themselves fittingly to the schedule of those now changing to the war time ideas of saving, even for so festive an occasion.

MENUS

Home Canned Tomato Pureè Croutons
Roast Turkey
Chestnut or Oyster Stuffing
Sausage, Apple Garnish
Mashed Potato Puffs
Scalloped Cauliflower
Cranberry Jelly Garden Salad
Cheese Balls
Thin Brown Bread Sandwich
Tutti Frutti Freeze Salted Nuts
Candied Cranberries Coffee

Clear Broth Croutons
Roast Chicken, Giblet Sauce, Dressing and Stuffing
Tossed Potatoes Squash
Cranberry Sauce Celery
Home Made Pickles Brown and White Bread
Old Fashioned Baked Plum Pudding
Hard Sauce
Nuts Raisins Fruit
Coffee

Barley Soup Danube Glace
Planked Halibut
Rice Timbales, Tomato Sauce, Green Peas
Marsh Mallow Pudding
War Time Cake
Coffee Candied Dates

or

Clear Chicken Broth
Chicken Fricasse
Dumplings and Green Peas
Celery Salad
Inexpensive Sherbet
Home Made Bon Bons
Coffee

RECIPES

Giblet Stuffing

Stew giblets, tips of wings and neck till tender in plenty of salted water. Mince, and reserve half to add to gravy; put through meat chopper, two onions, 2 slices of fat salt pork, 2 stalks of celery, and 2 cold potatoes, add to this half the giblets, black pepper, salt and sage, 3½ cupfuls cracker crumbs and 1 egg. Then moisten with liquor in which giblets were boiled until it is soft enough to drop from spoon.

Tossed Potatoes

Simple recipe. Pare, soak potatoes overnight in cold water, boiled and the water drained off, and "tossed" a bit at the open window until they are like snow balls. Put in hot dish in heating oven till ready to serve.

Old Fashioned Plum Pudding

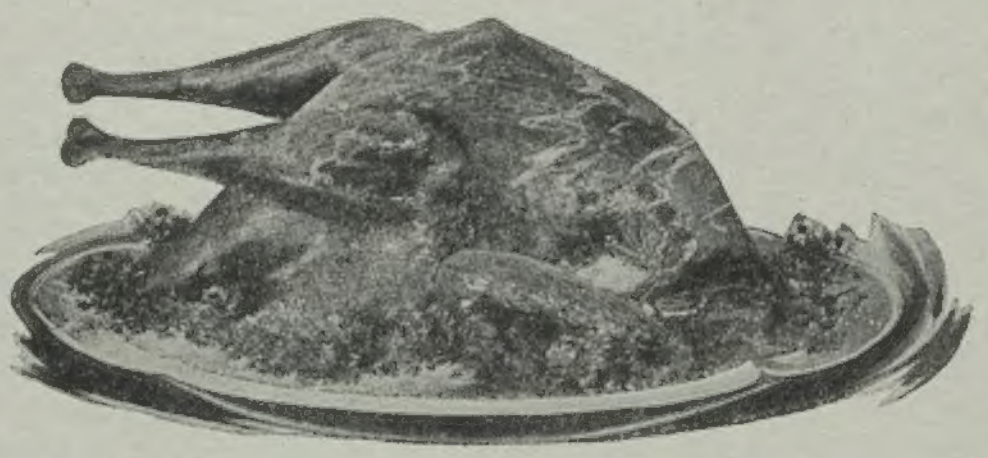
Buy small loaf of baker's bread and slice. Butter a new milk pan of required size, unless you own a very large pudding dish and lay in it the night before wanted alternate layers of buttered bread and whole raisins. Beat 6 eggs, add ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ a nutmeg grated, and about 2 quarts of milk; pour this over bread and raisins; let soak over night. Next day bake in a very slow oven till set.

Home Canned Tomato Puree

One can of tomatoes, 1 pint of water, 2 minced onions, 1 carrot, one turnip, 1 green pepper minced, few sprigs parsley, 1 bay leaf, 2 stalks celery, 2 cloves, salt and pepper. Simmer till vegetables are tender. Put mixture through colander; return to kettle; add 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, then salt and pepper to taste.

Chestnut Stuffing

One pint large chestnuts shelled and blanched; boil until soft; mash; add 2 cupfuls bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, a little parsley ½ cupful melted butter, a few tablespoonfuls water. Mix thoroughly.



Oyster Stuffing

One pint oysters, 1 cupful bread crumbs. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg and mix with oysters and crumbs. Add salt and pepper to taste, and a little oyster liquor. Mix thoroughly.

Mashed Potato Puffs

Ordinary mashed potatoes, add 1 egg well beaten, ¾ cupful of milk, 1 tablespoonful butter, flour enough to handle, and ½ teaspoonful baking powder. Beat mixture well, form in light balls, roll in egg and bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat till light brown.

Sausage and Apple Garnish

Roast sour apples and put round turkey when on platter to serve. Fry sausages brown and crisp, or if preferred split open and bake in oven, place on apple and serve an apple and sausage with each helping of turkey.

Scalloped Cauliflower

Wash cauliflower carefully and soak in salted water ½ hour. Break in flowerets and boil till tender. Make a rich cream sauce of 1¼ cupful milk, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, salt and pepper to taste and thickening. Pour over cauliflower and put in buttered baking pan. Grate cheese over top and bake till golden brown.

Garden Salad

Green tomatoes that have been wrapped and put away for use, or freshly ripened ones selected just before the frost. Scald and skin tomatoes, hollow out center, cut up some garden celery (that has been put away for the winter), chop with an apple and a little green pepper. Mix with mayonnaise and fill centre of tomato. Serve on individual plates on lettuce leaves.

Tutti Frutti Freeze

Make a custard of 1 pint of milk and 3 eggs, 1 cupful of sugar and pinch of salt. When cold add 1 quart of whipped cream, ½ a can of home canned pineapple. Freeze. Soak rest of pineapple and cupful of seeded raisins in 1 cupful of cherry juice. Add ½ cupful sugar, stir into frozen cream, and pack in the freezer. Let stand 1½ hours.

Candied Cranberries

Drop large cranberries in heavy syrup while it is boiling. Cook carefully till tender. Drain on plate of granulated sugar, roll and dry.

Candied Orange and Lemon Peel

Inexpensive as well as decorative are these strips of candied orange and lemon peel. Save all peelings. Cut into long narrow strips and boil in boiling water 20 minutes; drain; add more water and boil till tender. Cool. Make thick syrup. Boil peel in syrup till peel becomes transparent; remove quickly, dash on plates. Roll each piece separately in granulated sugar, dry.

Barley Soup

Clear beef stock amount required; ½ cupful of barley thoroughly washed. Add to stock and boil till barley is tender.

Flanked Halibut

Select a solid piece of chicken halibut, cut the entire width of the fish and below the opening of the body. It should be at least two inches thick and weigh about four pounds. Trim the ends, rinse in cold water and wipe dry. Put a fish sheet thoroughly rubbed over with butter in an agate baking pan; on the sheet dispose half a dozen slices of onion and on these lay the fish. Squeeze the juice of half a lemon over the fish, dot with bits of butter or strips of fat salt pork and pour around a full cup of broth. Cook about forty minutes. Have the oven hot at first, then let cool to a very moderate heat. Baste six or more times with the liquid in the pan. Season with salt when half cooked. Transfer the fish to a hot, hardwood plank. By lifting the fish on the sheet from the pan, it may be easily pushed from the sheet to the plank in perfect shape. Pipe hot mashed potato. There should be about three pints of mashed potatoes around the fish. Brush over the potato with the beaten yolk of an egg, diluted with one or two tablespoonfuls of milk. Set the plank into a hot oven to brown the edges of the potato. Spread the fish with butter, creamed and mixed with lemon juice, and finely chopped parsley. Then fill the space between the fish and potato with hot peas, seasoned with salt, black pepper and butter, and string beans seasoned as the peas. Set boiled onions, one for each person to be served, at the ends; make a depression in the onion and insert salt and a piece of butter; set shreds of pimento above each onion, and hearts cut from cooked carrots through the peas and beans. Finish with flowerets of cauliflower across the centre of the fish. To change the color, use shreds of green pepper in place of the pimento, and hearts cut from beets in place of the carrots, string beans may be used the whole length of the fish on both sides and peas in heart-shaped timbale cases (fritter batter) may be disposed above the fish. Serve drawn butter sauce or Hollandaise sauce in a bowl.

Daube Glace

Three pounds lean round steak, 1 large knuckle of veal, 2 bouquets of garden herbs, bay leaf, savory, thyme, parsley, 2 carrots, 2 turnips, 2 large onions, 1 red, 1 green pepper. Cut in large soup pot. Fill ¾ full of water; add 6 cloves; simmer till reduced to ¼ potful. Take out meat, remove all bone, fat and sinew, put into wet mould and press very hard. Strain liquid, add salt to taste and 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice. Pour over meat. Cover with weight. Set away on ice after cooling, and serve next day on shredded lettuce leaves.

Rice Timbales

One cupful rice, 2 cupfuls broth, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 cupful cooked giblets, 2 tablespoonfuls fat, 4 tablespoonfuls flour, 4 eggs, 6 drops tobasco sauce. Melt dripping, add flour. Cook, stirring till flour is brown, add broth; stir till thickened, then add the eggs hard boiled and the giblets, which have been cut up. Take the rice, which has been boiled in the thickened broth till soft, and line well buttered timbale cases. Fill center with giblet mixture and cover with rice. Put into oven till hot.

Marshmallow Pudding

Two tablespoonfuls granulated gelatine soaked in ¼ cupful cold water, and dissolved in ¼ cupful boiling water, whites of 3 eggs well beaten, 1 cupful granulated sugar, beaten in slowly. Beat mixture together till thick, about 20 minutes. Add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. Separate ¼ of mixture and tint it, then add to first in spots. Chill. Serve baked lightly in glass dish, with cream if desired.

Candied Dates

Two cupfuls granulated sugar, ½ cupful cold water, pinch cream tartar; boil together until a little dropped into cold water becomes hard; drop dates into mixture about ½ dozen at a time. When they are well covered with sugar place on buttered plates to dry. Nuts and figs may be candied the same way.

Clear Chicken Broth

Put on to boil in soup pot 1 large fowl. Wash the tops of plant of celery well and add 1 large carrot. Cover with water and simmer till chicken is tender. Remove chicken and strain broth. Let stand to cool; remove fat, heat and serve as plain broth, using a little for fricasse.

Chicken Fricasse

One small onion, or 2 small cloves of garlic; chop very fine and fry in chicken fat till brown and tender; add little more than ¼ cup of flour and let brown. Season with salt and pepper. Add ½ cupful broth; simmer; disjoint fowl; add to gravy and heat. Serve on large platter on buttered toast squares, surrounded with dumplings and gravy.

Dumplings Eggless

Two cupfuls flour, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, cold water to make very stiff batter. Drop into boiling water and cook 20 minutes without raising the lid of kettle.

Inexpensive Sherbert

Three-quarters cupful flour mixed well with 3 cupfuls sugar, stir into ½ gallon boiling water; let boil 10 minutes, add juice of 4 lemons, after mixture is cool. When nearly frozen, add beaten whites 3 eggs (yokes may be used for a custard), thin strips of lemon rind boiled with syrup and removed before serving. Add flavor.

The Rosy Kind, No doubt

Little Edward was listening carefully to the conversation of his elders, puzzling over the many long words he did not understand when he heard his grandfather call a certain person an optimist. Edward brightened.

"Oh," cried he, "I know what that is!"

"Well, Edward," said his grandfather, "what is an optimist?"

"Why," said Edward, "the man who fits you with spectacles!"

Save a Loaf at Every Baking

COMBINED with its great nutrition and enticing eating qualities, FIVE ROSES is the acknowledged flour to-day for *economical baking*.

It actually *saves* flour and the money that that flour costs. This on account of its bigger yield due in turn to its glutinous strength and water-absorbing capacity.

Exactly how much it will save *you* depends upon how much baking you do, and upon how much bread you make at one baking.

Read what thrifty housewives write us in the margin. It points the way to patriotic economy.

You know how much FIVE ROSES flour you can bake in a year. By saving a loaf at every baking figure out for yourself how long it will take to save for a War Bond.

"We have been using FIVE ROSES FLOUR and can gain a loaf of bread on every baking."—Miss H. R., Brougham, Ont.

"Always go back to FIVE ROSES, as I have more bread with same amount of flour."—Mrs. C. H. McN., Englehart, Ont.

"I use 7 quarts of FIVE ROSES in my recipe. Other flours I have used take 9 quarts."—Miss A. P., Marshville, Ont.

"Am positive one can get more bread out of a bag of FIVE ROSES flour than from any other kind."—Mrs. N. H., Copetown, Ont.

"Always an extra loaf from the same quantity of flour."—Mrs. A. M., West Summerland, B.C.

"The most profitable flour a poor man can possibly obtain."—Mrs. T. S. McC., Rodney, Ont.

Over 400,000 Housewives Now Bake Without Waste

You also can practise baking economy through the famous FIVE ROSES Cook Book. Over 25 pages of recipes, hints, and wrinkles on bread making, plus a wonderful chapter on Sandwiches. Then over 200 cake recipes, and hundreds of directions on pies, puddings, pastries, rolls, biscuits, etc. Also economical uses for stale bread and cakes, left overs and so on. Get YOUR copy of this 144-page baking manual. Mailed on receipt of 10 two-cent stamps. Address Dept. E 370,

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Five Roses* FLOUR *for Breads-Cakes Puddings-Pastries*

* GUARANTEED "NOT BLEACHED—NOT BLENDED"

PALMOLIVE

Made from the Same Imported Oils and the Same Formula

HERE is a statement due to users of Palmolive Soap, who know that Palm and Olive oils come from overseas. Who may wonder how the war has affected the supply. And whether we have been able to keep the formula the same.

Our answer is—Palm and Olive oils are scarce and costly. Our supply has come through the war zone, with freight rates multiplied and carrying war insurance that costs, in addition, from 10 to 20 per cent.

But in spite of this condition we have not changed our formula. Palmolive is the same blend as when first you used it.

If the time comes when we cannot get enough Palm and Olive oils we will have to cut production.

But we shall not change the formula.

Oils from Spain and from Africa

The Olive oils used in making Palmolive comes principally from Spain, a great Olive producing country. But the last crop was small and exports restricted. Each shipment has required government permission. Submarines have reduced ocean tonnage.

Palm oil comes from the interior of Africa. It reaches the coast on the heads of native carriers, carried thus over mountain ranges. Every cargo braves the perils of the war zone.

These hazards are adding a new chapter in Palmolive history. Almost as adventurous as the one written 3000 years ago.

Nothing Better In 3000 Years

Users of Palmolive know how the use of Palm and Olive oils is old as civilization. How Cleopatra prized these natural cleansing agents.

Modern progress has perfected their combination. But in 3000 years the world has found nothing to compare with these historic luxuries.

If Palm and Olive oils become unobtainable, we shall stop for awhile the manufacture of Palmolive. We shall perhaps be obliged to limit the output to the available supply.

But every cake leaving the Palmolive factory will be made from Palm and Olive oils. On this all users may rely.

How We Could Make Palmolive

A soap could be made to look like Palmolive at a fraction of the cost. By the substitution of fats or other domestic oils. By artificial coloring. Remember this if you are told some other soap is like Palmolive. And that Palmolive isn't changed—in size, in appearance or quality.

Now—Two for 25 Cents And Still the Economy Soap

Hereafter you will probably pay 25 cents for two cakes of Palmolive. But you still will be buying the economy soap.

All users know how long Palmolive lasts—how the firm, fine grained cake wears to wafer thinness—will realize that quality rather than price is our basis of economy.

Palmolive Shampoo, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Powder, Talcum, and Shaving Stick, all for sale everywhere by leading dealers.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, 155-157 George St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

American Address, The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, Wis.